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REAL ANSWERS

FASHION FOR THE BUSY LIFE

THE MOST-WANTED DAY LOOKS

stamina & success: 18 women at the top

ADDICTION: HOW TO FIGHT BACK

Liz Smith finds out about Diane Sawyer...

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©1985 Princess Marcella Borghese Inc. The beauty treatment featured is Fango (Active Mud for Face and Body).

From Princess Marcella Borghese, primitive solutions that virtually reverse the effects of age on surface skin.

For more than 2400 years, prophets and princesses have travelled to the hills of Tuscany to avail themselves of the legendary restorative powers of Terme di Montecatini. Princess Marcella Borghese has often experienced the rejuvenating effects of this spa. Her fascination with its therapies led her to establish a laboratory there to combine its minerals with the latest advances in scientific skincare.

The result is nine exquisitely sensate beauty treatments: Crema Saponetta; Tonico Minerale; Fango (featured); Cura di Vita Fluid and Creme; Concentrato di Vita; Cura di Vita; Massaggio per il Corpo; and, Bagno di Vita.

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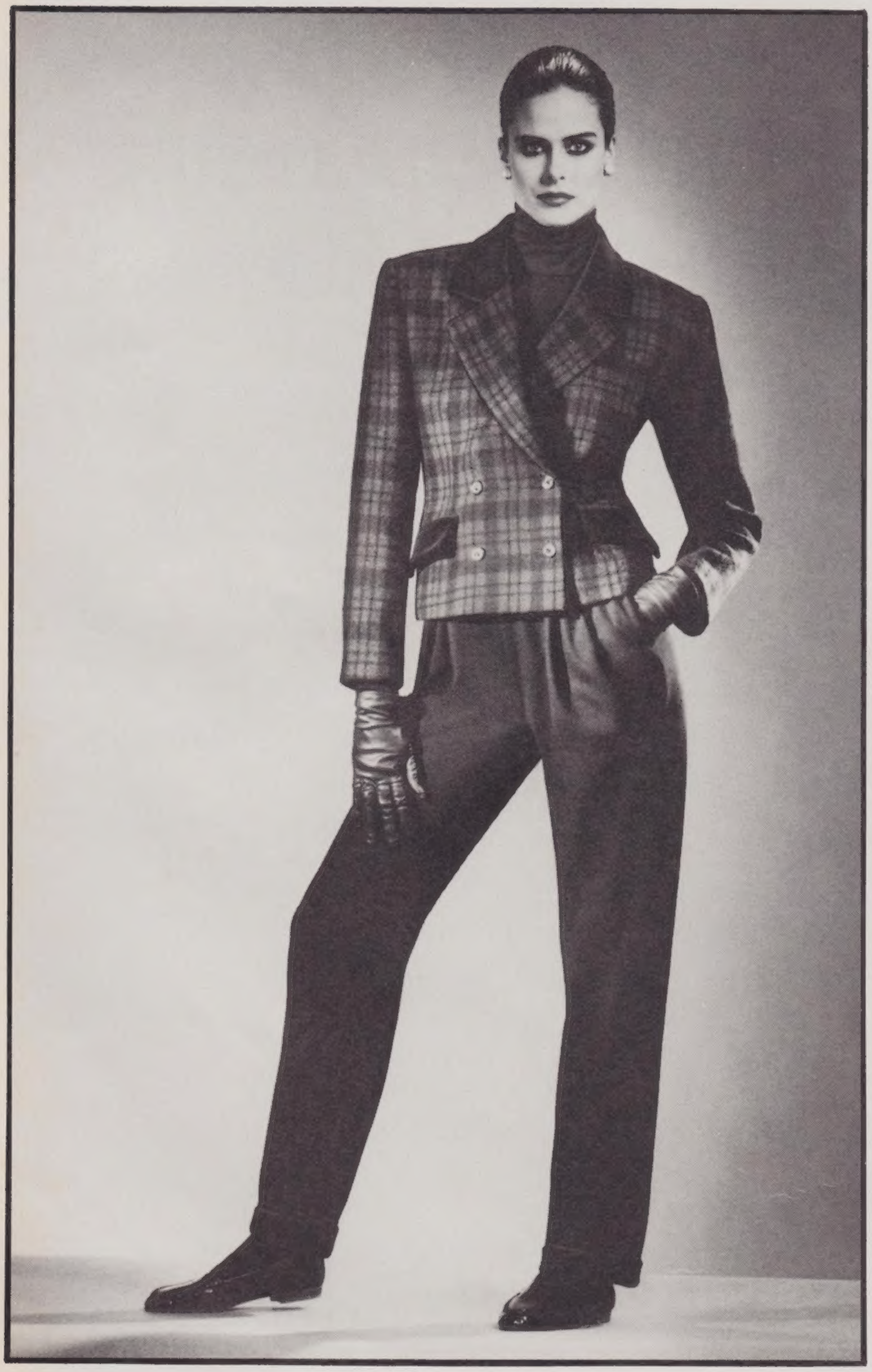
Shampoo Purificante • Ristorativo di Vita • Fango

coming up: *Calvin Klein's fittingly fine Chesterfield*



Here's to the new body-awareness: a shorter, shapelier, subtly plaid jacket polished off with velvet. Lengthen the line with Calvin's lean sweep of smooth jersey pants. And behind it all, the all-important bodysuit. It's autumn at Altman's Studio III, third floor of the store that blends beautiful new ideas with fine old-fashioned service.

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Pants and bodysuit, both black wool jersey,
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Top priority

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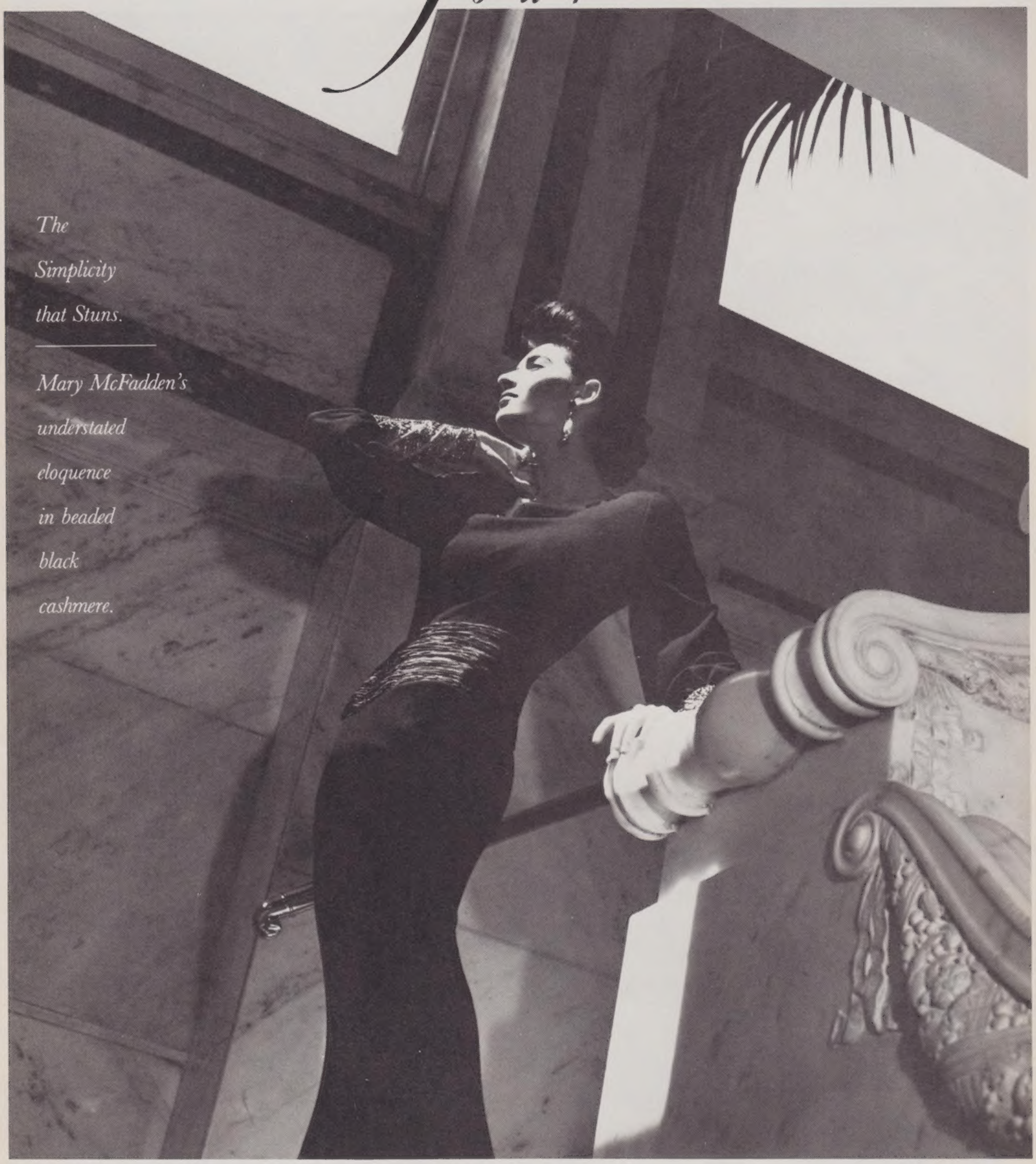

The Simplicity that Stuns.

Mary McFadden's understated eloquence in beaded black cashmere.

Mary McFadden

bloomingdale's

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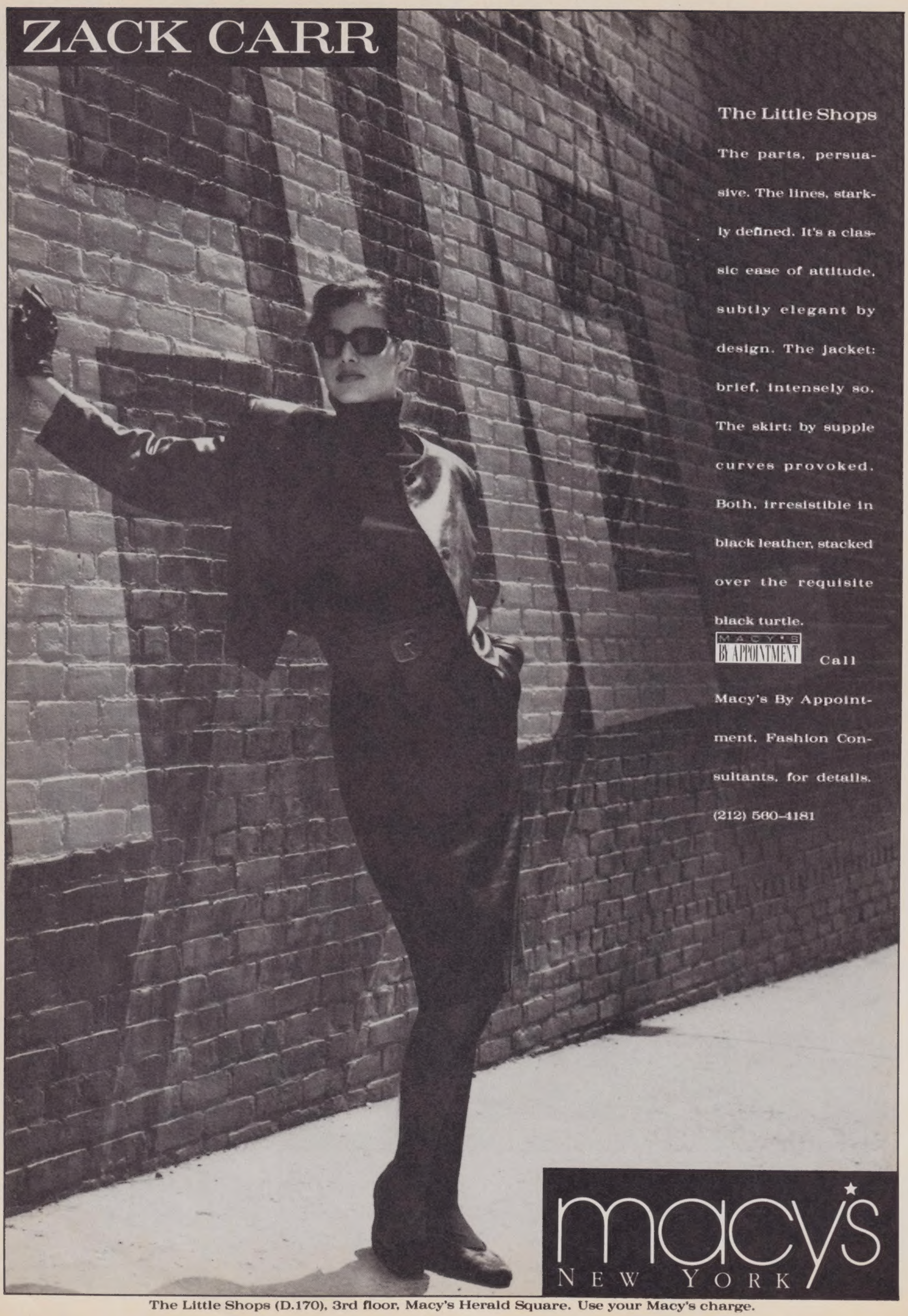
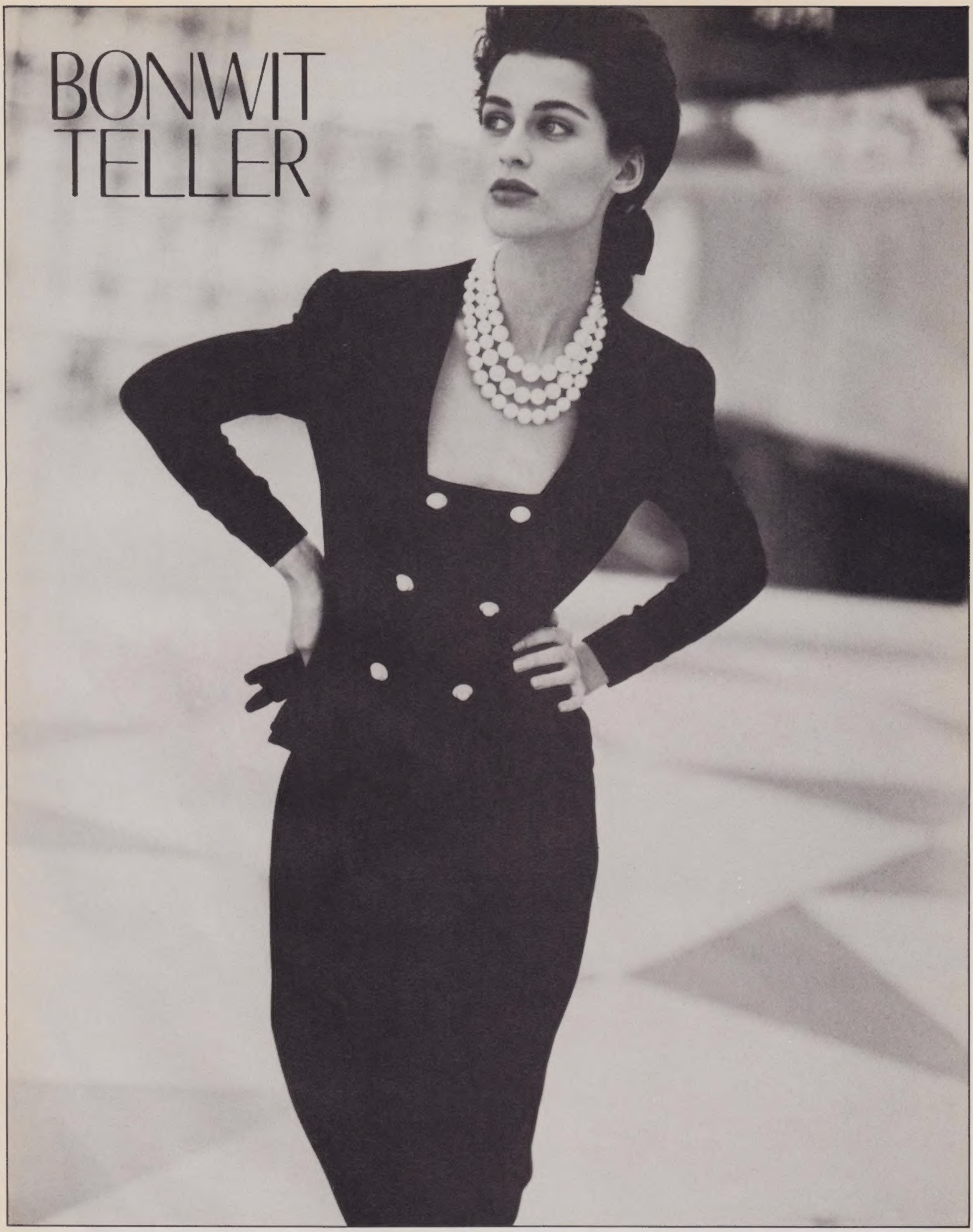


The Little Shops (D.170), 3rd floor, Macy's Herald Square. Use your Macy's charge.

Andrea Jovine: throws some curves into knit dressing with high contrasts. First, the cling: one long pour of lengthy sweater, collared in a platter motif. Then, the swing: a 360 degree whirl of circle skirt. Cobalt wool. Top, 110.00. Skirt, 118.00. Both, P,S,M,L. Bridge Collections.

STATE STREET WATER TOWER PLACE OLD ORCHARD



JEWEL OF THE NIGHT: THE ADELE SIMPSON SUIT.

Perfection in evening suiting. The rhinestone-buttoned black wool crepe. The perfect little hint of peplum. The perfectly controlled drop-yoke skirt. For 6 to 16 sizes, 520.00 The Designer Salon

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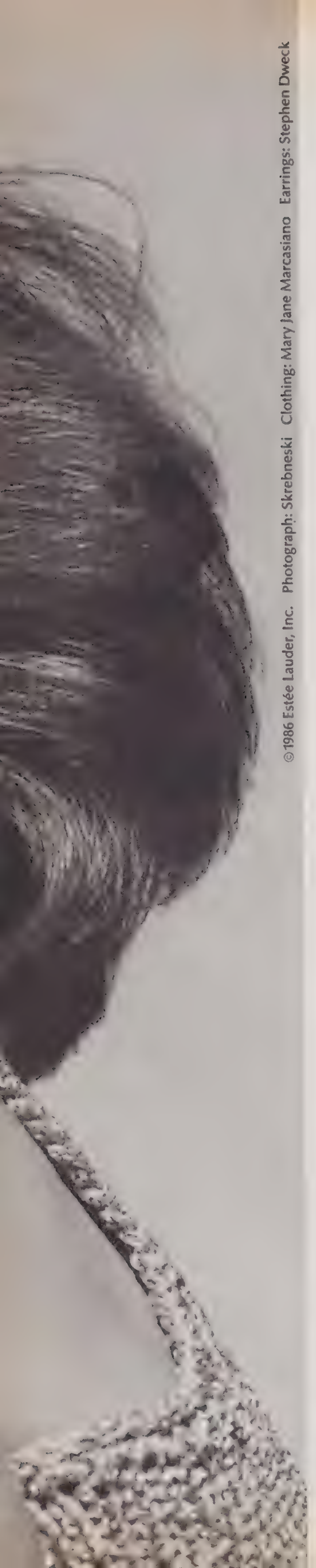
PERRY ELLIS



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Finally.
Damaged hair can be repaired.

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Not a conditioner, this extraordinary new formula chemically restores damaged hair's original softness, shine and manageability.

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It's a complex of ingredients so unique, Estée Lauder has a patent pending. This formula penetrates into the hair shaft to repair broken protein bonds and restore hair's chemical state similar to that of virgin hair. The result? Shiny, healthy-looking hair that stays that way—without any change in your perm or coloring.

Use 7-Day Hair Repair Complex just after chemical processing or any time your hair feels damaged. And take your hair all the way back to beautiful.

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Age 60
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ULTIMA II

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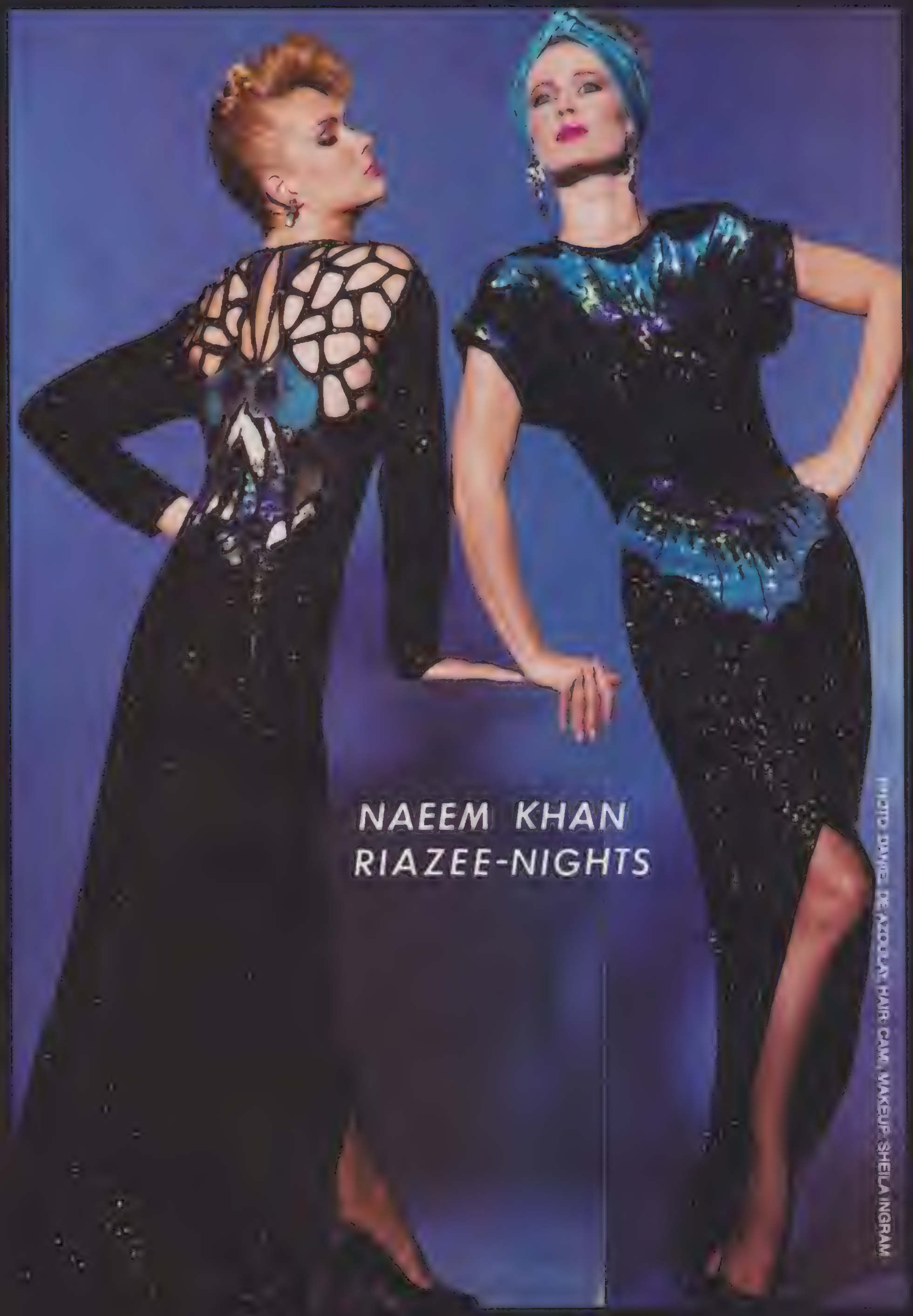

Lillie Rubin

THE PALM BEACHES BAL HARBOUR CORAL GABLES DADELAND FT LAUDERDALE HOLLYWOOD PLANTATION BOCA RATON POMPANO ST PETERSBURG ORLANDO CLEARWATER
TAMPA BOYNTON BEACH ALTAMONTE SPRINGS JACKSONVILLE ATLANTA RALEIGH GREENSBORO CHARLOTTE GREENVILLE KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS
MOBILE BIRMINGHAM NEW ORLEANS HOUSTON AUSTIN FT WORTH NORTH PARK PRESTONWOOD SAN ANTONIO LAS VEGAS COLORADO SPRINGS DENVER OKLAHOMA CITY TULSA
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NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS
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We photographed the Autumn/Winter Collection at a home on the northeastern coast of the United States. It was built in 1904 by a businessman for his fiancée, converted to a convent, and finally transformed into a beautiful weekend home. This location was difficult to find, but while the exceptional may not be found everywhere, it can be found by anyone who truly appreciates the best.

Photographs by Fabrizio Ferri. All merchandise from the Gucci Autumn/Winter Collection. Available in our stores or through our catalogue. To receive our 1986 Autumn/Winter Catalogue send $6.00 (includes postage) to Gucci, CSB 3168, Department 009, Melville, New York 11747. The American Express® Card Welcomed. © Gucci America, Inc. 1986

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BEAUTY NOW

Modern essentials: neat, clean hands. nails..."bare" eyes

COVER LOOK

Ideal: a look—a way of applying make-up, styling hair—that moves from day to night with *small, fast* changes

Above and on our cover, on model Cindy Crawford, the look of makeup that is no longer defined by time of day so much as by its groomed, "polished" look, by the "news" of barer eyes, a more defined mouth, the simplicity of hair that has real line, shape. That simplicity, that ease, can also be seen in a dinner suit that takes its shape from the best of daytime dressing, and is "turned" by its satin-y fabric, pink color. Makeup essentials: Paled Beige oil-free foundation, Twilight cheek color, Rose Sand lips, all Lancôme. Silk satin jacket and shirt, cashmere muffler, by Perry Ellis. Hair, Garren, NY; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Photograph, Avedon. Details, last pages this issue.

HAND FACTS

Why spend extra time caring for hands?...Not only are hands often noticed first, but they can also be an "age" giveaway. Here, hand facts from dermatologist Diana Bihova, M.D., New York University Medical Center:

- Hands are dryness prone. They have few oil glands; are constantly exposed to sun, cold; and are washed often.
- Sunscreen helps to prevent wrinkling, freckling, "age" spots (caused by sun damage, not time); reduces the risk of skin cancer. Unless you wear gloves, use a SPF 15 hand lotion (with both UVA/UVB protection) daily. Be aware that PABA products may stain cuffs (Erno Laszlo sunscreens are PABA-free). Choose *moisturizing* sunscreen (won't contain alcohol).
- When you wash hands: restrict lather to palms (less drying); then moisturize.
- Be sure to remove rings (particularly wide bands) when washing hands; irritating alkali from soaps can accumulate underneath, causing dermatitis. (One soap that doesn't contain harsh ingredients: Pear's.) Replace rings after hands are dry.
- Sensitive skin: avoid products with fragrance, alcohol, propylene glycol, or lanolin.

NAIL SAVERS

Busy hands can be hard on nails. What helps: when applying hand lotion, work into nails, cuticles...Before bed, apply cuticle cream to condition, lessen the need for trimming (too much cutting, pushing damages cuticle, nail) ...To prevent polish from chipping (up to two weeks): Apply a quick-drying top coat every other day...Since bare nails are most vulnerable to damage, breakage, always wear a clear base coat...Aimed at extending a manicure, keeping nails strong: Max Factor's long-wearing enamels; a formaldehyde-free nail thickener from Barielle.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

EYE TIPS

This season, the balance of makeup has shifted to more color on lips, less emphasis on eyes. Only eye-makeup essential, now: deep brown or black mascara...New for eyes: an A.M. moisturizer that reduces puffiness, touch-up stick with sunscreen, all from Kelémata. Two face treatments geared to skin improvement that are safe, effective for eye area: Avon's Bio-advance, Phyto-Aromatic Day Cream and Conditioner from Sisley.

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LANCÔME
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PARIS

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SONIA RYKIEL
PARIS

reader letters

What men want?

It's Friday. I have spent a very long week at work, selling industrial gases to the semiconductor industry. I work with men, for the most part. This week, like any other week, I have listened to jokes about my pretty face, listened to men tell me their troubles, and signed contracts worth over half a million dollars.

So I buy Vogue, and come home, read a magazine before my husband gets back from his job as a public defender. And actually scream out loud in outrage. What do these men in your symposium [June 1986] "American Men: What Do They Want?"] think is going on?

I'm serious. It's been a long time since I've been so offended. Talese believes women don't ask men on dates, so women won't make good managers. Someone else says it's still the ideal for women to stay home. Forbes talks about "the gals." What world do they live in? The principle of the change in men's and women's roles should no longer be an issue. When people ask me what it's like to be a woman in business, I say "I don't know. I've never been anything else." The issue is simply no longer women working. Women, in fact, aren't the point.

Children are the point. The only real issues now are the passage of time—which *will* get women into all types of positions—and the question, who will take care of the children? It is *not* a woman's issue, unless society wants to vote for termination of the race. Corporations, law firms, government, every institution participating in the economy has to make a shift, bringing child care into societal consciousness, out of the unconsciousness of habit where it's been for the past eons.

Please, please interview some younger men. Start with my husband, who's thrilled that I make more money than he does, who's dying to spend a year home with the children, and who is nevertheless as ambitious as I am.

Lisa Carnochan
Menlo Park CA

Staying in shape

Bravo! Your section on Diet in the May 1986 issue is a great example of your concern for your readers. All the articles quoted reputable experts—registered dieticians, nutritionists and doctors specializing in nutrition. And you conveyed the pleasures of eating well—variety and flexibility make it possible! As a dietician specializing in weight loss counseling, I was glad to see an article which promotes programs such as ours which teaches low-fat, high-carbohydrate diets for weight loss. The diet book review was especially helpful. . . . And the maintenance and weight loss diets provided are definitely the proven best.

Melinda Morris, RD, LD
Houston TX

For years I considered your magazine to be nothing more than a commercial vehicle to dictate women's tastes, leading them by the nose from trend to trend. How wrong I have been! Vogue truly represents the new feminine viewpoint—brains and beauty, traditional values with modern opportunities.

I am inspired to write by the articles in your May 1986 issue, "Diet Madness: An Eight-Page Vogue Special Report." They deal with the obsession of the 'eighties—"get skinny, get skinnier, get skinniest!" Bravo! Thanks Vogue for finally giving us a poke in the all-too-obvious ribs, saying, "Aren't we all getting a bit too extreme?"

I am so tired, so exhausted, with being browbeaten, bombarded, intimidated, and guilt-ridden by this never-ending parade of diets, exercises, pills, spas, and too-thin models who have less figure than a fourteen-year-old boy. . . Could it be that we women are just a bit masochistic in pursuing the ideal figure? And, whose ideal is it, anyway? Thanks for a great magazine and a refreshing viewpoint.

Sandy J. Couture
Toledo OH

Of time and a woman

Hang on! In Germaine Greer's article "Letting Go" [May 1986], she creates the very menopausal matron that conscious females have been debunking for over two decades. Ours certainly would be "a difficult culture to age in" if all women of fifty acquired bristles on their chins and "puckers of frustration" on their faces. Isn't this what unenlightened men once thought of menopausal women? Whose side is Greer on anyway? What about Leslie Caron, Jeanne Moreau, and Gloria Steinem who dance us away from Greer's dismal picture? I consider, as well, my mother and grandmother who were not engulfed at fifty by hips or belly nor did they adorn themselves with "inauthentic ideas of beauty."

Vogue, in fact, disputes Greer's conception of aging by showing us Anouk Aimee who wears her feline beauty with timeless dignity, or Corazon Aquino whose accomplishments deny the notion that mid-life women "get sleepy after dinner," or Georgia O'Keeffe who at eighty-seven looked resplendent with her angular face and aristocratic hands.

The horrifying truth that Greer offers about painful face lifts and pumped up breasts can be side stepped through Jane Fonda's nutrition and exercise or Melina Mercouri's spiritual and political energy. Surely the triumph of these women prevails over despairing thoughts that middle-age sag consumes us unless we settle for "letting go." . . .

Elizabeth Sparkes
Victoria B.C.

In response to Germaine Greer's article, "Letting Go" in the May 1986 issue, is Ms. Greer eighty, eighty-five? Depressed? Dying? Is she *serious*? Neither of my grandmothers talked this way twenty or thirty years ago in their seventies. Is self-discipline out of vogue? Health? Vivacity? Let's not mistake joy in living for vanity and pride. Or vice versa.

CR Loudon
Toronto Canada

Germaine Greer's article "Letting Go" [May 1986] was a wonderful, wide-awake, courageous and curious look at her own experience of aging. I'm writing to thank you for publishing her article and to encourage you not only to publish more such, but also to ask you as an influential women's magazine to continue to self-assess your own view and approach to women's aging.

Our society denies aging and most especially women's aging. Ms. Greer's article is an antidote to the denial that is so much a part of our magazines, and our lives. She offers us a new option: the option of taking a wide-awake, curious look at our experiences of aging, sharing the experiences and feelings and hopefully the accumulated wisdom. . . .

Mary Lee Pulkowski
Williamsville NY

Classy thinking

I enjoyed, very much, your article "The New Celebrity Class" by Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr. [May 1986]. You made a very powerful and convincing statement which was quite thought-provoking. . . . The high quality articles in Vogue indicate to me that you are experts in dressing the mind as well as the body.

Veneita G. Wesley
Atlanta GA

What's in a name. . . or two?

Please correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't it Bob Anastas, and *not* Candy Lightner's daughter Serena ("Between Us," April 1986), who organized and spread information on SADD (Students Against Drunk Driving)? Wasn't it Mr. Anastas who drew up the "Contract For Life," after two young men whom he had coached were lost owing to teenage drunk driving?. . .

Nadia J. Asencio
Hartford CT

Editor's reply: *Serena Lightner started the first chapter of Students Against Drunk Driving in August 1980. In the summer of 1981, Bob Anastas began Students Against Driving Drunk. Since the two organizations share an acronym, confusion reigns; but they also share a good cause.*

Swami slip-up

In your May 1986 issue, in the article "Celebrities on Celebrity," page 297, you incorrectly identify the swami with Prudence Farrow as the Maharishi. He is actually Yogiraj Sri Swami Satchidananda. I hope you will make this correction for your readers.

Casey Cason
Atlanta GA

FACE.

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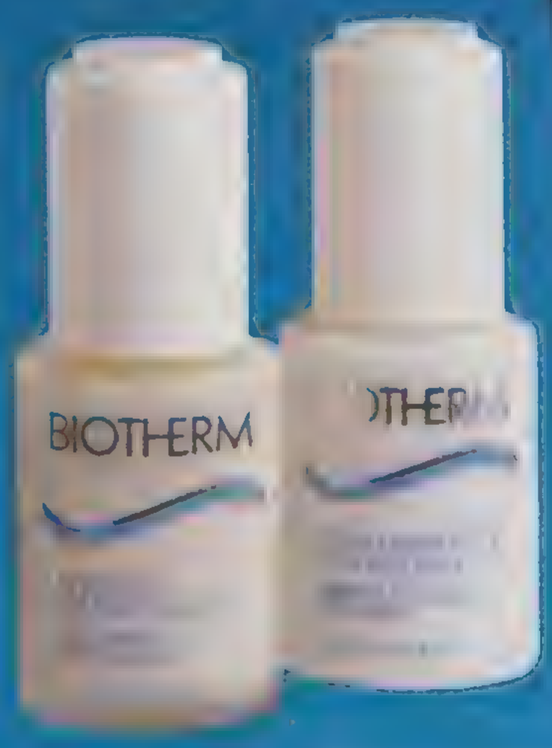

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Photo. Toscani

Susan Powell **Paul Bennett**
Editorial Assistant, Age: 24 Architect, Age: 26

I'm very calm, although some say I'm a doormat. I always thought I'd come to New York and be a model. My first job here was in a cappuccino cafe where strange people kept dropping in from a crazy house across the street. Now I'm in fashion magazines to stay. Paul and I are both from Texas; I want to go back one day, and he doesn't. I like him because he's not into traditional roles and he just bought an accordian. He's also a ringer for a Brooklyn league basketball team. On weekends we go to Dominican restaurants in the Bowery, and take pictures of small parts of buildings with his box camera. When we're old, he'll be spouting wisdom and I'll be planting flowers.

BEAUTY STYLE

What's new in beauty and fitness? Just about everything . . . as you'll read here: people . . . places . . . trends . . . ideas.

BY ANDREA ROBINSON AND DOROTHY SCHEFER

THIN VS. SLIM: IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

Models of the '60s—Twiggy, Penelope Tree, Jean Shrimpton—were, in hindsight, clearly borderline anorectics; but what about today's not-nearly-so thin models such as Paulina (height 5'10½"; measurements 36x24x35), Ashley (height 6'; measurements 35x25x36); and Renée Simonsen (height 5'9"; measurements 36x25x34), who epitomize a fitter, more healthful ideal?

We asked Barbara Levine, Ph.D., head of the Nutrition Information Center at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, who said the difference between thin and slim is subjective . . . and that what really counts is a woman's score on a nutritional/fitness scale. True, each of the models mentioned above turns out to be below average in weight when measured against standard weight tables; but, some experts acknowledge, the weight tables are skewed on the high side to begin with. Just because a woman is below the norm doesn't necessarily indicate she's unhealthy, Dr. Levine adds. The answer, then, is that you can't always tell just from looking at a woman's body how fit or healthy she is. True, underweight is a sign of being unfit; but a woman who looks great in a bathing suit may be equally unfit.

Although women, now, are more accepting of variations in body type, the incidence of bulimia and anorexia (two common eating/body-image disorders) is still very high. Both Virginia Woolf and Isak Dinesen were probably anorectics, as is actress Ally Sheedy, who recently was interviewed about her illness. Wendy Zheutlin, an independent producer/director, has made an excellent film, *Portraits of Anorexia*, so that anorectic women—and men—could "speak for themselves." Now, all Zheutlin needs is the funding to air it on PBS. For more info, Fat Chance Films, 415-821-6217.

New-wave fitness

The latest exercise facility to open in NYC: the Executive Self-Defense Center on Madison Avenue. Brainchild of two women, ESDC offers a unique program. In addition to strength training (on Kaiser equipment), there are fitness and self-defense classes which include "damage control," a street-smart course to help an executive fend off an attack.

ESDC has caught the eye of some heavy hitters. One Wall Street executive, who specializes in takeovers and whose firm employs a security staff to protect employees, says he goes to ESDC for "extra insurance." It does not come cheap. $1200 buys you a six-month membership, which includes unlimited club use, fitness evaluations, etc. Probably well worth the cost considering ESDC's slogan: "Don't just protect your health, defend it."

• SEEN WALKING INTO TRISH McEVOY'S FOR FACIALS: MADONNA, WHITNEY HOUSTON.

KidNews

• First of what may become a trend: Bruno Dessange is offering a 20 percent "junior passport" discount in his salons to kids under twenty-one.

• "Couch potatoes" is how some experts describe kids who sit watching hours of TV and are alarmingly unfit. To help kids find fitness fun, companies such as Tunturi are turning out fitness "toys," known as KPVs or kid-powered vehicles, for aerobic conditioning.

• For those children who are not fortunate to be born healthy, but come into this world handicapped, there are special new "friends"— Hal's Pals, dolls made by Mattel, Inc. Resembling Cabbage Patch Kids, Hal's Pals are very special: they come "equipped" with wheelchairs, crutches, braces—but are dressed as skiers, tennis players, hikers. The forty-five dollar friends come in different races, both sexes, and several handicaps. Their goal: not to reinforce a child's handicaps but to help her build a more positive self-image. More info: 1-800-227-3800.

Spotted in one modern woman's gym locker . . .

1. Deodorant
2. Soap
3. Body lotion
4. Gym shoes
5. Face moisturizer

. . . and in her purse, a three-step makeup:

1. Foundation
2. Blush
3. Lip pencil (to line, fill in)

• If you're a cake-mascara user, then you know how difficult a cake mascara is to find. Chanel and Charles of the Ritz—both of whom made them—have eliminated cake mascaras from their cosmetics lines. But women who love cake mascara won't use anything else . . . . For them, it is the best, offering more control, more "natural"-looking lashes. The bonus: cake mascara washes off easily, doesn't need special eye-makeup remover. Good news: Maybelline still makes a cake mascara, in a *small*, neat, one-by-two inches compact.

"I'm really against overdone makeup in every way," says Rick Gillette. For Rick, the two most important factors in makeup, now, are eyebrows and lips—all one needs, he says, for an attractive, groomed appearance. His very modern thoughts:

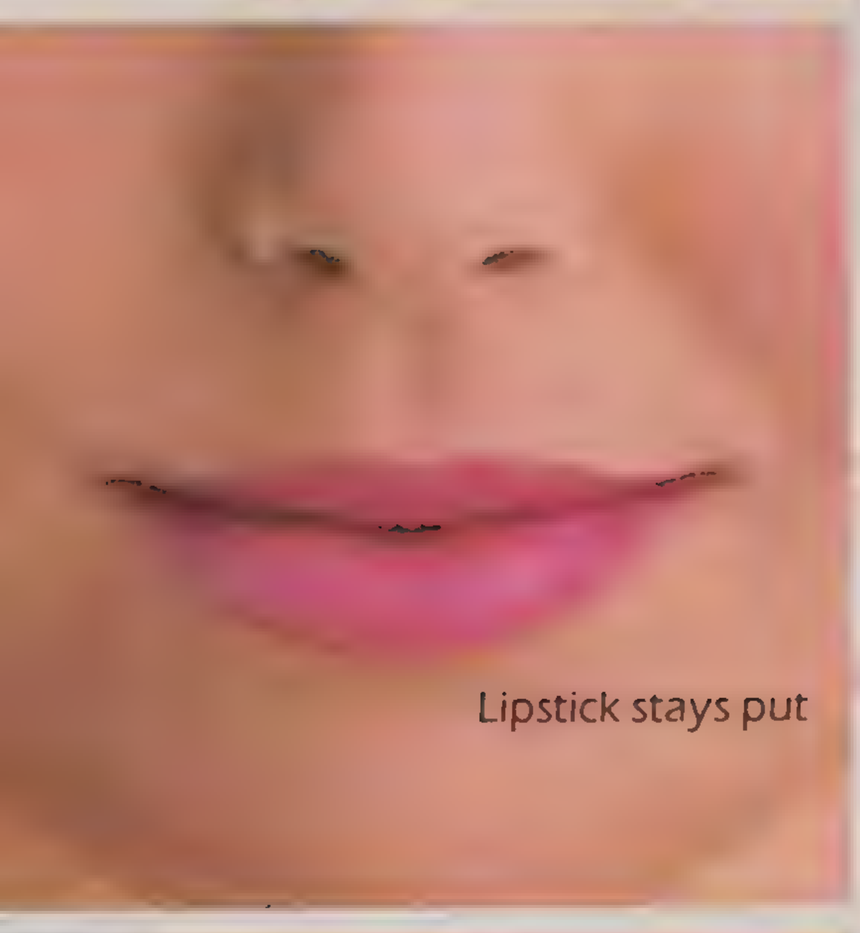
• Best for brows is still Vaseline or vitamin E cream; use at night to give brows a conditioned, healthy look. A light dab is all you need before going to bed.

• The look of good skin comes with refining pores. The best way to do this, he feels, is with loose powder. One does not need concealers and highlighters if powder is used.

• It is old-fashioned to think of blush as giving a "healthy" appearance. Better: to use another, slightly deeper shade of loose powder on the cheeks for a subtle effect.

Products you can't live without, now:

1. *Brow coloring*
2. *Mascara or cake eyeliner*
3. *Lip pencil*
4. *Two different lip colors (one for day/one deeper for night)*
5. *A dual-finish powder*



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SPECIAL CARE FOR SPECIAL PROBLEMS.	**Hot weather, pollution, exercise** can make oily skin even oilier, more susceptible to blackheads. Wash your face more frequently (3 to 4 times a day) with Neutrogena.® It *will* keep skin immaculately clean. It *won't* strip away your skin's natural moisture. **If blemishes or breakouts occur,** you might want to try Neutrogena® Acne Cleansing Formula. With non-medicated ingredients, it cleanses effectively and won't irritate troubled skin. **As you age,** your excessive oiliness and tendency to breakout will gradually diminish. Neutrogena® Original Formula will help keep your newly normalized skin looking healthier longer.	**Cold weather, steam heat, air conditioning** can temporarily make your skin excessively dry. Consider trying Neutrogena® Dry Skin Formula specially formulated with extra emollients to cleanse impeccably without stripping skin. **Very hot weather and exercise** can stimulate the oily T-Zone. More frequent washings will help keep your complexion beautifully oil-free. **For occasional blemishes caused by stress or other factors,** think about Neutrogena® Original Formula (unscented). Even the fragrance has been screened out of this already gentle cleansing bar. So you can wash even sensitive or irritated skin perfectly. **As you age,** your once normal complexion can become drier, more sensitive. Neutrogena® Dry Skin Formula can help keep your skin looking in its prime.	**Cold, windy weather,** is particularly damaging and can cause chapping and red splotches. One option to consider: Neutrogena® Dry Skin Formula (unscented). Completely fragrance-free, there's nothing to irritate your skin. Just the gentlest of care, the healthiest kind of clean. **Steam heat and air conditioning** can severely dry out your skin. Use Neutrogena® Dry Skin Formula *only at bedtime* to thoroughly wash away the day's accumulation of make-up and soil. In the morning, rinse thoroughly with warm water only. **As you age,** the purity and mildness of Neutrogena® Dry Skin Formula will continue to help you cope with your dry skin. Extra mild and emollient-enriched, it cleanses ever so gently and washes away dead skin cells that can make your complexion look dull and lifeless.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEW / WHAT'S COMING

Nicholson and Streep in "Heartburn"

movies

HEARTBURN'S ACID INDISCRETION

Heartburn, the movie, might have been a wickedly funny inside look at the media-wise world of Washington and New York City, people who traffic in low gossip and *haute cuisine* and live and die by the spotlight. But it isn't. Or it might have been a ten-handkerchief post-feminist weepie about a pregnant wife's discovery of her husband's betrayal and how she emerges stronger and wiser in the end. But it isn't. Or it might have been a battle of wits and wills between a wisecracking female food writer and a compulsively flirtatious male columnist, with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson giving each other what for. But it isn't.

Just what Mike Nichols and screenwriter Nora Ephron had in mind in this oddly blurry and uninvolving adaptation of Ephron's witty getting-even novel is hard to guess. To be charitable, it may be that they had too many things on their minds, or too many ideas cooking in the movie's overworked location-as-metaphor, the kitchen.

Watching Meryl Streep with a basketball in her belly, padding around the kitchen to the music of Carly Simon and the Cuisinart and looking beatifically slovenly, one can only surmise that it offered actress and author a chance to wade knee-deep, and publicly, into the joys and martyrdom of pregnancy.

As the most entertaining and successful entry in the somewhat disreputable field of revenge literature, Ephron's fictionalized account of her breakup with *Washington Post* writer and Watergate celebrity Carl Bernstein was less a story than an act of bitter, hilarious, egocentrifugal force, self-pity deflected into stand-up comedy. It was a great, gleeful read; but part of its lure was on *The National Enquirer* level: these were real people. Now that they have become made-up characters played by movie stars, all of the titillation and a good deal of the fun have drained out of the situation, without anyone's having given compensating attention to beefing up the story or fleshing out the characters.

Who *are* these people, we keep wanting to ask, and why should we care about them?

After a courtship that is as skimpy as the leftovers from a *nouvelle cuisine* lunch, food-writer Rachel Samstat (Streep) and womanizing columnist Mark Forman (Nicholson) marry. They spend the next twenty minutes squabbling over renovations of their Washington town house, the next ten on Rachel's cesarean, and for the rest of the movie Rachel is nine months pregnant with her second child. She clings tenaciously to her maiden name, yet the picture given of her is more a Mrs. than a Ms. The film's view of Mark is even vaguer, and their friends and associates slip into some black hole of amorphousness between suburban Washington and hip Manhattan.

Streep does a studious, smart/daffy impersonation of Ephron, and Nicholson is engaging but he has nothing to work with, no transition from the charmer he shows signs of being in the beginning to the skulking shadow of villainy he becomes. The movie is coy about the couple's relationship—there is no sense of the mix of love and power and mutual star-gazing that might have brought them together—so when it disintegrates, we're not sure why. What's wrong with Mark? Is he incorrigible, a victim of satyriasis, or does he just feel excluded by a wife who has turned into an engulfing blob of maternalism?

Mike Nichols is not the director you would choose to explore the recesses of a woman's (or a man's) feelings of love and abandonment. In movies like *The Graduate* and *Carnal Knowledge*, his approach to relations between the sexes was reductive at best and usually cartoon-like. But here even his fabled timing and sense of the ridiculous are less than razor-sharp. The scene in which Rachel delays the wedding as she moans her doubts is like a bad Broadway play.

There are funny lines and redeeming flashes of bitchiness such as John Wood's side-splitting parody of Alistair Cooke on a fantasy *Masterpiece Theatre* series devoted to the ongoing saga of Rachel's marriage. But they pop off at random, like firecrackers, without enriching the movie or establishing a comic tone.

One of the strengths of the book was its shrewd self-deprecating Jewish humor: Ephron/Rachel made almost as much fun of herself as of her horsey rival and her horny husband. But Streep, determined to avoid anything as vulgar as rat-a-tat comic delivery, swallows her one-liners or holds them at arm's length, so that you have to stop to think before you realize that what she's said is funny.

Ultimately, Ephron's book is ill-served by the movie: Nichols doesn't do justice to its funny/anxious point of view and, probably inadvertently, exposes its underlying complacency. Its characters have more regard for themselves than anybody else possibly could have; their narcissism lies naked and undisguised.

—MOLLY HASKELL

Mike Nichols dishes out a crazy salad of haute cuisine, low gossip, sex, and revenge

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

For store listings, see page 86

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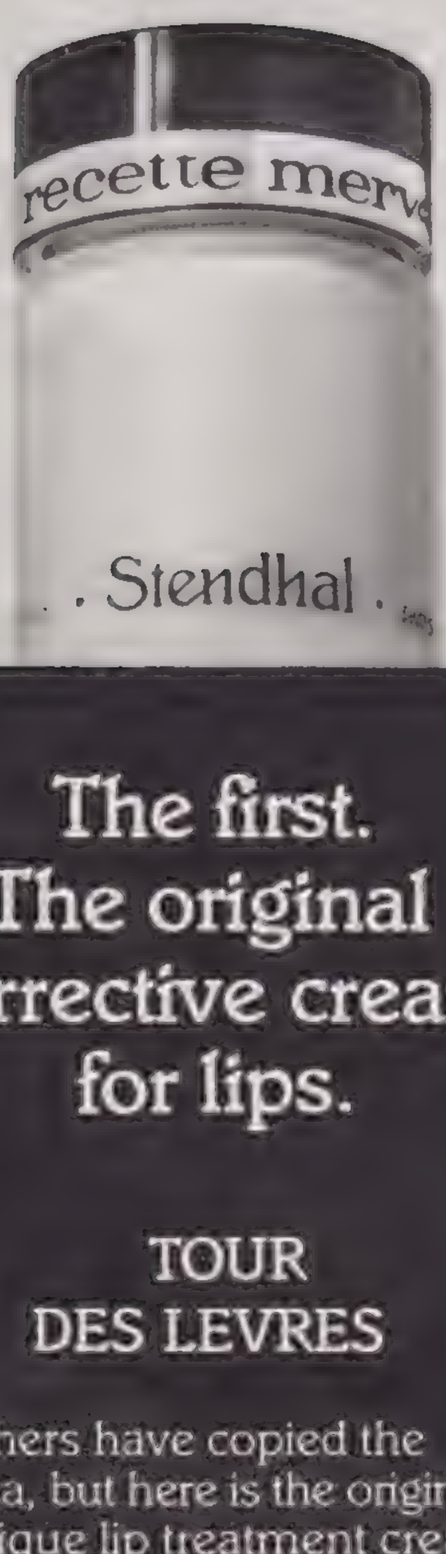

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

MY SISTER, MY DIRECTOR

The itinerant Isabelle (behind bars)

Is the punk singer with a pink stripe in her hair and wanderlust in her eyes a murderess? Worse still, a heartless homewrecker? Only her sister knows, and since that sister is Caroline Huppert, the director of the movie that stars Isabelle Huppert, she's entitled to keep us guessing until the last minute. And she does: *Sincerely, Charlotte* is a wackily charming and suspenseful adventure that is also wild and sweet and sexier than any ten American movies.

As the possibly homicidal heroine, Isabelle Huppert has never been more mischievously enigmatic. When we first meet her she is singing in a nightclub, her pale voice fluttering like a dying swan against the amplified rock-ballad backup. The next thing we know, she is leaving the scene of a crime, her own perfidious lover having conveniently entered the world of the nonliving. Charlotte flees to the sheltering arms of her former lover and takes asylum in his studio. Mathieu, played by the rumpled and entrancing Niels Arestrup, is a violinist, now contentedly keeping house with his new woman (Christine Pascal) and her adored son. An honorable man, Mathieu wants to "protect" his old girl friend (who could, of course, run circles around him and the whole Paris police force) but without compromising his current *ménage*.

But we are in France, and if you know your *l'amour fou* road movie, you know that Mathieu's resistance to Charlotte will crumble and that these two sybaritic soul mates will hit the highway, driving each other into an ecstasy of irresponsibility. With a deft—dare I say, feminine—ambivalence, director Huppert pits familial tenderness against anti-familial eroticism and we are exquisitely pulled both ways.

One reason the dilemma works so beautifully is that the man at the center of the triangle is as desirable (and believable) as a daddy-homebody as he is a delectable lover. Blond, dreamy-eyed, and fleshy, he is the antithesis of all the iron torsos that pass for men on the American screen.

To further confuse us, tough-fragile Huppert is a genius at ambiguity: she has played more amoral heroines than otherwise—most of them, some man's idea of a zonked-out *femme fatale*. But in her women's films, *Entre Nous* and now *Charlotte*, she conveys more strength and sweetness without losing her mystery. To have brought out her sister's gifts so generously is not the least of the accomplishments in Caroline Huppert's remarkable film. —M.H.

RAPE OF THE SCHLOCK

Farrah fights back, Russo yields

You know immediately the kind of film this is going to be when, in the first scene, the camera tracks a lone woman at night while ominous music plays on the sound track. And sure enough, some ninety minutes later, even after a mercilessly terrorized Farrah Fawcett has extracted her pound of flesh from the marauding male, the message of *Extremities* is clear: Women, don't go out alone at night because you'll get raped. And if you are, the law won't help you.

This newest wrinkle in the woman-in-jeopardy theme, William Mastrosimone's adaptation of his play, has three roommates living in semi-isolation. One of them (Fawcett) is caught at home by a psychopath who didn't "get" her the first go-round. After suffering a long day's onslaught of terror, she turns the tables with hideous (but shamefully gratifying) excess.

At least, action movies play their vigilantism straight. This *Ramba* for the intelligentsia, on the other hand, is the smarmiest sort of exploitation film, tricked up with a Method-actory rapist (a smirking James Russo) and a pretense of sympathy with women that soon curdles into contempt. The climax is a blow to women's solidarity when Fawcett's two roommates (Diana Scarwid and Alfre Woodard) defend her vicious hostage.

A movie whose only satisfaction comes in the orgasmic release we feel when Fawcett brutalizes her attacker is hardly high-level entertainment. The play had a long run, however, because it was a magnet for stars like Karen Allen and Fawcett looking to be taken seriously.

Fawcett—unkempt, dirty, wiping tears from her otherwise stoic face—is never ridiculous. We know by now that the most frou-frou of Charlie's three original angels can act. Now it's time for her to comb her fabulous hair and get a decent role. —M.H.

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BRUNO MAGLI

movies

The young Jack Kerouac

MAMA'S BOY OR DADDY-O?

The drunk turns his fat, petulant face toward William F. Buckley and says what scores of interviewees must have longed to say. "Would you," he asks, "get that question over *with*?"

Buckley laughs; the audience laughs. It's a long time since this drunk's been taken seriously. He's Jack Kerouac, and in about a year he will die of cirrhosis of the liver. "He was," Gregory Corso says in *What Happened to Kerouac?*, a documentary on the Beat Generation's preeminent bard, "a very intelligent baby."

Corso's conversation is hard to follow, possibly because he seems to have lost his teeth. But then, all the friends and adulators of Jack Kerouac who appear here—all, that is, but Allen Ginsberg—seem toothless now, one way or another.

Here's William Burroughs, looking like Miniver Cheevy; and Herbert Huncke, Times Square hipster, old and frail; and Edie Parker, Jack's second wife, plump with grey hair worn too long. Here, in old film clips, is Neal Cassady, the spirit that brooded over Kerouac's *On the Road*, in all his shoddy macho glitz; and here's his wife, the legendary Carolyn; who shared both men's beds, looking...ordinary. Here's Jack's priest, too, Father "Spike" Morissette, roofed with a formidable toupée.

Jack Kerouac was born in 1922 in Lowell, Massachusetts, to poor French-Canadians. He didn't discover English until he was six; once he did he was hopelessly infatuated. Kerouac swam in language as if it were the sea; he wrote as if his life depended on it. Which, of course, it did. Once Kerouac's hands were off a typewriter, they were invariably on a bottle and a glass.

In between awkward but essentially effective interviews with Jack's friends and family, there are shots of Times Square, of Lowell, and of Kerouac's crowd when they were all young and one or two of them were beautiful. Best, though, is a segment from a 1959 Steve Allen Show. Steve asks some quiet questions; Kerouac, scrubbed and sober, answers quietly; then Steve suggests Jack read from *On the Road* while he noodles on the piano. Several other musicians join in. The musicians' jazz counterpoints the writer's jazz, and at that lovely moment the listener believes that Jack Kerouac was all his friends say he was. —MARY CANTWELL

ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM

A (CONSIDERABLY OLDER) MAN AND WOMAN

Did you ever consider trying to revive that rhapsodic but short-lived affair that took place twenty years ago, and then think better of it? Well, Claude Lelouch didn't think better of it, and the result is *A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later*, an ersatz and bustling amalgam of thriller, love-and-career story, and desert adventure that reunites Jean-Louis Trintignant and Anouk Aimée and hopes to ignite the old flame.

If anyone can go home again emotionally, it is a Lelouch character: he or she doesn't change or grow wiser, just accumulates credits. Trintignant's racing car driver has matured into a consultant. Attractive despite a trendy but unbecoming Don Johnson beard, he can still summon up that sad sweet smile. Aimée's character is now a very busy producer of very big and very bad movies. She looks beautiful and can still feign graceful discomposure; but the movie, with its jumps in time and space and distracting sub-plots, doesn't give the couple a chance to connect on any level, comradely or erotic.

By serving up clips of the fondly remembered original in this trickily fictionalized context, Lelouch robs *A Man and a Woman* of its fragile innocence and makes you wonder if the original was as vapid as it looks here. After all, wasn't *AMAAW-I* less a motion picture than the mood piece of an era, an extended lovers' theme song—maybe the first music video? —M.H.

BRUNO MAGLI

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BRUNO MAGLI

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

art

THE JEWELS OF VENICE

Venice—
swimming in art...
The past embraces
the Futurists
at a gloriously
restored Palazzo
Grassi...“Vivaldi’s
church” is born
again...Latter-day
Leonardos shine
at the Biennale

Balla’s “Speeding Automobile,” left, a 1912 Futurist oil, on view at the Palazzo Grassi. Below, 1850s’ lithograph of the Palazzo.

Venice, perhaps the most bewitching city ever to ornament this planet, would seem to be antithetical in every way to the abrasively modern Italian cultural movement known as Futurism, which flourished from 1910 to 1918. So a delicious irony presents itself in the mere existence of *Futurism & Futurisms*, a comprehensive and spectacular exhibition currently assembled in the sumptuous eighteenth-century Palazzo Grassi on the Grand Canal (through October 12). “We repudiate ancient Venice,” the Futurists proclaimed in 1910, in leaflets scattered from the city’s Clock Tower onto the Piazza San Marco. “We want to heal this rotting city, magnificent sore of the past.... Let us fill the stinking little canals with the rubble of the tottering, infected old palaces...and raise to the sky the majestic geometry of metal bridges and smoke-crowned factories...”

Futurism & Futurisms is the inaugural exhibition in the recently refurbished Palazzo, which was acquired in 1984 by Fiat; the Turin-based industrial giant promptly entrusted its restoration to Italian architects Gae Aulenti and Antonio Foscari. The show contains some 250 works, making it the largest exhibition ever devoted to the subject, covering not only painting and sculpture, but also Futurist architecture, music, photography, typography, theater, cinema, fashion, and furniture. Pontus Hulten, the internationally renowned Swedish-born museum administrator (formerly director of the Moderna Museet in Stockholm, the Musée National d’Art Moderne in Paris, and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles), now artistic director of the Palazzo Grassi, has done a superb job of curating.

The all-inclusive title is deliberately ambiguous. Futurism—in the singular—refers, of course, to the Italian movement instigated by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, a polemist and poet who wrote the first manifesto on the subject in 1909. This Futurism section of the show, which occupies the entire first floor, contains virtually all of the key works made between 1909 and 1918 by Giacomo Balla, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, Luigi Russolo, and Gino Severini.

“Futurisms,” on the second floor, examines the Italian movement’s relationships to roughly contemporary manifestations such as France’s Cubism, Russia’s Rayonism, Germany’s Blaue Reiter, England’s Vorticism, and America’s Synchromism—all fragmentary, disharmonious developments that sharply mirrored the tumultuous breakup of prewar society.

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Even more than the Cubists, who preceded them by a few years and provided them with much of their formal vocabulary, the Futurists were enraptured by modern technology. According to Marinetti’s 1909 manifesto, “the world’s splendor has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed.” The Futurists lived during an era in which the tempo of daily life was rapidly accelerating, making it possible to see the world from new and mobile vantage points—automobiles and airplanes—and at unprecedented, exhilarating speeds. A racing car struck them as more beautiful than the “Nike of Samothrace,” the Louvre’s famous sculpture portraying the winged Greek goddess of victory in billowing drapery advancing into a head wind. The Futurists rebelled against static modes of perception and representation. They attempted to represent the multiple appearances of an object in continuous motion by combining Cubism’s faceted planes with fractured, overlapping images that suggest a photographic time-exposure.

The Palazzo Grassi galleries revolve *(Continued on page 86)*

Top left: Collection, The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Right: “Palazzo Grassa”

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

art

(Continued) around a central skylighted courtyard that contains two items that joltingly—but brilliantly—place Futurism in its technological context. Two airplanes are suspended at rakish angles over the courtyard, as if locked in an aerial ballet—a 1910 Blériot XI and a 1917 Spad VII.

None of the Italian Futurists produced any drop-dead paintings, but their sensibility triumphed. They paved the way for the streamlined forms of Bauhaus and De Stijl, as well as the art world's enduring romance with the machine.

Happily for Venice, the Futurists' scheme to modernize the city failed totally, though the industrialism they boosted does threaten the island city. Since the disastrous flood of 1966 awakened the world to Venice's fragile state and the accelerating decline of its buildings and art works, the Italian government, dozens of international preservation organizations, and UNESCO have joined to halt the deterioration.

One of the major beneficiaries of this large-scale preservation effort is Giorgio Massari, the eighteenth-century architect who designed the Palazzo Grassi and several other buildings in and around Venice. Among his major works is the Church of the Pietà, also on the Grand Canal. Built between 1745 and 1760, the Pietà has been given a thorough restoration by the New York City-based World Monuments Fund.

The Church of the Pietà was intended to be a concert hall as well as a place of worship, and Massari, for acoustical reasons, provided the interior with rounded corners. The Pietà has been dubbed "Vivaldi's church," even though its construction was begun four years after the death of the famous Venetian priest, violin teacher, concert master, and resident composer at the adjoining Ospedale della Pietà, an orphan asylum primarily for girls, who performed much of his music. The Pietà is once again back in use as a performance hall. From now through October, it will host a series of concerts.

Like the Futurists, who believed that modern technology was infinitely superior to traditional art forms, many of today's artists vaunt their use of computers, video, lasers, and holograms. These latter-day Leonardos have their wares on view in an ambitious theme exhibition, *Art and Science*, among the highlights of this summer's Venice Biennale, that predictably contentious, ever chaotic, and always political conglomeration of contemporary art (through September 28). The gossip at the Café Florian will probably revolve around the career maneuverings of Neo-Expressionist Sigmar Polke, representing West Germany, and France's Daniel Buren, whose insistent striping of both indoor and outdoor spaces regularly outrages viewers.

Inevitably, some Biennale visitors will wonder at the U.S.A.'s bland, belated promotion of Isamu Noguchi, a protean artist who has designed playgrounds, stage sets, and fountains, among other things, but who has never been on the cutting edge of any truly innovative form of art. Nevertheless, through durability and longevity (he is eighty-one), Noguchi has attained a seniority that qualifies him to represent this country. In Venice, he is showing new sculptures, including a ten-foot-high spiral slide of Carrara marble, and two galleries full of *akari*, his celebrated mulberry-paper lamps. As for the honor, Noguchi says, "You could have knocked me over with a feather to be invited to Venice at this late date." —DAVID BOURDON

CLASS MENAGERIE

"Greyhound" by Tiberio Titi

A veritable Noah's Ark of preposterous strutting roosters, hazelnut-snacking guinea pigs, regal, yet adorable dogs (*left*)—all manner of barnyard beasts, fish and fowl—are permanently captured on canvas in *Natura Viva: Animals and Birds from the Palazzo Pitti* at New York City's National Academy of Design through September 7. Forty-three works of this little-known genre have been culled from the vast, world-renowned collections of the Medici Grand Dukes for this charming exhibition in which anatomically precise creatures inhabit the most fantastically baroque worlds. *Natura Viva* travels to the Lowe Art Museum in Miami. —ELLEN WILLIAMS

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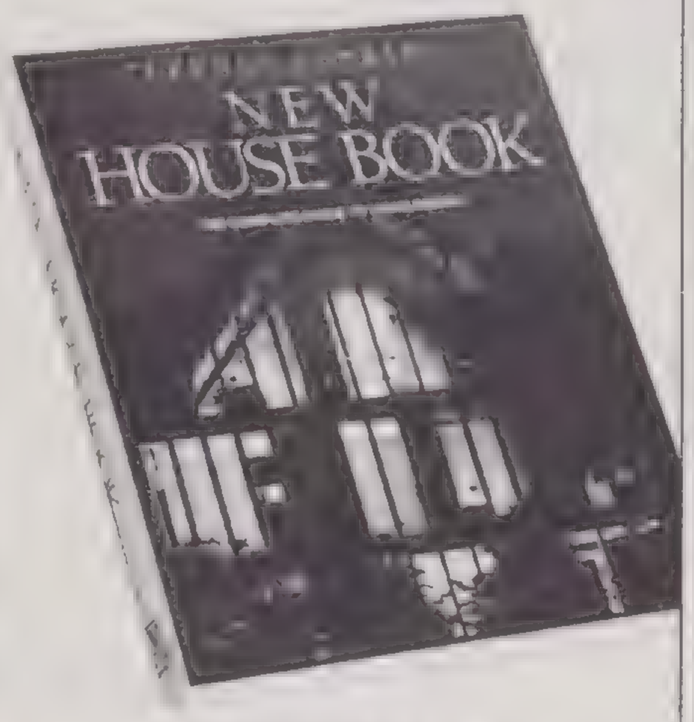

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

music

PRETTY IN PUNK

Charlie Sexton

Charlie Sexton has a low, growling voice reminiscent of the young Elvis Presley and a determination to be considered a great rock guitarist. However, his eighteen-year-old pretty face may get in the way of the musical respect Sexton so obviously longs for: his huge blue eyes, sensuous lips, skeletal cheekbones—to say nothing of the six-foot-two, rangy frame—are hard to overlook.

Sexton, who's been hyped in the music press and teen magazines as rock's next big thing, was the talk of the music industry before the public had ever heard of him. He got his first guitar at age four, started playing professionally at eleven, and left home at thirteen to play in rock bands. In 1981, he toured with singer Joe Ely, a fellow Texan. About this time, actor Sean Penn met Sexton and patterned his rockabilly musician character in the Louis Malle film *Crackers* after the young guitarist. "Penn was a nice guy," says Sexton, but "terrible in the film."

In 1984, when Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood was working on a song for the soundtrack of the movie *The Wild Life*, Sexton was suggested as a singer. The result was Sexton's song "It's Not Easy," with Wood and Keith Richards—and a chance to jam with a pal of theirs who stopped by the studio one night, Bob Dylan.

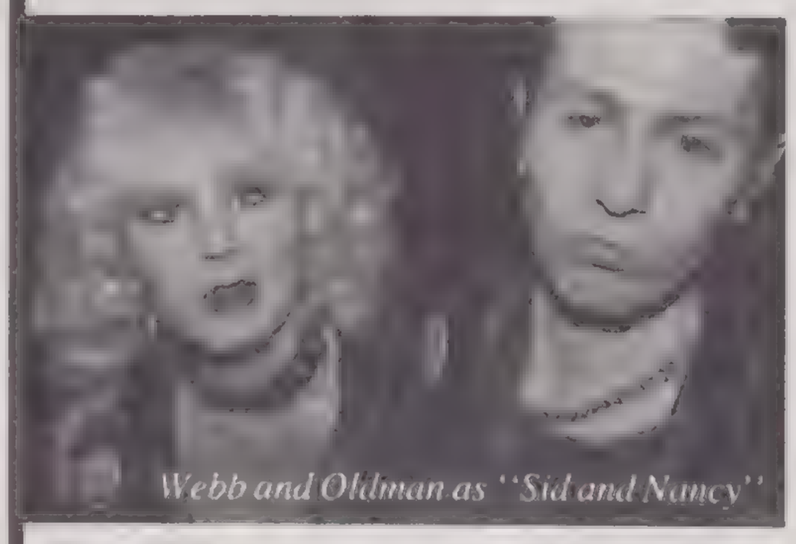
MCA Records quickly signed Sexton to a recording deal for what was rumored to be a huge advance, but his debut album, *Pictures For Pleasure*, fell short of everyone's expectations. Drum machines and synthesizers overwhelmed his voice and ruled out any chance of appreciating his energetic rock-and-roll guitar. One also hears too many clichéd rock dreams in Sexton's recorded music; his twangy, driving electric guitar is often overshadowed by slick vocal posing. And his silly, MTV-inspired outfits and hairdos, as well as the occasional trace of an affected English accent, detract from his natural, sexy good looks and render him ripe for the dreaded "teen idol" tag. In concert, however, Sexton can deliver the energy and rough edge of a Texas bar band on a beer-soaked Saturday night.

It remains to be seen whether Sexton can transcend the role of rock's newest pinup. But maybe the teen magazines will leave him alone to play his guitar when they learn that his younger brother, fifteen-year-old Will, is also a rock guitarist (just signed with MCA Records) and rumored to be almost as gorgeous as Charlie.

—LISA ROBINSON

JOHN STODDART

ABSOLUTE GONERS


Webb and Oldman as "Sid and Nancy"

In 1978, twenty-one-year-old Nancy Spungen was discovered dead, stabbed with a knife, in the New York City Chelsea Hotel room she shared with her boyfriend, Sid Vicious, ex-bassist for the Sex Pistols, in the mid-'seventies England's most anarchistic punk group. Vicious (né John Ritchie), was charged with her murder but died of a heroin overdose before the case ever came to trial.

The film version of their story, *Sid and Nancy: Love Kills*, by no means an ordinary romance, opened to raves at Cannes and is due here this fall. Directed by Alex Cox (*Repo Man*), the project has the blessing of Vicious's mother, Anne Beverley. Not amused, however, is ex-Sex Pistols' leader Johnny Rotten (played by English actor Drew Schofield in the film), who has turned the matter over to his lawyers. The Pistols' original bassist, Glen Matlock, had the uncomfortable task of supervising the re-recording of Sex Pistols songs without the pivotal Rotten vocals. But the participation of such respected rock musicians as Clash leader Joe Strummer, singer/songwriter John Cale, and The Pogues may help to make the film's music more credible.

"It *is* a love story," insists Chloe Webb, the American actress who makes her screen debut as Vicious's groupie girlfriend and drug partner. "Nancy completely took care of Sid, and for a while they sort of had what everyone wants: to adore somebody and have them adore you." Twenty-seven-year-old British actor Gary Oldman (who has performed with the Royal Shakespeare Company), says he wanted to play Sid because "he was the one punk who went all the way. But, I also tried to show his sensitive side."

While Oldman faked the hard-core drug scenes, Webb chose to stick needles (containing a saline solution) in her arms. "This isn't like *The Rose*, where maybe the mascara got a little runny," she says. "At the same time, the movie makes the drug world look pathetic. But, in the end, Nancy got what she wanted, didn't she? To be a rock star's girl friend, to get famous, and to die young."

—L.R.

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tv

LADY DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

Holiday, 1949

Billie Holiday's life was tragic, melodramatic, but her art was glorious. A PBS documentary tells the unvarnished story of an "American Master"

Salad days: from left, clockwise: Ben Webster, Holiday, unidentified man, Johnny Russell, Ram Ramirez, 1935

Everything that could happen to wreck body and soul happened to Billie Holiday. As a child she was physically abused by relatives, sexually abused by a neighbor, and psychically abused by nuns at a home for wayward girls. She spent her adolescence working as a maid or prostitute, and often found herself treated like one or the other after she had become a singer. She was told to darken her skin with greasepaint when she sang with Count Basie's all-black band, then called "nigger wench" when she sang with Artie Shaw's all-white band. She was refused meals in restaurants and made to come through the back doors of hotels.

Having already gone to jail for prostitution when she was a girl, she went to prison for drugs when she was a woman. One lover had got her hooked on heroin; another cheated her out of money, and a third beat her up. In 1959, when she was forty-four, she entered the hospital, her skin ulcerated from drug injections, her heart and respiratory system near collapse. Federal agents arrested her for drug possession on her deathbed.

Billie Holiday's life encompassed the tragic, the melodramatic, and the just plain pathetic. But her art was glorious. She was an "American Master," as the new PBS documentary proclaims—as important to jazz and popular singing as Eugene O'Neill and Charlie Chaplin (two other "Masters" covered in the series) were to theater and film.

Masters make it impossible for us to imagine an art form without them. "My first impression of you/ Was something indescribably new," Holiday sang, and that's what audiences heard. No one sounded like her. Her voice had a scratch and a sheen to it. She refused to honor conventional belter, crooner, or ingenue phrasing, to be lyric and pretty in the standard "girl singer" way. Holiday sounded like a horn, and conveyed the most acute emotions through musical, not theatrical, means. She was at the center of each song, yet apart from it, revealing and altering its structure. You could call what she did musical Cubism or Abstract Expressionism; you could also call it swing.

"I always wanted Bessie's big sound and Pop's feeling," she said, thereby showing just how smart and ambitious she was. After all, what business did a girl who sang like her shoes hurt her, to quote a spiteful Ethel Waters, have trying to emulate the vast, opulent sound of Bessie Smith? But she wanted Smith's authority, and the brilliantly simple methods that created such powerful effects. And she wanted Louis Armstrong's buoyant virtuosity, a sound that mingled sadness with ebullience, and the freedom to do anything with melody and rhythm that musical feeling demanded.

She got it all, without sounding in the least derivative. Her 1930s recordings with such musicians as Teddy Wilson, Buck Clayton, and Lester Young are daring, witty, and exhilarating, even when, on songs like "Billie's Blues" or "Why Was I Born," they wrench the heart. Her diction is a mélange of languid Southernisms, crisp consonants, and high-toned vowels (she did a bit of radio soap-opera acting). Syllables get stretched and emphasized unexpectedly. Words become objects with textures of their own. Poet Elizabeth Bishop wrote "Songs for a Colored Singer" with Holiday in mind because Holiday used language as poets do, for its rhythmic and aural properties.

Her life began to deteriorate in the 1940s, and so did her voice. She compensated with greater expressivity—a process one can also observe in a dancer whose body has begun to give way. By the 1950s she had become the tragic Lady with the Gardenias, pursued by internal demons and external villains. Yet the best of her work was still extraordinary. In her salad days she had blurred the distinction between singing and playing an instrument. Now, having renounced some of the pleasures of sounding like a horn for the perils of sounding like a doomstruck woman, she joined the inflections of song to those of speech.

Though she could look ravaged in the later years (in one television sequence she wears her evening gown as an undernourished schoolgirl might wear her uniform), she had enormous style, with her ponytails and preppy sweater sets, turbans and jewels, femme furs and butch jackets. She was a beauty too, and her beauty, like her voice, had a muted, sensuous luster.

It's said that the first song Billie Holiday ever sang in public was "Travellin' All Alone." If so, it was prophetic. Musicians loved her, but they had their own troubles. Her mother, Sadie, was more a thwarted, unhappy sister than a parent, while her father, Clarence, deserted the family early on to become a musician. Did Billie get back at Sadie by treating herself as badly as the worst mother could have? Surely she got back at Clarence by possessing a hundred times his talent. And perhaps she got back at society by proving herself one of its rare geniuses. —MARGO JEFFERSON

Left: The Estate of Carl Van Vechten by Joseph Solomon, Executor. Right: Frank Driggs Collection

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tv

TV'S MAN OF THE EAR

Ted Koppel

Koppel knows how to listen—and responds with surprise, disgust, amusement, boredom, and respect

When you watch Ted Koppel on *Nightline*, you see an extremely intelligent man surrounded by faces: sleepy faces of faraway experts roused from bed at 4 A.M. to mumble disapproval; madly jabbering faces of spinning-eyed fanatics grabbing their moment in the limelight; placid faces of laconic diplomats determined to spill not a single bean. One of the joys of *Nightline* is to watch these faces react to one another. Jane Brody, *The New York Times*'s scourge of sushi, rolls her eyes in withering disgust as Harvey and Marilyn Diamond, the sunny authors of *Fit For Life*, describe their absurd gastric theories. When Brody can bear their pseudo-science no more, and gives voice to her scorn, the smiling, patronizing Diamonds cry "Ted, Ted!," desperately raising their hands like overachievers in math class. This is theater, a hilarious drama of diet polemics, but it never devolves into the broad, stagey shouting matches of Donahue. Koppel is amazing, really—he doesn't pet his guests like morning talk shows, he doesn't whip them up into a lathered, inarticulate frenzy like the audience participation shows, he doesn't let them wander endlessly into drooling senility like the late-night shows.

Koppel has the only show on TV with any real discourse. Authentic discussion is an uneven but fluid give-and-take; Ted Koppel is the only person on TV who really understands about the "take" part. In complete, autocratic control over the faces projected on the screen in front of him, Koppel nevertheless knows how to listen. Really listen. This is not, "Okay, I talk, then you talk, okay, that's *enough*, now *I* talk, okay, *now* you..." Ted Koppel responds to what his guests are saying. He exhibits surprise, disgust, boredom, disbelief, satisfaction, amusement, delight, and respect. He is polite, but his politeness is not the strained, unctuous grin of universal good cheer most TV interviewers stretch across their faces; it is part of a formal, gentlemanly agreement to cut to the chase. When his guests begin to thump their chests and grunt the same thing over and over, when their answers swerve drunkenly toward self-serving, irrelevant speeches, Koppel's voice can be heard, soft but firm, "Okay, but now, what about...Okay, but now tell me why..." He keeps after them, not to fret them and worry them into indiscretions like an investigative reporter, but to get them to *answer the question*. (Diplomats on the spot, the guys whose governments have just bombed a nursery or assaulted some nuns, are not terribly responsive to Koppel's techniques, and sometimes one suspects he asks them on his show for the sport of it. After the Chernobyl nuclear accident, Koppel asked a Soviet diplomat why his government had waited so long before informing the world. It vas veekend! cried the diplomat. Governments don't vork on *veekend*!)

Nightline began as a nightly disaster update during the Iranian hostage crisis. Now, of course, Koppel has shows on topics like sunburn. They're not bad either, but Koppel is still best during a catastrophe. Urgent rather than hysterical, dignified rather than pompous, he is a reasonable man wading delicately but energetically into a foaming channel of lies, cover-ups, and simple stupidity, just to get to the other side.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE

Sajak, White, and the lucky lady on "Wheel of Fortune"

WHAT WE'RE MISSING ON DAYTIME TV

So far, five babies and two dogs have been named for her. She averages two marriage proposals a week among the hundreds of fan letters delivered to her dressing room. Her other avid fans range from housewives to male executives to grandmothers to little girls who want to grow up to be just like her. She's Vanna White, cohost of *Wheel of Fortune*. What does Vanna White do? She smiles. Constantly. She applauds. She exercises by running in front of a game-show board, turning over tile letters that will spell fortune to contestants on the most popular syndicated game show on television. In the face-and-figure-conscious world of game-show models who smile themselves silly while draped across a Mercedes or a year's supply of cake mix, Vanna White distinguishes herself with a nonvacuous persona.

Vanna, who is, at twenty-nine, nearly a decade older than the unspoken cutoff point for game-show hostesses, is attractive, with a drop-dead figure, a great mane of frosted hair, and terrific teeth. She is also truly likable.

Vanna is likable because she set out from her hometown of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, with all her possessions in a U-Haul trailer and headed for Hollywood—and made it. And, once she made it, she did not try to get rid of her accent. She is likable because in the male-heavy world of game shows, she is the only woman with full co-host billing (with Pat Sajak, who is used to hearing the Vanna ovation—often louder than his—at the beginning of each show).

Vanna's been on *Johnny Carson* and the morning shows and even has her own color pin-up poster, the *ne plus ultra* of video fame. She also had the distinction, last month, of being one of the few women to appear clothed in a *Playboy* foldout, and she looks just great, thank you.

"Basically, I'm a cheerleader," Vanna says. "I try to give the players inspiration." Even in the face of the most dull-witted contestants, her enthusiasm never wanes. You wouldn't mind having her on your side at board meetings or when it's time to confront the landlord. She is perky, friendly, and a perfectionist: not once since she landed the job has she turned over a wrong tile. Vanna White is the all-American fantasy—a grown-up Girl Scout who made good.—MARY ALICE KELLOGG

Top: ABC, bottom RON SLENZAK

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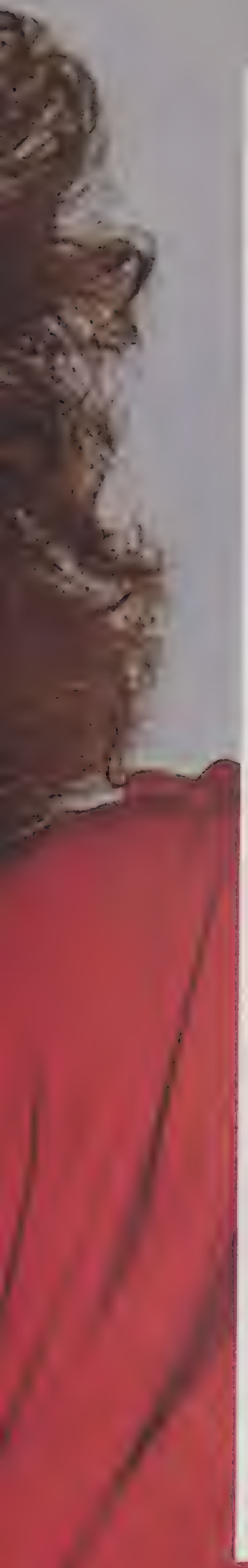

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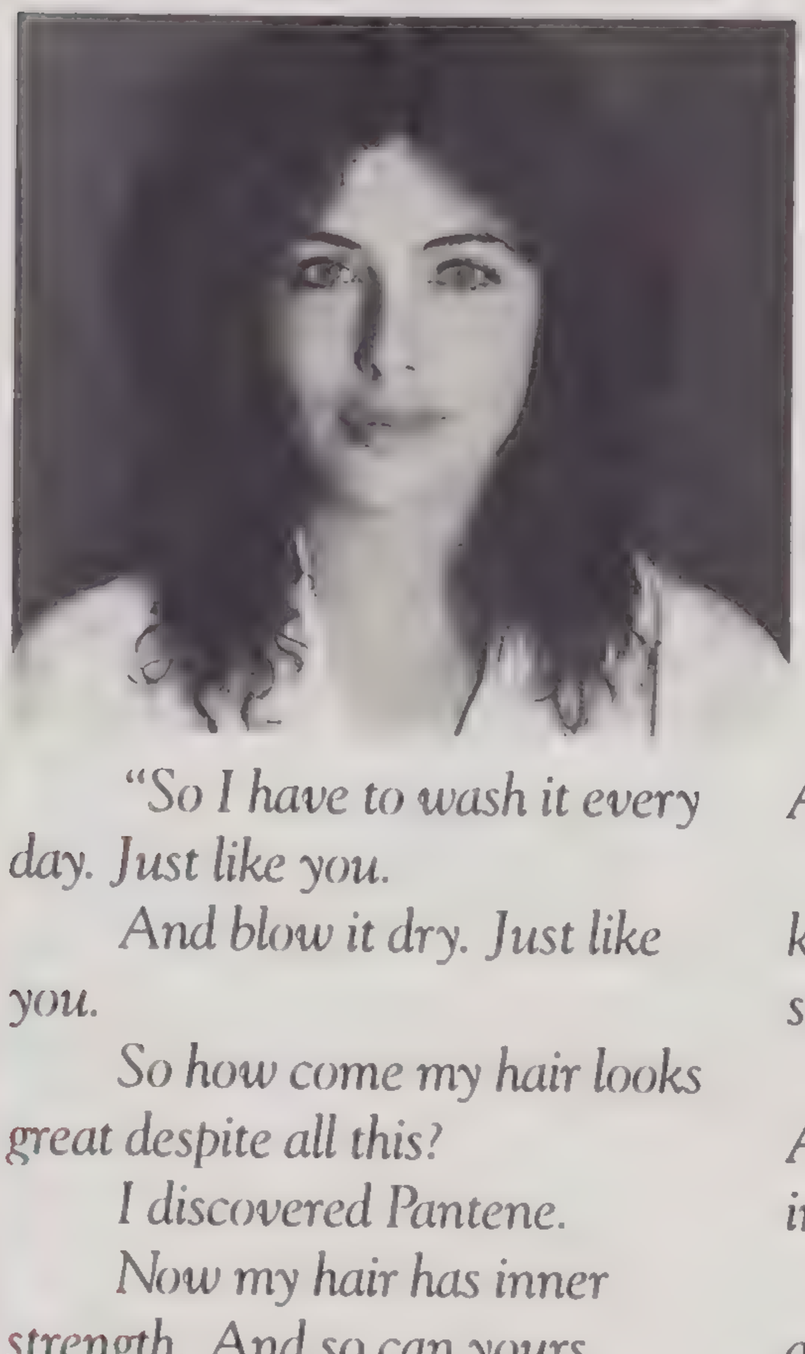

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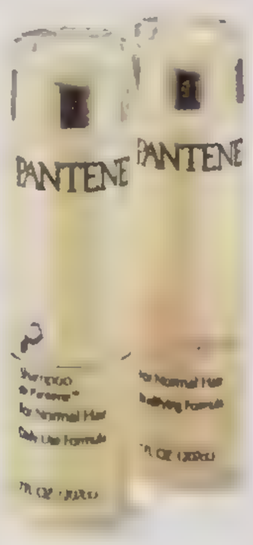

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theater

Gerrit Graham makes like an ostrich in "Sills & Co"

PERFORMING ON A WING AND A PRAYER

Gerrit Graham is seemly, well-spoken, a man of parts. Except when he's an ostrich. This happens once, sometimes twice a week, depending upon the audience who comes to see *Sills & Company*, the improvisation group currently pulling off the funniest show around Broadway. Each night, Graham wriggles and twitches himself into the audience's bird of choice. Gerrit Graham's recipe for ostrich: Suck in cheeks with a smack, roll eyes into a vacant and looney stare, jerk and swivel head dementedly. At the same time, puff chest to twice its size, snap legs apart, and skitter around the stage, listing forward so precariously that when you exit stage left, you tip over.

Graham, thirty-seven, has conspired for eighteen years with Paul Sills, the godfather of American improvisation whose disciples include Mike Nichols and Elaine May, and who spawned both the Second City and Story Theater companies. Graham and his eight cohorts in the current troupe romp across the minefield of improvisation with obvious relish, braving a skit in which the audience gets to name not only the two characters (suggestions range from Qaddafi to Groucho Marx) but the situation (a PTA meeting??). Another skit requires them to switch from jibberish to English in mid-sentence and make it sound convincing. They do, and it comes out achingly funny as well.

According to Graham, the only hazard in improvisation is relying too much on your head rather than giving in to the group's spontaneous mayhem. "If you do improvisation right, the human being, the ego, just disappears. On the other hand," he adds, "there are times when it's really hard to get out of your own way."

—DEBORAH MASON

GOLDEN NOODLES

Everyone went bananas when *Me and My Girl*, a revival of a 1930s hit British musical, opened in London eighteen months ago. "Anyone with . . . prejudices against the pre-war musical stage as a benighted enclave of snobbery . . . will find them richly confirmed," intoned one paper, even as it went on to gush. In Britain, snobbery and nostalgia are everything they used to be.

The story concerns a larky Cockney barrow boy who inherits an earldom. Despite *faux pas* like ordering beer from the butler, his new family is forced to accept him—but not his girl. She runs away, but a kindly old duffer pays for her secret Pygmalionization. The curtain rings down on the newly united pair, a couple of acceptably posh-speaking, sanitized arrivistes.

The musical's success during the 1980s' post-depression in Britain could be seen to show how desperate the British are to latch onto their past and its certainties. To my surprise, the director, Mike Ockrent, entirely agreed with me. "You may not believe this," he told me, "but in the company, we looked at the main character as someone who is corrupted by his society. It's full of ridiculous prejudices and the ending is very dubious." So now you know. It opens on Broadwayon August 10. —VICTORIA RADIN

CHRIS CALLIS

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BY LORRAINE DAVIS

IN HER OWN WORDS...

"Many people think clowns are just for children, but when I perform at a party the adults really go crazy. It's important for a clown to make people realize there is a little bit of child in them and it's all right to let their inhibitions go and laugh and have fun. In groups who come from all over the world and don't speak the same language, the common thread of laughter and joy that a clown brings is a fantastic form of communication....All of my clown clothes have designer labels in them—people love that." —*Becky Santora, a.k.a. Rainbow the Clown, teacher-owner of A Clown Company in Washington, DC.*

"I just have this dream that we can have a society free of discrimination against women. The anti-abortion forces are using the abortion issue to block all kinds of legislation that would enhance women's lives and civil rights; I think some of their violence at clinics expresses a frustration at not being more successful. In the coming elections, our goal is to support the candidates who are very clearly pro-choice and have said so." —*Kate Michelman, executive director, National Abortion Rights Action League*

"I had a business first, then I had a child. I opened my second business when I was eight and one-half months' pregnant the first time; and then I later had an additional child and a third store. As the story goes, I had either a child or a new business every year. As my children grow, so do my businesses." —*Pamela Scurry, president-owner of The Wicker Garden, a NYC shop, and two other stores, speaking at AWED conference*

THE BUSINESS OF PLAY

It does seem natural that four faculty members in the Communication Disorders Department at North Texas State University would share an interest in words. When these women sought a business venture, they hit on a word game as something both profitable and fun. After almost two years of extracurricular toil, the group marketed Uncommon Sense, by mail ($29.95 plus postage, Us Productions, P.O. Box 386, Bedford TX 76021), and has received orders, so far, from twenty-two states and two foreign countries (Switzerland and South Korea!). The game is also available in Dallas-Fort Worth area bookstores.

How do four women with no experience in game-making or marketing reach workable decisions? "We handle divergent viewpoints and disputes by majority rule if there is a three-to-one opinion, or by the greater strength of persuasion if it's two-to-two," said Brenda Petersen, who with Pat Bulla, Betty Ohler, and Judi Faurot put together the four thousand questions-and-answers.

Methods of play were tested out on friends; then came finding a printer, and a "box man," and—a big item—collating. (They finally found a collator they could afford.) Originally a home-based operation, Uncommon Sense now promises to burgeon into something that can't be handled in the teachers' spare time. But isn't that what starting a small business is all about?

...Meanwhile, elsewhere in the Dallas area, two physicians' wives were developing their own all-ages word game, You Said It! They met while throwing a baby shower for a third grade teacher, and husbands and children got involved in their word search. Play involves team members' creating their own definitions of each word and then presenting them in competition with the real meaning for the other team to guess. (Kids are experts at bluffing.) Their game is selling in stores across the country.

...*And*, in another part of the West, another academic, now an assistant professor in early-childhood studies at Eastern Montana College, Becky Bailey, Ph.D., collaborated for three years with Ann Nihlen, Ph.D., assistant professor in educational foundations at the University of New Mexico, to produce a game for second-to-twelfth graders called Working Choices. They say their game does get children to open up and explore the world of non-sexist job possibilities. That's putting play to workable use.

NAME YOUR HEROINE

August fifteenth is the deadline for nominations for Clairol's Take Charge Awards: $1000 to each of twenty-five women who have changed their lives after age thirty. Send name, address, telephone, details of nominee's achievement to: Clairol Take Charge Awards, c/o National Women's Economic Alliance Foundation, 605 Fourteenth Street NW, Washington DC 20005.

WHEN YOU SAY "SO LONG"

In a business climate teeming with corporate mergers and hostile take-overs, women managers may well fear for their job lives. A sudden termination can leave a woman feeling too stunned and angry to look for another spot. Margaret Newborg, a management consultant, has formulated some guidelines for surviving a merger. A few of her recommendations:

- Research the new company fully before it takes over—structures, techniques.
- Keep your negative thoughts to yourself.
- Be discreet about confidences.
- Be visible and flexible in dealing with new management.
- Begin heavy networking inside and outside the corporation.
- Be patient; keep an open mind.

Remember that skills are transferable.

Ms. Newborg, a vice president of Henchey & Company, Inc., in NYC, has advised both individuals and corporations on outplacement. She warns that an involuntary job change is a stressful experience and outside counseling is often warranted. She reminds departing executives to ask about services available, whether the severance package includes psychological help and/or the use of an office and salary while the hunt for a new job goes on.

NO TIME FOR MOTHERHOOD!

Whether you're the one who's having the baby or the boss who has to cope with the work interruption, you can thank Catalyst (250 Park Avenue South, NYC 10003)—that not-for-profit think-group—for its just-published "The Corporate Guide to Parental Leaves." A two-year study headed by Phyllis Silverman, Ph.D., senior program advisor, soliciting thoughts from managerial and non-managerial mothers in eight cities and from 384 companies, came up with some interesting results:

- *Women asked to describe the "ideal parental leave" asked for only three months but added up to a year of part-time work to "ease back" into their jobs.*
- *Companies so far have not kept good records to judge how actual leaves go; women who don't return make good newspaper copy but turned out to be rare.*
- *Managerial women worked at home during leaves; non-managerial were less apt to do so.*

The "Guide" tackles such corporate needs as how to develop a written leave policy, how to comply with state and federal laws, how to make your policy "competitive," the keeping of data to evaluate leaves, use of an employee's filling in for a leave-taker as a training device, consideration of short-term vs. long-term goals.

Felice Schwartz, Catalyst president, said: "We believe that women can make the same commitment to a career that men can; a leave of even a year or two pales compared to the talent and creativity a woman can bring to the marketplace over a lifetime."

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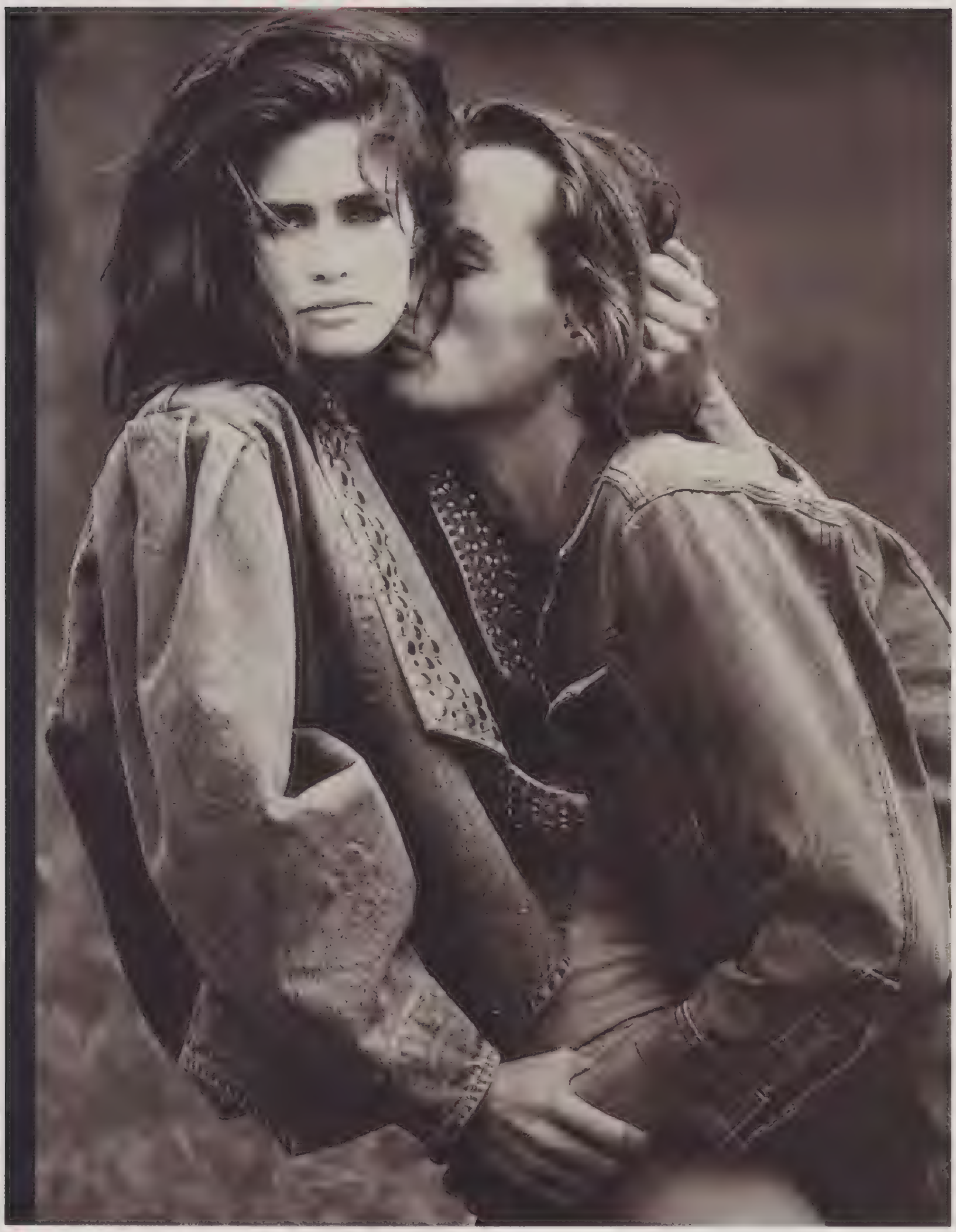

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SHAPE-UP NOW

Fighting tension . . . travel/exercise: one woman's solution

EXERCISING AWAY FROM HOME

When I travel, it isn't the comforts of home that I miss—the comforts of *my* home are easily surpassed by those of a good hotel. What I miss are the rigors of home, my daily aerobics workout. My memories of cities are typically vivid but slightly blurred by the sense of sluggishness that sets in by the third day without exercise, when my metabolism shifts into low gear.

Like many women who travel, I had resigned myself to not exercising away from home. If I were a jogger or a Jane Fonda fanatic, I could pack running shoes or a cassette tape, but my preferred method is riding a stationary bike—not very portable.

As a rule, stationary bikes light enough to carry are too flimsy to ride at high speed. (The better shape you're in, the harder and/or faster you have to bike to attain your training heart rate.)

An exception, found before heading to Paris: Tunturi's Home Cycle 3 is sturdy; resistance is adjustable, with the maximum surprisingly heavy for such a small bike. The ride is smooth, steady, even at high speeds. Best: it comes packed in a cardboard carrying case. (The bike's vital statistics: weight, sixty pounds, box and all; carton measures 31x10x26".)

On the way to Paris, I checked the carton along with my bags. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est*?" the French customs officer asked. "*C'est une bicyclette*," I replied. "*Pour quoi*?" "*Pour des exercises*," I explained. These crazy Americans . . .

At my hotel, I assembled the bike with the wrench provided. This took about twenty minutes, some brains, but no brawn. Every morning for the next week, I got up at seven, biked for an hour, had breakfast, and left my hotel by nine.

Before heading home, I dismantled the bike, repacked it in its box, and checked it with my bags. I arrived home feeling energetic, rested. The bike is still in its box, packed and ready to go. —HOLLY BRUBACH

A brisk thirty-minute walk provides equal "calorie burn," aerobic benefits as does a fast-paced twenty-minute run...

Upper-body tension area: the neck and shoulders, the latter often a woman's least flexible—most "underworked"—muscles and joints, according to Valery F. Lanyi, M.D., associate professor, rehabilitation medicine, New York University School of Medicine.

Her advice: • Build more movements that involve reaching over your head into each day. • Do reaches that move arms above shoulder height. • Include large arm circles and neck rolls (not all the way back) in pre-exercise warm-ups. • At a desk or driving, beware of the tendency to "hunch up" your shoulders. Relaxing your upper body not only helps to safeguard flexibility; it can also add to the ease of correct posture and movement.

MICHEL COMTE Hair, Gad Cohen, Gad Studio, NYC; makeup, Marie-Josée Lafontaine, shirt and pants, Nancy Heller. Details, last pages

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Q&A BEAUTY

Sunscreen update . . . tips for Asian women . . . unscented or fragrance-free: what's the difference?

Q I have been protecting my skin from the sun all summer long with a SPF 15 lotion. As the weather gets cooler, should I continue using sunscreen to prevent damage, or switch to a lower SPF, or skip sunscreen altogether?

A As the season changes from summer to fall, there are fewer hours of sunlight in a day and the sun's rays—though still damaging—become less direct. Mary Ellen Brademas, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology, New York University Medical Center Skin and Cancer Clinic, suggests that if you are still spending a great deal of time outdoors, you should continue using your summer sunscreen or switch to one in the next-lowest number SPF. If, on the other hand, you spend very little time outdoors, makeup is probably all the protection you need.

"The most sun damage is seen on fair-skinned women who are indoors a great deal and then get short bursts of sunlight, over a weekend, for example," adds Dr. Brademas. Be careful to protect skin, anytime you will be in the sun without prior exposure.

Remember to reapply sunscreen every two hours, more often if you are active. Be careful not to get *any* sunscreen formula, even those designed for use on face, in your eyes, as many formulas, especially those with PABA, contain alcohol and can sting.

Q I am an Asian woman and wonder how I should choose makeup colors. Are there any special guidelines?

A An excellent new book written by fashion consultant Gloria Noda, *The Asian Face* (Kodansha, International; now available in the U.S.), discusses the special makeup, skin- and hair-care needs of Asian women. Here, some basic tips from the book:

- Because Asian skin is very smooth and has "tight" pores, many Asian women can get away with wearing a minimum of foundation. The best colors are beiges—in shades from ivory to medium; avoid pink tones. A pink *undercolor*-foundation primer, on the other hand, can give Asian skin an attractive glow.
- As the Asian face tends to have "flat" surfaces, opt for a shading or contouring powder instead of a blusher. Try a powder foundation two shades darker than your base or a brown/beige powder blush. If you still want more cheek color, brush on apricot or rose powder blusher just across the cheekbones.
- Asian eyes have no crease or protruding orbital bone, so use matte shadows in soft, dark colors to give depth to the eye socket. Use a light hand because makeup won't be concealed behind lashes or in a crease. Extend liner and shadow beyond outer corners of eyes to emphasize their *natural* shape. Skip liquid liners, which leave too harsh a line; think of using brown and grey pencil liners rather than black, which makes eyes look smaller.
- Clear light red, cranberry, and soft coral are good lip-color choices for Asian women. If your skin tone is light, you can also wear deeper shades (as long as they don't detract from eyes); light-skinned women should avoid pink. If your skin tone is dark, pale shades of pink or coral are another option.

Q What do the terms "unscented" and "fragrance free" mean when used to describe cosmetics and skin-care products? Are these labels basically the same?

A "While there are no official FDA regulations governing the definitions of 'unscented' and 'fragrance free,' there are generally accepted uses of these terms that most major cosmetics companies follow," said Joanne Nikitakis, M.S., chemistry coordinator of the Cosmetics, Toiletry and Fragrance Association. "A product that is labeled 'unscented' has no discernible odor but may actually contain a low concentration of a masking fragrance that has been added to counteract the unpleasant smell of the raw materials in the formula. 'Fragrance free,' on the other hand, is generally used to describe a product that truly contains no fragrance ingredients."

A woman who has experienced fragrance-induced skin reactions should read cosmetic labels carefully, advises Mitchell Wortzman, Ph.D., associate director, technical division, Neutrogena. FDA regulations do stipulate that fragrances must be listed on labels in terms that are understandable to a consumer; along with the word fragrance, you may notice flower or citrus oils listed on a label to indicate specific fragrance ingredients.

(Note: Neutrogena soap and body lotion are free of any fragrance ingredients.) ▽

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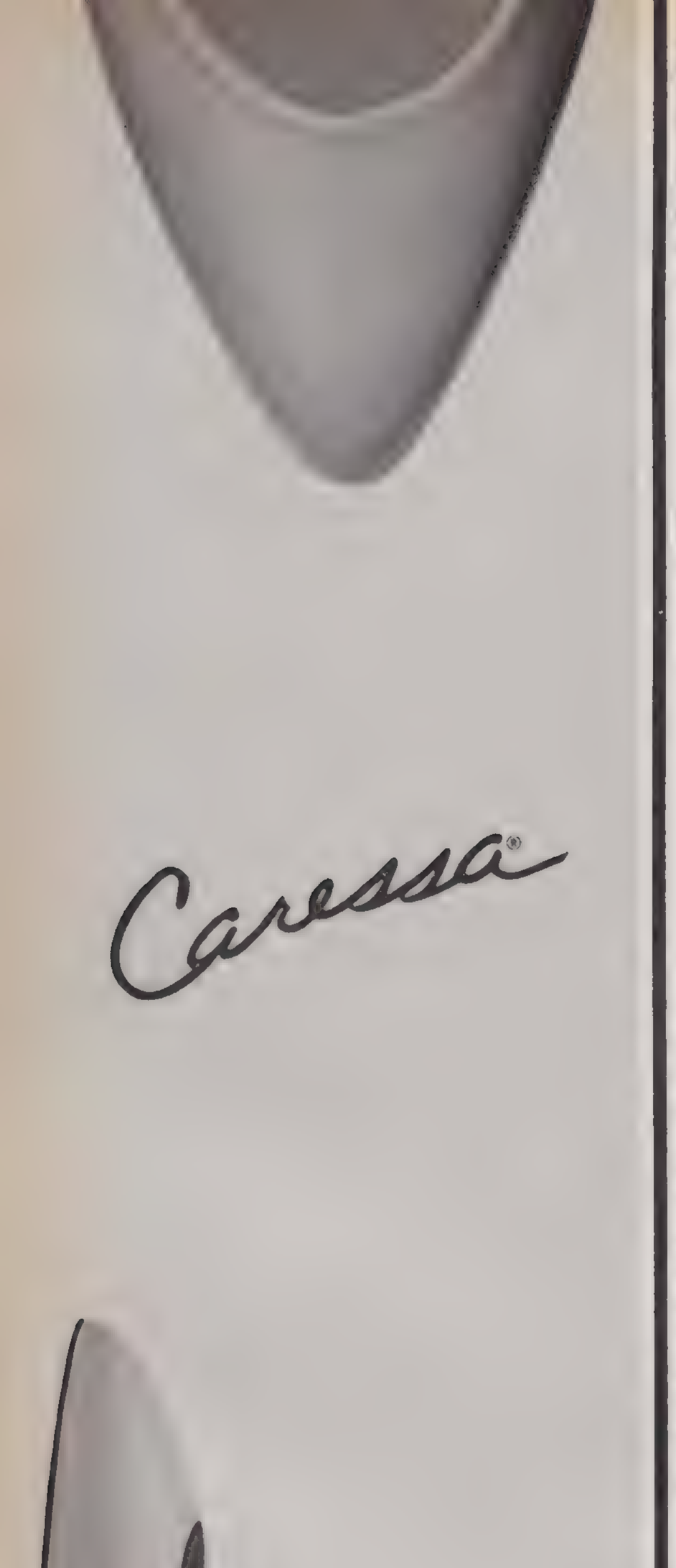

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horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

August's Astrological Weather: The droopy dog days of summer won't seem so debilitating once Mars turns direct on the 11th to restore physical energy and mental acuity. At the same time, the Leo sun favors Uranus—indulge Leo, Aquarius, and Sagittarius their little eccentricities. Aries, Taurus, Libra, and Gemini should agree to disagree when Venus and Mars have another lover's quarrel on the 18th. Although the sun enters Virgo, the sign of the workaholic, on the 23rd, Saturn's presence will slow down everyone's momentum during the last week.

LEO July 23-August 22 For a truly spectacular event, celebrate your birthday the night of the 10th, when your sun ruler favors the brilliant originality of Uranus in your house of romance, creativity, and entertainment—Leo's natural domain. If you wait until the 18th, your neighbors, siblings, and coworkers will not be getting along with one another. Neptune's exquisite sensitivity on the 26th makes you more sympathetic to your lover's needs, but you may also have to be eminently practical handling a problem with your house or a parent that day.

VIRGO August 23-September 22 In the first two weeks, as your clever Mercury ruler turns direct, picks up momentum, and enters optimistic Leo, you can finally find a solution to a longstanding domestic problem. During the full moon on the 19th you might regret spending more on a lover or child than you had planned. Everything else flows freely until the end of the month when Mercury and the sun in your own sign bring up old patterns of sibling rivalry. Try to be more patient; this is not a good time for a confrontation.

LIBRA September 23-October 22 Attend a symposium the weekend of the 9th when your Venus ruler, in your own sign, sharpens your ear for music, your eye for art. This is also the best time all summer to be with a group of convivial folks, one of whom could become your new best friend. As Venus runs into friction from Mars on the 18th, life at home grows increasingly unpleasant. Rely on your new buddy to bail you out at the end of the month when money is tight for a while, owing, once again, to Saturn's restrictive influence.

SCORPIO October 23-November 21 The financial risk you took last month will be rewarded on the 11th, when the generous Leo sun, in your house of career and reputation, greatly benefits from Uranus in your money house. That's also the time your curious Mars co-ruler turns direct to revive your interest in continuing your education. You may meet some resistance from your peers around the 18th when Venus is unfriendly to Mars, but at the end of the month, when Saturn's pessimism pervades, your own self-doubts will be your worst enemy.

SAGITTARIUS November 22-December 21 During the second week, as the spirited Leo sun supports madcap Uranus in your sign, you might throw caution to the wind, look for a travel bargain, and suddenly take off for Europe. No matter what changes you feel you must make in your personal life at that time, your friends will oppose them. The frustrating relationship between the critical Virgo sun and conservative Saturn during the last week adds yet another responsibility to your growing list of obligations.

CAPRICORN December 22-January 19 A strong urge to get back to business overtakes you in the first ten days as your Saturn ruler and Mars in your sign direct your energies toward a personal achievement. Around the 14th, acting as a mentor to a younger person will appeal to the teacher in you. By the end of the month when the Virgo sun and Saturn complicate matters, a financial arrangement might prove disappointing. Pay no mind to a social slight on the 18th; it's only Venus and Mars having another difference of opinion.

AQUARIUS January 20-February 18 Cooperative efforts yield the best results during the first three weeks. While the potent Leo sun, in your house of partners, bolsters your Uranus ruler around the 10th, your spouse can help you reach one of your major social objectives—perhaps chairing a charity function. Later that week, an associate's advice may deftly lead you through a bottleneck at work. As the month ends, however, the limiting effect of Saturn suggests that you handle a problem with an authoritarian employer or parent by yourself. *(Continued on page 138)*

While mixing up her husband's favorite omelet, Mara Fizdale stopped and lit up a cigarette.

Too bad, the yolk was on Mara.

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 136)

PISCES February 19-March 20 Nothing is simple for you this month. Just when you should be elated over a career coup on the 11th, normally affectionate Venus turns against your Neptune ruler—your partner's reaction to your success may disappoint you. Then on the 26th, as the Virgo sun favors Neptune by offering earthly rewards—power and prestige—for a job well done, the diligent, exacting nature of Saturn demands that you assume a tedious responsibility at work. During the last week, pay close attention to health matters.

ARIES March 21-April 19 The pulse of your married life quickens once Venus enters Libra, the sign of your significant other, on the 7th. Because your ambitious Mars ruler starts to move forward again on the 11th, you'll also become more concerned about your career. So when Mars and Venus are at odds on the 18th, you may find yourself fighting with your partner over conflicting personal and professional goals. During the last week, Saturn, the Great Taskmaster, inhibits creative output, delays financial undertakings, and insists that you be more patient.

TAURUS April 20-May 20 The Leo sun, in adverse aspect to your own sign, makes it hard to enjoy a tennis game when you know, deep-down, that you should be doing something more constructive. Happily, your sociable Venus ruler, in Libra, attracts artistic people to amuse you. Don't let your romantic imagination run too rampant; by the 18th, when Venus and Mars are in contention, you could be out of love faster than you fell in. During the last week, the discriminating Virgo sun brings you back to the reality and to the long-term rewards of the workaday world.

GEMINI May 21-June 21 Your Mercury ruler turns direct on the 2nd to lift you out of the summer doldrums. Once it enters optimistic Leo on the 11th, you'll be more enthusiastic about a business relationship, but as Venus and Mars create friction around the 18th, a fun-and-games romance could run aground. Innovative ideas and writing assignments come easily on the 23rd. Work with a partner on a project that weekend because Saturn, in the last week, will undoubtedly dampen your spirits and deplete your physical energy.

CANCER June 22-July 22 This month's high point comes around the 11th as the idealistic Venus-Neptune combination brings romantic, artistic types into your life. At the same time, the Leo sun makes it profitable to change jobs, or at least to modernize your work equipment. To further divide your attention, Mars, turning direct in your house of partners, infuses your marriage with renewed energy. The low point occurs in the last week as Saturn and the Virgo sun make you feel that the entire responsibility of parenthood has been dumped on your shoulders.

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CAT'S EYE **The endless appeal of cat's-eye frames is credit to their instant, unmistakable style. Today's versions range from racy to sleek to classic. The racy: frames, *right, top,* by Alain Mikli for Chantal Thomass, red-rimmed on all but "brows," filled with pink-mirrored lenses. The sleek: Gianni Versace Metrics, *lower right,* wrapped in light "tortoise," broadened at temples. The classic, *not shown*: Jean Pierre Lamy's "gold," brown inlaid—wearable—cat's eyes.**

BEAUTY FOCUS

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VISION SCANNING

Many doctors suspect that long-term sun exposure may cause certain serious eye problems. Present precaution: always wear glasses that screen out ultraviolet and infrared rays. (Revo sunglasses from CooperVision shield these rays, don't block out light or distort color.) . . . More eye protection: regular (at least every two years) eye tests. The National Society to Prevent Blindness has a fast, at-home eye test that—while not a replacement for professional exams—can reveal potential problems. ($1 from NSPB, 79 Madison Ave., NYC 10016.)

Top photo: ARTHUR ELGORT Hair by Christiaan, makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, last pages Bottom photos MARK JENKINSON

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HAIR NOW

"Easy" style: defined . . . wigs: "fill-in" pieces . . . at the NY collections, great-looking hair

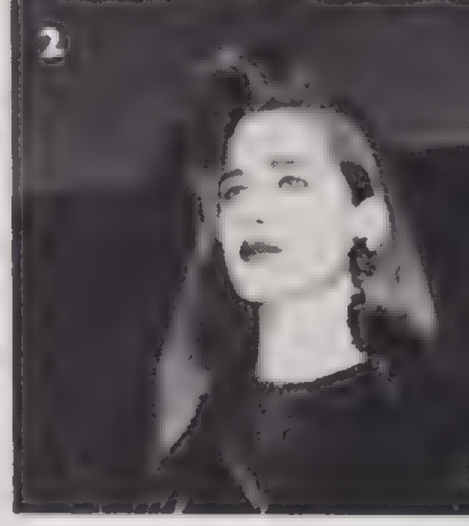
The hair that stands up to a modern life: layered for neatness, for a "clean" line, with "something extra"—wispy bangs, as at *left*, a touch of wave—that keeps hair from looking "coiffed." A style that needs no more "fixing," as the day goes on, than running fingers or a comb through hair. Important: hair's shine (a help: new Perlier botanical-based shampoos). Fastest style changer: Redken's instant-drying Creatif hairspray, with "hold factor" 16.

"INVISIBLE" VOLUME

One welcome result of the new attention to wigs is real improvement, now, in their ability to solve problems of thinning and hair loss. Biggest innovation: wigs and pieces with weightless, open-weave bases through which a woman can comb her own hair, for a realistic blend of hair color, texture.

Synthetic vs. human hair? Today, synthetics are so improved, can be treated to "take" color so naturally, that fewer women are opting for human-hair wigs, says Dianne Valvo of NYC's Sergio Valente Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. "When the wig will be styled absolutely straight, synthetic hair does not look as natural as when it is slightly waved or curled." Part of the difference in choice, too: the fact that synthetic wigs and pieces can be folded for travel, shampooed and air-dried without losing luster and "shape," while genuine-hair wigs require professional care at least every three weeks. Price is no longer as much of a factor; hand-made, custom-blended synthetic wigs can be as costly as some human-hair versions.

Where to find lightweight, comfortable wigs for various needs: In NYC, **Theresa Wigs** (217 East 60 St.; 212/486-1693) has ready-made synthetic wigs, also does custom designs; Dianne Valvo at **Sergio Valente** (in Bergdorf Goodman; 212/753-7300) will custom-make synthetic or human-hair wigs and pieces for women with thinning hair. **Nicholas Piazza** (38 East 57 St.; 212/838-6190) will customize ready-made synthetic wigs or design a wig for you. Two who take medical referrals and will make hospital/home calls to "fit" custom-made human-hair wigs: **Edith Imre** (33 East 65 St.; 212/247-4022) and **Prosthetics for Hair Loss** (174 Fifth Ave.; 212/206-6785). In Florida, **Ruth Regina** (1050 Kane Concourse, Bay Harbour Island; 305/866-4340) specializes in "supplements" for women whose hair is beginning to thin.



Whether it was long or short, models' hair at the fall fashion collections was neat, sleek—unfussy, well-groomed. At Geoffrey Beene (the best hair!), stylist John Sahag went one step further, creating an unusual point of interest that in his words "breaks up a too-smooth look." New twists: 1. Shorter hair gets added impact from swept-up bangs, brushed smoothly off the face. 2. A flipped-up wave on the side of the face softens a long length of hair. 3. The "balance" of an eye-brushing curve of bangs, below-shoulder length hair—provocative, very appealing. 4. Dramatic impact: fullness at the crown, brushed-back simplicity—a modern evening option. 5. And at Calvin Klein, the classic, smart look of a low, simple pony-tail, by Bruno Dessange.

Top photo, *left* Hair, Madeleine Colano for Bruno Dessange, makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages. Other photos, PIERRE SCHERMAN

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MANAGING your money

BY MARION ASNES

SEX AND YOUR SALARY

The great quest for success that has engaged women's energies for the last twenty years is continuing to press forward: according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, preliminary weekly salary figures show that women, on average, now earn 68 cents to the average man's dollar. This news is encouraging, but hardly cause for satisfaction. Why only 68 cents? "The slight upward movement in wages over the past ten years reflects a change in the work force more than a diminution of sexism," says Helen Axel, director of the Work and Family Information Center of The Conference Board, a business research group. "Women today are more experienced, more professional, and the younger ones are no longer leaving their jobs when they have children." The fact that mothers are remaining at their jobs is loosening up the work world somewhat, Axel reports. In recognition of their workers' new diversity, more corporations are offering flexible benefits plans that enable employees to choose the services they need most—from extra time off to day-care referrals or tuition subsidies—in exchange for such traditional benefits as medical plans. This way, spouses can supplement, rather than duplicate, each others' benefits. Since parenting roles haven't changed all that much, increased attention to child-care needs translates pretty directly into increased opportunities for women to advance in their careers.

Yet Axel warns that making life easier for working mothers is only a small part of the remedy for the gap between men's and women's wages. "Other subtleties of sexism can conveniently be attributed to the parenting question," she asserts, "and plenty of working women don't have young children they have to rush home to feed." Obviously, we're not ready for a "post-feminist" era yet.

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A DYNASTY OF ONE'S OWN

Raising children in the 'eighties has been transformed from an exercise in dedication to a series of complex economic maneuvers. This year, for instance, attending Harvard will cost $16,145 per overachiever. To prepare themselves for college and other mind-boggling expenses, parents can turn to an extremely accessible tax shelter—their own children.

Under the Uniform Gifts to Minors Act, each parent can give each child in a family up to $10,000 each year without incurring gift taxes. This money can be placed in a custodial account, where its interest and dividends are taxed at the child's usually lower rate. (If the new tax reform bill passes, this rule may only apply to children over age fourteen.) At age eighteen, the child takes control of the money and can use it as he or she wishes.

Parents of adults can also give money each year without incurring gift taxes. According to Mary B. Lehman, senior vice president of U.S. Trust, under federal law each parent can give each child *and her or his spouse* up to $10,000, for a possible total gift of $40,000 a year per child. In addition, parents can send money directly to a university, hospital, or doctor to cover educational or medical expenses. This money is exempt from gift and estate taxes, and the child pays no income tax on it either.

Although most states conform to federal law on gifts, Lehman advises checking with an accountant or tax attorney before giving or accepting large sums of money.

MAKING THE MOST OF STOCKS

One of the best things about bank accounts is "the magic of compound interest"—the fact that money, left untouched, grows quickly because interest piles on top of itself. What many investors don't know is that they can cast the same spell over their stocks: nearly one thousand public corporations, as well as most mutual funds, offer "dividend reinvestment plans" that pay out dividends in the form of additional shares instead of cash.

If you plan on holding stocks for a year or more, it's in your interest to take advantage of these plans, says Richard S. Saperstein, a financial planning consultant at Janney, Montgomery, Scott in NYC. Unless investors have a great deal of stock, their dividend checks are not likely to be substantial—many investors treat dividends as pocket cash. With a reinvestment plan, this "found money" goes into building a portfolio. Some corporations will reinvest dividends at a discount ranging from 3 to 10 percent off the stock's price.

Finding out whether a corporation will reinvest your dividends simply requires a call to the company's shareholder-relations office. If this option isn't available, Saperstein says, your broker can (for a price) do it for you: have the checks sent directly to your broker, who can pile them up in a money-market fund and reinvest them periodically.

("Money" continued on page 152)

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BEAUTY REPORT

SKIN CARE

"non-comedogenic" ...the new watchword in moisturizers.

"Moisturize your skin as though it's fragile," caution skin care experts. "For continued use, a non-comedogenic formula is clearly better for your face."

It's a risky fact of skin life! The moisturizer your skin craves to stay smooth and young-looking can also clog your pores, causing roughness and tiny bumps. That's known as a "comedogenic" reaction.

In an effort to avoid negative side-effects you may already have been banning irritants like fragrance, color and allergens from your moisturizers. But, that's not enough. The hidden comedogenic risk is *there*.

The news: non-comedogenic moisturizing. Impossible a few years ago, it's now a proven laboratory advance. Now you don't have to give up safety in your search for beauty if you select a moisturizer that is both non-comedogenic and effective.

What non-comedogenic means to your face: A special formula balanced so purely and carefully it's not likely to cause clogged pores, eruptions or annoying bumps and red patches. Not even if you use it daily or over long periods of time.

Is your moisturizer non-comedogenic? Even some of the most trusted moisturizers can be harmful and pore-clogging. That's why dermatologists have urged companies to perfect the advanced formulation and testing that creates a truly non-comedogenic moisturizer—without giving up the vital ingredients that make your face soft and smooth. Dermatologists beg you to "ask questions, read packages and to be ruthless!" Your moisturizer should be clearly labelled "non-comedogenic."

One new moisturizer has gone all out to satisfy the "safety first" rule skin experts believe critical for your skin. A moisturizer so fanatically pure its ingredients meet the rigid standards of U.S. Pharmacoepia. Formulated by the Neutrogena Company, it is called Neutrogena Moisture.® Their formula is dermatologist-tested and clinically proven to be non-comedogenic, non-irritating and hypo-allergenic.

Can you play it safe and moisturize effectively? Lab results* are gratifying. After 3 hours on the skin, Epidermal Dielectric Water Content Tests show that on average Neutrogena Moisture adds twice as much moisture to the skin compared to other leading moisturizers tested.

*Excerpt from Neutrogena Skin Care Institute Report

How to play it even safer. Neutrogena Moisture also helps keep your skin safe from premature aging. Much of the potentially wrinkle-forming sun damage to your skin happens in everyday life (not on your Acapulco vacation or beach weekends!) You need daily sun protection from ultra-violet rays. So Neutrogena Moisture has a light SPF5 sunscreen to guard against potentially harmful daily exposure.

Your guarantee of softer, trouble-free moisturizing is backed by Neutrogena's money-back guarantee. Just ask for it at drugstores, pharmacies and cosmetic counters—in the pure white box. Treat your skin as if it's fragile. Consider safe, yet effective, Neutrogena Moisture. © '86 Neutrogena Corp

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MONEY

(Continued from page 148)

DO YOU NEED A LOAN?

Everybody, once in a while, needs extra money—for house renovations, an unforeseen tax bill, whatever. For many of us, the best way to cover the expense may be to take out a loan.

Loans come in two basic varieties: *secured*, which means that the loan is guaranteed by property, as in a mortgage, passbook loan, or car loan; and *unsecured*, including credit cards and some personal loans, which are backed solely by the borrower's reputation. Secured loans are generally less expensive, and slightly easier to qualify for, than unsecured loans.

No matter which kind of loan a person wants to take, she should be prepared to show a regular, verifiable income. Divorced women can count their alimony payments as part of their income, but if they do so, they should be ready to show the lender their divorce decree or a court order for the payments; if they would prefer not to reveal their court papers, they should leave alimony off the application.

Self-employed people have a greater problem than privacy. They are caught in an unhappy double-bind: encouraged by our tax structure to deduct as many expenses as possible, they are then left with little income to show when they apply for a loan. The self-employed should visit a lender armed with contracts, letters from major accounts, several years' tax returns—whatever they can use to prove that their income stream is not likely to dry up—and then, cross their fingers.

Lenders also want to know that a borrower *will* return money; for this information they refer to her credit history. Credit bureaus supply financial institutions with computerized lists of a person's transactions over seven years (ten years for those who've declared bankruptcy), including late credit-card payments. Joyce E. Bryant, vice president for consumer affairs at Household Financial Services, suggests that anyone planning on taking out a loan examine her credit record first. Checking a record gives a borrower the opportunity to correct mistakes and to explain past credit disputes that may mar her history—before they cut off her access to a loan.

Married women should also check that their transactions have been recorded under their own names, not their husbands', and that loans taken together (such as a mortgage) are listed in both spouses' histories. "I want my creditors to know that I pay my bills on time, and that my husband does, too," Bryant said. An individual history also protects a woman whose husband has a bad credit record: the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, federal law since 1974, states that a borrower must be judged on the basis of her own income and credit, not her spouse's, when she applies for credit on her own.

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What our clothes say about us— tips from the top costume designers . . .

BY KATHLEEN BECKETT

Every day, we make choices about what to wear—about how to present ourselves to the world. What we select might be determined by the weather or a sense of appropriateness, by a mood or simply pure chance. For costume designers, however, questions of dress are never speculative. Instead they are guided by very conscious and informed decisions. Their job is to tell an audience something about a character—quickly and unambiguously. Every item of clothing—every line, color, texture—is a clue, selected to reveal personal traits, place in life, and position in society. Tips from a coterie of Broadway's Tony Award-winning designers can help any woman understand the first impression she makes with the clothes she wears.

Consider a fashion classic, the Chanel suit. Its clean-lined, braid-trimmed cardigan jacket and straight, slim skirt currently enjoy unprecedented popularity. Why? On stage, it is a symbol of "respectability," says designer Theoni Aldredge. She used a "parody of the suit" in the long-running Broadway spectacle *La Cage aux Folles* for the flamboyant, cross-dresser Albin's disguise as a proper lady. "It's the epitome of what would have been his idea of a decent woman," she continues. "Chanel is my favorite designer of all time. There's never been anybody like her. When you want a classic, where do you go? You go to Chanel."

Patricia Zipprodt took the suit route as well. The first scene in the newly revived *Sweet Charity* (this year's Tony Award winner for costume design) is set in Central Park some twenty years ago. "The crowd costumes I used established a conservative middle class who walk through the park in the afternoon," Zipprodt explains. "So I designed a 1960s version of the suit. The jacket is hip-length, the skirt is straight. It's that simple, boxy little suit that tells you all about that boxy little person inside."

Commenting on the suit phenomenon, on-stage and off-, Douglas Russell, a professor of drama at Stanford University who has written extensively on costume, offers this analysis: "I think some women want to look rather geometric, simple and clean-cut because that suggests efficiency. Our capitalist business world depends on efficiency to succeed; our whole culture is based on that. All that relates to the classic Chanel suit, with its simple lines and square-cut shape that hide the curves of the feminine body."

One suit that enhances a woman's shape: Ann Roth's design for Marlo Thomas as an art gallery owner living on Manhattan's Upper East Side in Mike Nichols' production *Social Security*. Its short, straight, slim skirt and padded-shoulder jacket, nipped in the waist and flared in a peplum, present "a sleek, fashionable woman," Thomas says. "My character is forty-two, successful, and sophisticated. Ann Roth felt she should look like a woman who could be catching a plane to Paris at any moment. I saw her in high heels, even though she has to take them off to run around her apartment," thanks to a prevalence of platforms. "The apartment"—a monument to style—"is not livable," Thomas continues, "and the clothes—the heels, the short tight skirt—are not functional in the apartment." Clothes help make this woman's priorities known. Another clue to character: "She is definitely sexually aware," Thomas says. "The fabrics of her various outfits are all sensuous—satins, velvets, silk charmeuses." And the color scheme of the suit—deep purple over a bright-yellow camisole—suggests the sophisticated color sense of a woman whose life revolves around art. It also forms a rather striking contrast with the character's "suburban" sister. Her clothes in the opening scene: tailored tweedy pants, roomy sweater and sweater vest; sensible, functional clothes designed to look as if the character came straight from the shopping mall.

It is a turnout similar to Glenn Close's when she appeared in *Benefactors*, and it is a way of dressing that works for many women. Comments designer John Dunn of the beige notch-collared shirt, Fair Isle sweater vest "tailored to her body, as opposed to some shleppy sweater," and *(Continued on page 162)*

> "Every item of clothing—every line, color, texture and seam—is a clue, selected to reveal personal traits, place in life and position in society"

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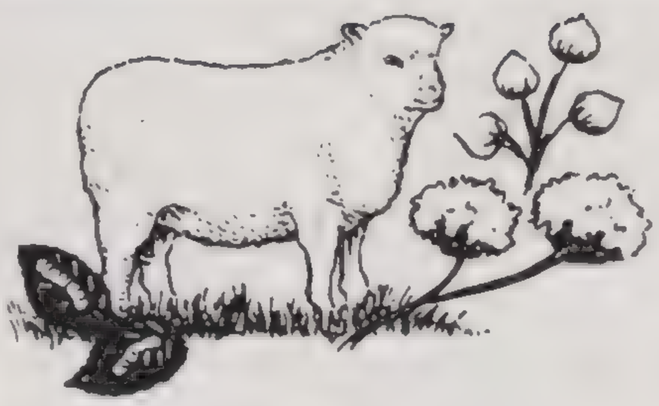

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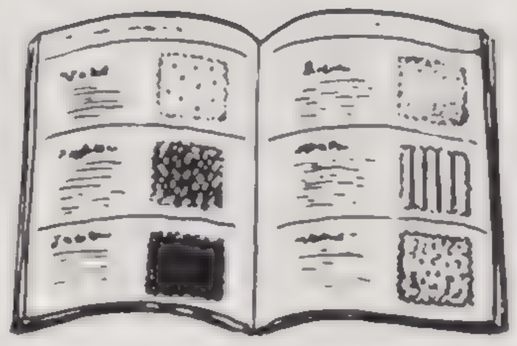

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(Continued from page 156)

tan pleated trousers in which he dressed Close: "It's a simple, tailored, pulled-together look, something a woman would put on in the morning and be able to maintain all day." It is dressing that works best for the modern, active woman.

And how to dress if you want to be seen as a modern, active executive woman? Designer Rita Ryack put just such a character in a "power suit" in *Fighting International Fat*. "Jessica Walters plays the head of a very successful weight-loss operation. We got her wardrobe from Armani. She had a beautiful well-tailored silk suit with very simple lines," with, of course, shoulder pads. Definition at the shoulder line does "give an aggressive look," says Russell, until it is taken to an extreme. Then another message is delivered: a person is perhaps "too trendy," Ryack suggests, or a bit "like Joan Collins' " television persona.

Yet Ryack made just such a statement when designing another recent role: that of an actress who is returning to the New York stage after too many years in California. "I saw a page in a fashion magazine on 'Paris Mistakes' and I adapted one—a green chamois outfit with huge, heavily padded shoulders, a big circular ruffled collar, and very tight miniskirt." To finish the look "we added fingerless gauntlets with large cuffs that turn back. Then we applied rhinestones. The character said [or rather, her clothes said], 'Here I am, back on Broadway. Stand back!' " And take cover.

The opening scene of *Follies* is all about coming back to Broadway. Dress helps pave the way. "A group of former Follies showgirls get together at a reunion," explains designer Florence Klotz. "They walk down the stage and are introduced to the audience." The clothes do the talking. "Each one has a different design and fabric, to make a statement about where she came from, whether she ended up rich or poor," glamorous or plain. "Yvonne DeCarlo, the jazzy lady of the pack, has a dress edged in fur," an instant signal of glamour. "Dorothy Collins, the sweet, innocent housewife, wears what looks like an old prom dress, all pink and chiffony. Alexis Smith, the elegant one who has really made it big, wears a richly textured red dress with a cape. And Fifi D'Orsay, the French star, is all feathers and black lace." Anyone who doubts the seductive power of black lace has only to recall one of Broadway's more recognizable costumes: William Ivey Long's trademark—and scandalous—sheer black and strategically laced body suit for sultry Anita Morris in the musical *Nine*.

Another scene where women are pegged by their dress was the 1980's art gallery exhibition in the second act of *Sunday in the Park with George*. Patricia Zipprodt explains who's who: "The character types were written loud and clear. There's a woman in her middle years with a slightly younger man. She's our richest lady, a climber who used Dad's money to buy her way into board rooms. We gave her an expensive sequined cocktail dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, straight off the rack so it had that kind of reality, in a warm, vibrant, showy raspberry. Then we lavished some jewels on her and gave her a blond pageboy wig. The ex-wife of the artist, a quiet, meek person who kept pushing her ex-mother-in-law around in a wheelchair, was in a Laura Ashley dress of off-white dotted Swiss we had dipped into a soft pale blue. It was reflective of that kind of passivity which might have been one of the reasons her marriage with a very aggressive, fiery artist failed. And the art critic has a boxy little dress in royal blue and black vertical stripes and long necklaces from other countries—not ethnic things, but things that told you she traveled and was as at ease in Paris as in Chicago. She has black stockings and a black bag that coordinated the whole look. She had a lot of power, so she was well-dressed, in silk, very smart, figure-concealing, sophisticated. The girl friend of another of the artists had on a hand-painted skirt from Patricia Field (a cutting-edge New York City boutique) and a funky hairdo. She represented the East Village look—but not any further east than, maybe, Second Avenue."

An equally famous collection of characters: the cast of *A Chorus Line*. Working within the realm of real-life dancers' rehearsal clothes, Theoni Aldredge added her own subtle clues to the different characters. Color helped. "Sheila, the oldest and cockiest girl, is in flesh colors. She is really exposing her life"—so her clothes took a back seat. "I didn't want people to look at anything, just to listen to her. So she is without color." The lead, Cassie, on the other hand, wears red. "She supposedly had made it"—she had come the closest of any in the line to being a star—"so she stands out." And the famous finale, with top hats, tails, and little tap pants is the color of Champagne—the color of success and celebration: "They are in the chorus line. They finally made it."

Klotz says about color: "I think of using it as in a painting. Your eye goes to the bright color so the person who is the most important or the person you want to come forward is in the brightest color." Black, according to Zipprodt as she used it in Bob Fosse's *Big Deal*, can be elegant—she puts women in tuxedo variations—or erotic. "When the tux jackets come off, underneath are black bandeaux and lingerie tops. You get rid of the formality and concealment of the jacket and suddenly you see the real sensuality and style of the women

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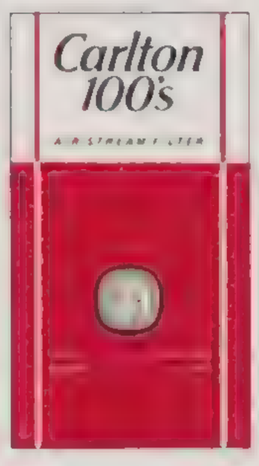

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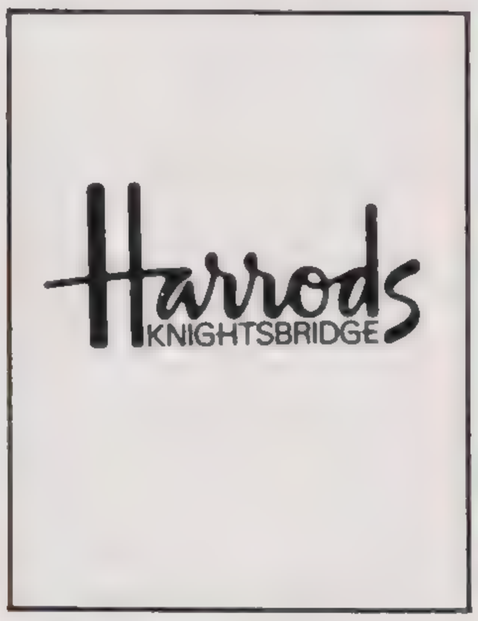

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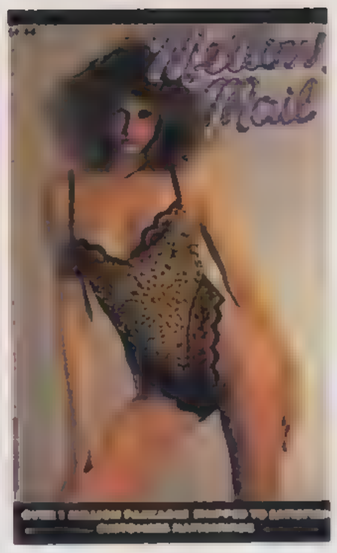

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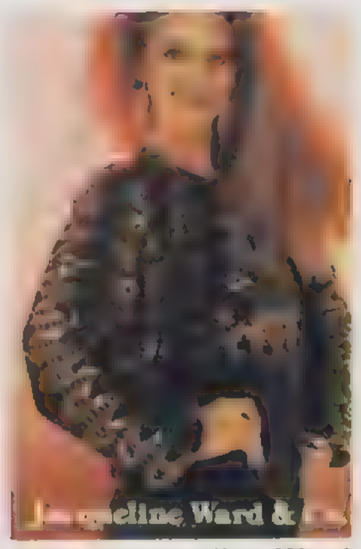

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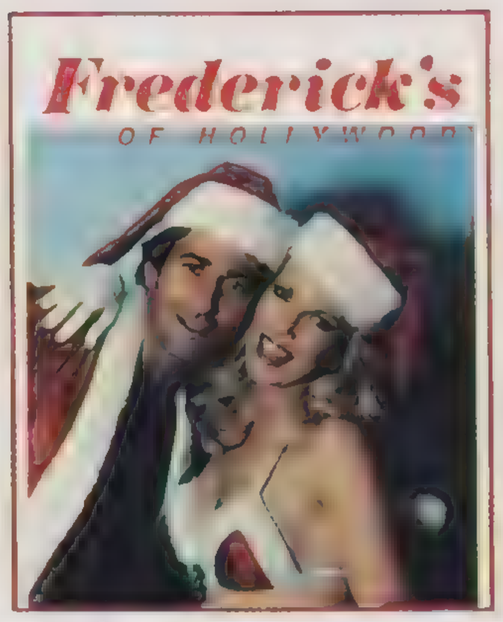

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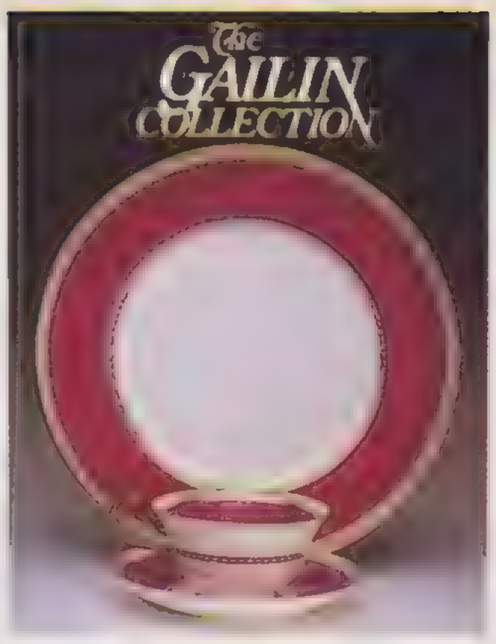

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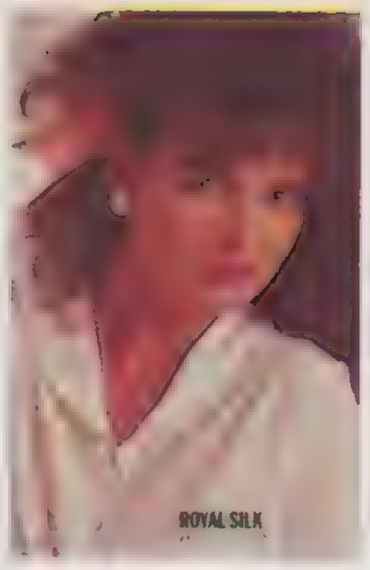

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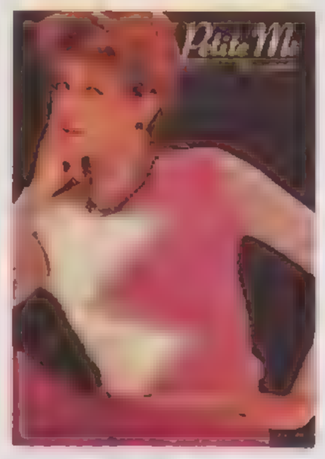

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women & cars

What royalty drives . . . scooter facts . . . auto videos.

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

PRINCESS DI'S DRIVING STYLE

When it comes to style, Americans have always had a soft spot for anything European. With cars, it seems, the opposite is true. Case in point: Princess Di's *only* personal car—a white hard-top Ford Escort Turbo (she has a reputation for being "speedy") selected last December. When not behind the Escort's steering wheel—with her personal detective in the passenger seat—Di can be found alongside Charles, who drives a Ford Granada stationwagon.

NEWEST WAYS TO AUTO SHOP: BY VIDEO, IN A MALL

If you're like many women, you may hestitate to "browse" for a new car because of the high-pressure atmosphere you sense when you enter a showroom. One modern solution: Lincoln–Mercury's shop-at-home video cassette you borrow for free at your local video store or car showroom; it contains nine nine-minute clips about all the company's cars, Cougars to Sables to Continentals. A color-coded index guides you to the right car for you—and all the information you need. The idea was just test-marketed in Seattle, Washington, and may be available soon across the country for 1987 models. . . . Another great idea: Cadillac "Expressions"—a program that lets you test drive a new Seville Elegante (or the like) in a mall parking lot. Indoors, you view a multi-media display about another kind of "style": Vogue's fall fashion forecast—tips, photos on beauty, health, travel, exercise. For "Expressions" near you: Melissa Effler, 805-373-9575.

ACTIVE WOMEN: SCOOTERING

A man pulls up at the light behind Ginger Adam, twenty-nine, pianist and chairman of the National Guild of Piano Teachers, leans out his window, asks: "Hey, mister, how much did that scooter cost?" Adam doffs her red helmet, rests it on her red leather pants, replies: "This is no mister, mister!" . . . Policemen stop her—to ask where she bought the scooter; her students "think it's the greatest thing to hit Brentwood, not exactly ordinary for a piano teacher." And when she pulls up to exercise class, everyone looks.

But what Adam—just one of the more than forty thousand female scooter drivers—likes best about her fire-engine-red Honda Helix is the way it takes over where her car leaves off. "It's given me room to be impulsive," she says. "If I want to go for ice-cream, I just hop on, and don't worry about parking." She also likes "the thrill of it. My life is hectic. I have to allow leisure time to do the things I want—to stay in shape, get outdoors, be a kind of daredevil at times. All women have those needs; I've found an answer."

Scooters, smaller than motorcycles (yet more visible on the road than mopeds) are easy to maneuver because they have a lower center of gravity. And, Adam says, they don't heat up. She likes "the sleek, sporty design; the glove compartment in which to store my glasses, driving gloves; the trunk for my purse, music books, shopping bags."

SPOTTING A "LEMON"—EXPERT ADVICE

There's no way to know you've bought a dud until you drive it out of the showroom, but some smart pre-shopping can help. Tips from Thomas F. O'Grady, president, Integrated Automotive Resources, Inc., who's spent a lifetime researching the auto industry. Important: Pick your dealer carefully. Word of mouth is the best resource; a referral from a friend, even better. Then check out the dealer with a local consumer agency, Better Business Bureau; any complaints should be on file. Also examine local court records to see if the dealership has been sued—how recently, how often. "You have to be very careful," he warns. "The dealer around the corner is not necessarily the best."

VAINEST VANITY PLATES

Spotted by Vogue recently on the West Coast: "Career" plates—ENTPENR (on a shiny new Rolls); MY ROLLS (a producer with a successful movie); RITER, ACTOR, DREKTOR (free advertising); BIG CHIL (a screenwriter); CHILLED (the husband of the screenwriter). Tricky messages: BSEENU; 10SNE1. "Gift" plates: LUV 2 U (a loving husband); HER CAR (a frustrated husband). "Promiscuous" plates: LOOSE (a blond); HI SAILR (a brunette); WANTON (a beehive).

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hAIR NOW

The new perms:
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fast, uncontrived style

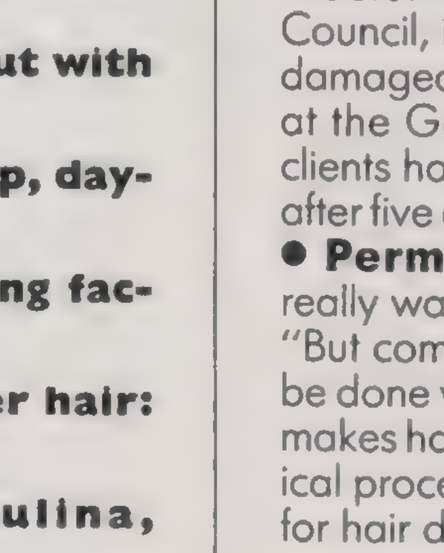
The shape of hair, now—longer, not too layered. Modern standards: healthy hair...a cut with a neat shape for eased-up, day-to-night styling. Softening factor, especially for longer hair: bangs. *Above*, on Paulina, pulled-back hair, the charm of brow-length fringe. *Right*, shorter layers blown back, wispy, gel-combed bangs.

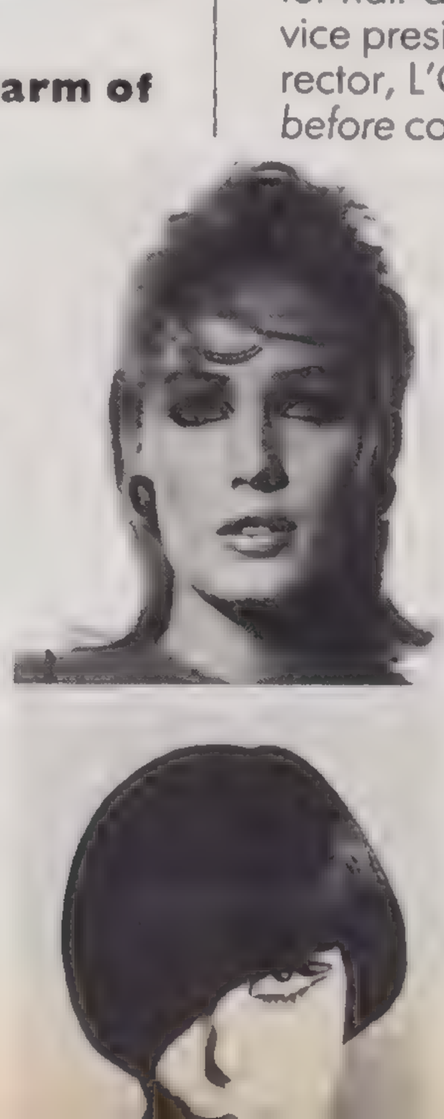
Great emancipator: Vidal Sassoon, celebrating thirty years as the wash 'n wear haircut genius. Right, one of his first, most famous styles.

Perms: *not* for curl

Today, most women no longer want the overblown fullness and curl once associated with perms but do want more volume, the ease of hair that "takes" a shape faster and *holds* that style longer. The latest . . .

- **"Spot" volume**—loose body waves used on underlayers of hair only, for support, not curl . . . or on the bottom of below-shoulder hair to keep hair from going "flat." The effect: the look of *more* hair but *not* of an obvious perm, a result Vidal Sassoon's Christopher Brooker calls "invisible perming."
- **Twice-a-year perms.** Because new techniques eliminate obvious grow-out, there is no need for frequent touch-ups—for the "perming over perm" that, says John Seifert of Procter & Gamble's Beauty Care Council, is one of the main culprits in damaged, dry hair. At Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC, for example, clients have body waves "refreshed" after five or six haircuts.
- **Perm plus color?** If a woman really wants it, most salons will do it. "But combining perm and color *must* be done with an understanding that it makes hair drier, that using two chemical processes multiplies the potential for hair damage," says James Viera, vice president corporate technical director, L'Oréal. Have a perm a week *before* color to prevent perm-solution residue from altering color results. Go easy on both processes; have a looser body wave, sparser highlights, not all-over single-process color—the idea behind Glemby's new conditioner-bolstered body wave, gentle enough to use on highlighted hair. A must afterwards: deep conditioning. Newest: a concentrated one-week program —Hair Repair Complex by Estée Lauder—that, applied at night for seven consecutive days, helps to restore moisture and shine to treated hair.





Top and center photos, hair, Madeleine Colano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

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BEAUTY NOW

Hair: model style, news . . .
from a black woman's point of view

What most women want today—hair that styles easily and quickly into place; but for some black women that can be more difficult to achieve owing to hair's bend or curl or its condition. Here, on model Karen Alexander, are examples of modern style...based on a more gentle, caring approach: slightly relaxing hair every three months to loosen the curl and less blow-drying. "I finally threw out my blow-dryer, which literally burned the life out of my hair," says Karen Alexander. "The less time I spend on my hair, the better it looks!"

A.M. or P.M.: easy, neat, simple

"hot" hair...

The looks, now, include braiding, done by Ellin LaVar (at Harold Melvin's, NYC), who weaves in braids—whatever hair's length. Who's going? Singers Jennifer Holliday, Whitney Houston, Patti LaBelle...In Washington, DC, the Georgetown Women's Club offers executive retreats (one hour to weekend long); includes facials, manicures, hair care, even aerobics...Safer haircolor? Temporary home-use brighteners won't damage permed/relaxed hair, don't contain peroxide, ammonia, or alcohol. From Soft Sheen.

Smooth, uncomplicated style

WHAT'S NEWS...Rich metallic nail colors—golden bronze, pewter, ridge filler (applied *before* base to smooth nails). Available by mail, Demar, Downtown Beauté Company, P.O. Box 385, Brooklyn Heights, NY 11201...**Instant "groomer"**: new blotting paper designed to absorb excess skin oil; can be used *over* makeup (Shiseido)...**Color matchup**: to help dark-skinned women match skin's undertones, Juin Rachele's new makeup, skin-care line includes at-the-counter color consultations at Saks Fifth Avenue, San Antonio, Dallas, Houston.

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

Top photo, KING, Hair, Gad Cohen, Gad Studio, NYC; makeup, Lydia Snyder
Bottom photo, FRANK SCHRAMM; hair, Tony MaCauley, makeup, Sophie Levy
Fashion credits, see last pages

MAX FACTOR'S genius made Rita Hayworth glamourous right down to her fingertips.

Jaclyn Smith is wearing Red Caviar Nail Enamel and Legendary Lash Mascara. Jewelry by Cartier. ©1986 Max Factor & Co. Available in Canada.

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health

Non-fears . . . cancer stop . . . fat news. BY MELVA WEBER

FIBROCYSTIC BREASTS: "NON-DISEASE"

For years, a high proportion of American women have suffered needless worry, insurance problems, and repeated surgical biopsies because of a diagnosis of "fibrocystic disease of the breast." The American Cancer Society's National Task Force on Breast Cancer Control concluded that "fibrocystic breast disease" has come to mean any number of breast complaints—such as premenstrual tenderness, pain, or lumpiness—that are not cancer. The oversimplification has had widespread ill effects. When lumpy breasts were not cancerous, many women and some doctors believed they were highly susceptible to cancer, so women who had fibrocystic breast changes—50 to 80 percent of North American women—lived under a burden of fear; many were told their health insurance might be discontinued or premiums raised.

Based on biopsy findings, a committee of the College of American Pathologists, with support from the American Cancer Society, defined the fibrocystic conditions—the majority of cases—in which there is no increased risk of cancer. The panel also said which findings carry increased risks of future cancer.

The panel discouraged use of the term "fibrocystic disease," preferring "fibrocystic changes" or "fibrocystic condition." When any of these terms are used, the panel stated, the type of lesion in the biopsy should be given, so the diagnostician can estimate whether the patient has increased risk of future cancer. The experts urge women to use breast self-examinations, to have periodic examinations by physicians, and to have mammography as recommended by the American Cancer Society. Insurance companies are expected to change their rules according to the newer, more specific diagnostic terms.

CANCER SHOCK TREATMENT

When cancer researchers witnessed the success of shock-wave treatment for kidney stones, they wondered if the high-energy waves would affect tumor cells. "We thought shock waves could disrupt the cell membrane to increase chemotherapy drugs through the cell wall," said William Fair, M.D., chief of urology at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City. "At the same time, we hoped that the drug concentration might increase just in the shocked area, not in the rest of the body."

Laboratory tests showed that even without chemotherapy, the shock waves killed cancer cells or impaired their reproduction. Cells from prostate, skin, and breast cancers were grown and subjected to varying numbers of 18,000-volt shocks. Melanoma cells stopped growing after two hundred shocks; two strains of prostate cancer cells, after eight hundred. "Even when tumor cells seemed to be alive," Dr. Fair said, "something was damaged, because of their marked inability to reproduce themselves."

Next, tumor cells were shocked but not killed, then injected into animals. The researchers found the cells' ability to form tumors was impaired. Finally, tumor-bearing animals were treated with shock waves, and tumor growth was delayed. Dr. Fair reported to the American College of Surgeons that he is studying how the shock waves destroy tumor cells, hoping to harness shock waves as an effective tool against human cancers.

SAFER STEROIDS

Corticosteroid creams and ointments to relieve skin inflammation and allergy symptoms have been marketed over the counter for some time. These drugs can produce a range of side effects; even the low-dose creams are readily absorbed and can cause toxicity if overused. At Florida A&M University College of Pharmacy's Center for Anti-Inflammatory Research in Tallahassee, researchers headed by Henry J. Lee, Ph.D., are searching for steroids that work where they're placed, then are broken down to inactive compounds that don't cause systemic (whole body) side effects. The researchers are manipulating the molecular structure of steroid compounds to produce ones that won't suppress pituitary-adrenal function or cause skin damage. Animal studies with the restructured forms of prednisolone, an anti-inflammatory and anti-allergic agent, demonstrated local activity similar to the parent compound's, but were metabolized into inactive compounds. The new, safer drugs are in laboratory testing but could develop into a new class of corticosteroids without side effects.

IS IT REALLY ARTHRITIS?

Millions of people suffer from chronic aches and pains attributed to arthritis, a family of conditions affecting joints that is difficult to treat and sometimes leads to disability. According to Paul Davidson, M.D., associate clinical professor of medicine at the Medical Center at the University of California, San Francisco, at least a third of these people have soft-tissue rheumatism or a combination of soft-tissue rheumatism and arthritis. He said that, unlike arthritis, most soft-tissue rheumatism can be treated effectively.

Dr. Davidson has written a book, *Are You Sure It's Arthritis? A Guide to Soft-Tissue Rheumatism* (Macmillan), which he says is a guide to prevention, diagnosis, and treatment of the generally unknown "great pretender" to arthritis, soft-tissue rheumatism.

OLIVE OIL AS HEART HELPER

Olive oil lovers, rejoice! It's been known that a low-fat, high-carbohydrate diet can reduce high blood levels of cholesterol, but Scott M. Grundy, M.D., Ph.D., of University of Texas Health Science Center, tried to prove that a higher-fat diet (specifically using olive oil) could just as effectively lower cholesterol.

Patients at the Dallas Veterans Administration Medical Center were studied during three dietary periods, each lasting four weeks. The diets: high in saturated fatty acids (High-Sat); rich in monounsaturated fatty acids (High-Mono), each with 40 percent total calories as fat and 43 percent as carbohydrate; and Low-Fat, a diet with 20 percent fat and 63 percent carbohydrate. The High-Mono diet lowered plasma cholesterol by 13 percent, compared with the High-Sat diet which didn't lower it, while low-fat/high carbohydrate brought down cholesterol by 8 percent. Low-Fat diets raised triglycerides and lowered high-density lipoprotein (HDL), the "good" cholesterol. The High-Mono diet did not affect triglycerides or HDLs.

Conclusion? The High-Mono approach is effective in lowering cholesterol, healthful for those with high triglycerides and cholesterol problems. The researchers noted that in southern Italy and Greece, where olive oil is a big diet item, rates of heart disease are low, although fat intake is high. Expect diet promotions touting monounsaturated fats.

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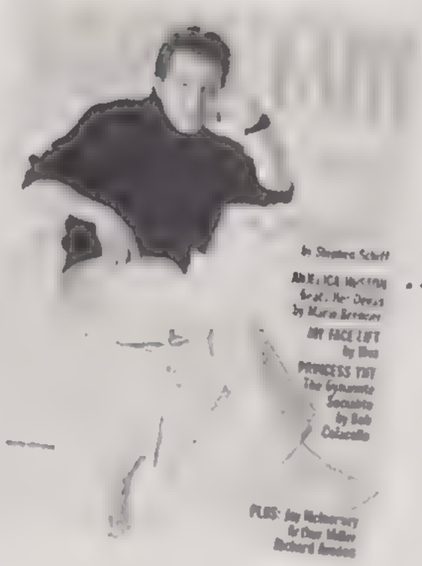

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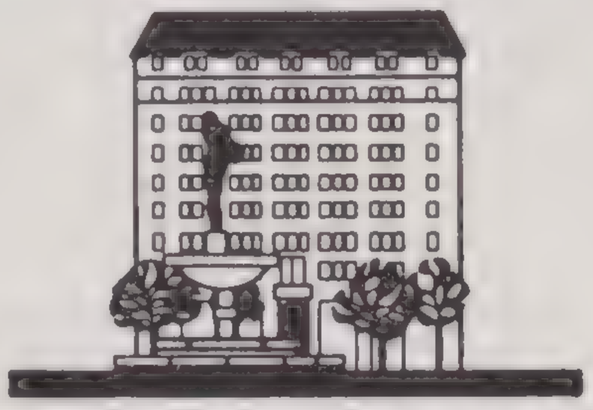

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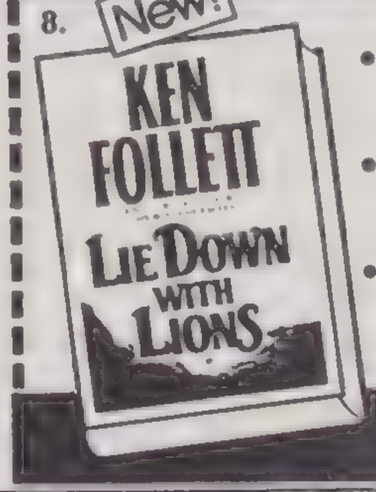

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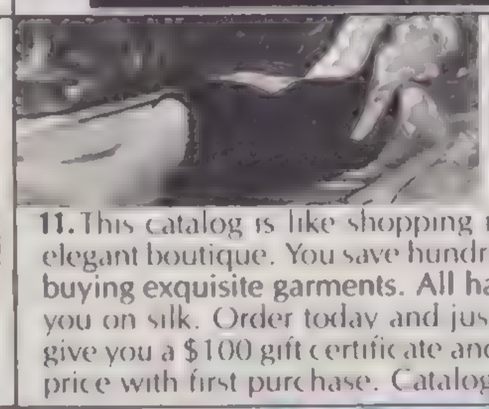

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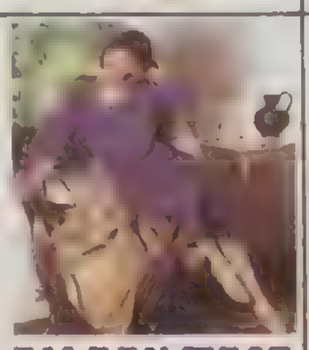

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mind health

Love in the laboratory . . . battle of the working wives . . . selfless pleasures. BY CAROL TAVRIS

COUPLES—THE HAPPINESS GAP

Most women are aware of the wage gap at work—that they earn about 64 percent of what men earn. But they are not as aware of the "happiness gap"—the puzzling but persistent finding that wives' employment has a negative effect on the life satisfaction of their husbands.

Graham Staines, Ph.D., Kathleen Pottick, Ph.D., and Deborah Fudge, M.A., of Rutgers University, analyzed survey results from a national sample of 1515 workers. Husbands whose wives were employed, the researchers found, reported significantly lower levels of satisfaction with their own jobs, and with their lives in general, than did the husbands of housewives. This gloomy finding holds up no matter what the husbands' jobs were like, their income and education level, their age, race, and whether they had children at home. Staines and his colleagues also controlled for such aspects of the husbands' work as physical demands, challenge, financial rewards, and job security. None of these qualities mattered either.

Why are working wives such a problem for men? The researchers aren't sure, but they offer some possibilities. Perhaps husbands are grumpy about sharing child care and household responsibilities. They may feel inadequate as breadwinners when their wives are earning salaries. They may feel that their chances for promotion and job mobility are restricted by their wives' careers. Finally, they may feel angry at the loss (that is, the *sharing*) of their power in the family. This news suggests that, for women, winning an equal paycheck is only half the battle—and perhaps the easier half at that.

THE SIX FACES OF LOVE

How do I love thee? Shall I count the ways? The answer, actually, is six—at least according to modern psychology. Clyde Hendrick, Ph.D., and Susan Hendrick, Ph.D., of Texas Tech University, analyzed ideas about love from more than eight hundred men and women. Their results support the theory of sociologist John Alan Lee, who believed that there are six basic "styles of love." The Hendricks, following Lee's language, use classical terms to identify the various styles:

- ***Eros*, or romantic, passionate love ("My lover and I have the right physical chemistry between us").**
- ***Ludus*, or game-playing love ("I try to keep my lover a little uncertain about my commitment").**
- ***Storge* (stor-gay), or friendship love ("The best kind of love grows out of a long friendship").**
- ***Pragma*, or practical, "shopping-list" love ("I consider what a person is going to become in life before I commit myself to him").**
- ***Mania*, or possessive, dependent love ("I cannot relax if I suspect that my lover is with someone else").**
- ***Agape* (ah-gah-pay), or selfless love ("I would rather suffer myself than let my lover suffer").**

Men and women do not differ in the likelihood of experiencing romantic or selfless love, the Hendricks say. But, for the very reason that you can think of lots of Casanovas and few Cleopatras, men are more likely to be "ludic" (seeing love as a game, a chase, a conquest) and women more "pragmatic" and "storgic." And once they have fallen in love, women are more likely than men to be "manic"—reporting physical highs and lows during affairs, quarrels, and break-ups.

These styles of love, say the Hendricks, reflect both the lover's personality and the love affair itself. People who lack emotional intensity may prefer the calmer sorts of love, whereas passionate souls may equate "true love" with the whirlwind of eros or mania. But it is also possible to love one man erotically and another pragmatically. What matters is whether the partner shares one's definitions: her "true love" might seem like smothering to him.

THE JOY OF SELFLESSNESS

Are there truly selfless individuals, or does selflessness have a "selfish" purpose? C. Daniel Batson, Ph.D., and his associates at the University of Kansas, tested sixty young women for "altruistic personality." The women were then put in situations where they were asked to help another young woman in distress. Half of them were able to escape from the situation fairly easily. For the rest, leaving was more difficult—so if they chose not to help the woman, they would continue to witness her discomfort. The researchers found that some personality traits are associated with willingness to help: high self-esteem, readiness to assume responsibility, and empathy. But the underlying motivation, they concluded, was egoistic, geared to avoiding guilt. If the subjects could not escape feeling responsible, helpful personality traits did relate to altruistic behavior; if they could evade responsibility, the link was broken. "What is called liberality," said La Rochefoucauld, "is most often only the vanity of giving." We help others for our own peace of mind.

SEX RESEARCH—HOW MUCH DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH *YOU*?

Reading a sex survey or a study of sexual physiology is enough to suppress desire for weeks. "Everyone" seems to be having more and better sex, more romantically and passionately, with multiple orgasms as well as multiple partners. But who are the people who volunteer their minds and bodies for sex research? Are they representative of everyone?

When Masters and Johnson did their landmark studies of sexual behavior and responses in the 1960s, their subjects were men and women who were easily and uninhibitedly orgasmic. Masters and Johnson assumed that if they could define what was physically typical of their volunteers, they would define what was sexually possible for everyone.

Recently, Patricia J. Morokoff, Ph.D., identified some of the differences between those who volunteer for sex research and those who don't. Morokoff, of the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences in Bethesda, MD, recruited ninety-two unmarried women to fill out questionnaires about their sexual experiences. (Those who agreed to do so might already have been atypical.) She then asked them to volunteer for the physiological part of the study.

The women who allowed themselves to be tested were different in several ways from those who refused. Both groups were sexually experienced, but volunteers had had more exposure to noncoital sexuality—kissing, petting, oral sex, breast stimulation, masturbation. They were more experimental sexually, had fewer inhibitions, and felt less guilty about sex. (This doesn't mean that all nonvolunteers were inhibited, Morokoff points out; some of them just had other things to do!)

Participants in sex research, Morokoff notes, do not represent the general population psychologically or physiologically. The public does well to regard new research results cautiously—they reveal a pattern in the complex mosaic of human behavior, perhaps, but not a blueprint for everyone.

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Sally Quinn dishes DC... Jean Harris still stands by her man ...Salinger plays cat and mouse

SYMPATHY FOR THE BEDEVILED

Without remorse: Jean Harris tells her side of the still bizarre story

BY KATHA POLLITT

I don't know a woman who wasn't utterly absorbed by the trial of Jean Harris, charged with killing Dr. Herman Tarnower in a rage over his preference for a younger woman. And I don't know any without a certain sympathy for her, including those who approve of her conviction and fifteen-years-to-life sentence. How not? Under the glamorous trappings—Mrs. Harris was the headmistress of the horsey Madeira School in Virginia, and Dr. Tarnower was not only cardiologist to the Westchester County, NY, elite but the celebrity author of the *Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*—her story was every woman's nightmare, the middle-aged partner traded in for a younger model, in this case after years of humiliation at the hands of a preening libertine. Women have always known sex could turn dangerous, one friend of mine argued—why shouldn't men quake in their boots a bit?

I confess that I am sneakily drawn to this point of view. Mrs. Harris, however, was not. Rejecting a psychiatric defense, she staked all on a claim that she had shot "Hy" by accident (four times!) while he tried to prevent her from committing suicide in his bedroom. Enraged at Hy? Never. Jealous of his lovely assistant, Lynne Tryforos? She'd known about *that* little bit of fluff for years. To find Mrs. Harris innocent, the jury would have to enter into her fantasy that she and Hy had a warm and wonderful no-strings affair out of a Noël Coward play. And since every time Mrs. Harris opened her mouth she demonstrated the hostility and violated pride she denied ever feeling—even for the moment it takes to pull a trigger—the jury declined to accept her version of events.

Six years into her sentence at Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, Mrs. Harris is sticking to her story. In *Stranger in Two Worlds* (Macmillan), a rambling, weird, and fascinating book, half autobiography, half plea for prison reform, she still insists that Hy's death was accidental and that loving concern for his "reputation," not jealousy, was all she felt about his affair with Mrs. Tryforos, about whom she still says terrible things. She still sees her trial not just as a miscarriage of justice (which many observers think it was), but as an act of persecution by perjurers, bunglers, and sadists, egged on by reporters out for blood.

Much of the time, in other words, Mrs. Harris displays the side of her character that helped convict her—the rigid, caustic, moralistic tigress of the witness stand. She castigates a long list of people: Hy's snooty friends, who treated her like his chippy; the Madeira trustees, who undermined her efforts to upgrade the school and discipline its wayward students; "feminists," who leave their children with "the first warm body you can hire to cuddle them in front of the soaps all day"—and on and on including, at last, Hy, still the love of her life for whom she felt nothing but warmth, but also a social-climbing popinjay who hated women and was probably, she insinuates, a latent homosexual. Well!

Where she is concerned, however, Mrs. Harris is disturbingly impervious. Hy's death was "a roll of the dice"—you'd think he'd fallen down the stairs. The young are sunk in drugs and sex and their parents don't care; but when Mrs. Harris expelled four seniors for possession of pot, the event that precipitated her suicide plan, she was undergoing withdrawal from ten years of illegally Hy-prescribed amphetamines. I didn't expect Mrs. Harris to don sackcloth and ashes, but it's disturbing that when she speaks of forgiveness, she isn't asking for it, she's offering it. More than once I wondered if her obsessive self-centeredness didn't border on insanity.

There was another Jean Harris at the trial, though—the woman who spoke of feeling like "a non-person," "a person sitting in an empty chair"—and that lost, miserable lady also has her say here. Integrity was always a big word for Mrs. Harris, and it still is—she even reprints part of a speech she gave on the subject—but integrity is what she lost during those years with Hy. I don't mean black-and-white boarding-school morality; I mean a sense of inner worth, of wholeness, of selfhood.

How could she walk out on the doctor when every time he told her, "I don't love anyone. I don't need anyone," he was confirming her own self-loathing and sense of sexual failure? Mrs. Harris is too invested in psychological denial to put the picture together: she doesn't know whether she wants us to admire Hy whose "selfishness was his strength" and who "let" her watch him enjoy life, or despise him for the same reasons, just as she doesn't know whether to belittle the *Scarsdale Diet* or claim credit for its literary style. But the reader can't miss the classic sadomasochistic dynamics of this famous romance.

You don't have to accept Mrs. Harris's story to think that keeping her in prison until 1996 is not the best way to make a statement against crimes of *(Continued on page 194)*

Katha Pollitt *is a literary critic and the author of a book of poems, "Antarctic Traveller."*

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(Continued from page 192) violence. She has thrown herself into good works at Bedford Hills, helping to set up a model nursery and visiting program for the children of inmates. She is sixty-three, has had a heart attack, and is obviously not a danger to anyone. And although she has lost her appeals, there are legitimate questions about her trial—as both Shana Alexander and Diana Trilling have discussed at length in their books on the case—especially about her flamboyant lawyer, Joel Aurnou, and his decision to refuse a plea of extreme emotional disturbance. Mrs. Harris backs that decision today; but then, she thinks the jury could have come up with that plea on its own, out of "common sense."

Much as I'd like to, I can't see Mrs. Harris as the victim of a legal double-standard, but even so I wish I felt that *Stranger in Two Worlds* will help her cause. But I suspect the opposite is more likely.

. . . AND ALL THE PRESIDENT'S WOMEN

Sally Quinn's Washington —where sex, power, and journalism make strange bedfellows

BY GEORGIA A. BROWN

Regrets Only (Simon and Schuster) is Sally Quinn's invitation to a Washington party—the only party in town, she seems to imply. It is her first novel, and indeed it could be read by would-be hostesses and guests as a style manual. It might be crucial to know that "In Washington serious hostesses did not have affairs," that "men who fell for passes by political groupies got into trouble," that "politics is gossip," or that (sighs of relief) "one didn't have to have at least one feminist at a party anymore."

In any case, *Regrets Only* will be read by those on or off the scene wishing to make connections between fictitious characters and persons they are supposed not to resemble. Nora Ephron's *Heartburn* covered the same territory on a more modest scale. Sally Quinn, if I remember, was rumored to be one of Ephron's characters. (I'm sorry not to be of help on identifications. I only noticed that Quinn has her lovers rendezvous in a seedy restaurant called Nora.)

But in contrast to Ephron's painful little domestic comedy, Quinn's novel is flagrant sentimental romance. Her characters are rarefied, mythic (quinn-tessential?) beings; her language is at once grandiose and painfully shallow. Quinn, a Washington reporter married to the editor of the respected *Washington Post*, covers the interlocking worlds of journalism and government with an insider's knowledge. It's just this insider perspective that alarms me.

Now, I have not been in Washington for maybe twenty years. I am a provincial, a constituent. Maybe I like to keep certain illusions intact. But *Regrets Only* confirms my worst fears. It's a sobering picture of the national culture.

The narrative focuses mainly on two women. One is Allison (Sonny) Sterling, blond, beautiful, a reporter for *The Daily*. "She was a consummate professional; cool, fast, thorough, tough. There wasn't a man in the newsroom who could touch her—personally or professionally. She was the best. She knew it. So did everyone else." Allison has a problem, however. She is in love with Desmond (Des) Shaw, bureau chief of *The Weekly*, a newsmagazine, and for the first time feels vulnerable, on the verge of dependency. "That was what she was afraid of. Being left. Being abandoned. . . . God forbid he should know that she didn't believe she could live without him."

Allison also has professional problems. One is that her and Des's journals are rivals. The other, rather unusual, is that though she's the President's goddaughter, she is covering the White House. Conflict of interest and journalistic ruthlessness are set up as this novel's plot contrivances. Reporters are forever announcing their personal untrustworthiness: "I would betray you if I had to for a story." "We have no gods unless it's the First Amendment." In the end, though, the speeches amount to so much self-dramatizing rhetoric. When Shaw has an affair with the First Lady, for example, his reporter's killer instinct becomes oddly dormant.

Allison's rival for the city's attention is Sara (Sadie) Adabelle Grey, wife of the Vice President who succeeds to the Presidency. She is correspondingly beautiful. Her hair, however, is auburn (a color reserved for this sort of fiction). Sadie is a belle from Savannah who declares, "I am a dependent," while passionately convinced that she is a Scarlett rather than a Melanie. Her agony is over having married an Ashley (the President) rather than a Rhett (the bureau chief). "Only bastards had sex appeal for her." Shaw pronounces her "a man's woman. You like men. . . . You don't seem to need power over a man the way some of these feminists do."

Desmond Shaw is dark and Irish and wavers between the two women. "Sadie was beautiful, and giving. But Allison's and his lives were entwined." By virtue of his masculine power, he releases the latent nature of both women—those very qualities elucidated early in the novel by Millicent, the Capital astrologer. Millicent, in reading the charts of the main characters, predicts *all* the events to follow. Allison, the independent one, discovers that "the power he had over her" might be a "comfort." Sadie realizes that for all her desire to be dominated, she cannot be possessed. "It's like the fog. No man can ever conquer the fog," Millicent explains.

In the end, men in this novel, for all their ostensible power, play supporting roles. Men exist to explicate women. Des is a vehicle of appreciation. "You are a no-nonsense woman." "She's one dynamite dame." "You're a survivor, baby. This is a survivor's town." For all his effusions, however, both women complain when he clams up. "No talkee, no fuckee," says Allison. "Maybe there's no such thing as a man who talks," decides Sadie.

Ten years ago Sally Quinn wrote an amusing account of her disastrous stint as a TV anchor woman. Essentially, *We're Going To Make You a Star* was at pains to detail the ineptitudes of the CBS management, the nastiness of certain reviewers, the male chauvinism of practically everyone (including women), all of which conspired nearly to destroy her personal and professional lives (not to mention her complexion). This extensive self-justification, however warranted, becomes retrospectively suspect after reading *Regrets Only*. Self-justification is a motive that, without self-knowledge, might yield the inflated sentimental rhetoric and the solemn narcissistic characters of the present novel.

When Sadie and Des discuss how they might fare financially if she were to leave her husband (now President), Des says that she will write "presumably best-selling novels that will be made into TV miniseries." He will do a column and talk shows. "I'll be famous. . . . I might as well capitalize on it. And you will be even more. We'll do better than we can even imagine right now."

There is no evidence that Quinn has any distance from her material, that she writes the above with any trace of irony. *Regrets Only* seems to be written to Des's specifications. It may do just as well as Sally Quinn imagines.

SIGRID ESTRADA

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LOOKING FOR MR. SALINGER

Biographer Ian Hamilton talks about stalking our favorite literary recluse

BY TRACY YOUNG

If there is something slightly embarrassing about our adolescent passions, particularly for certain books, it is surprising that an author whose stock-in-trade was a pimply angst remains so fascinating. Yet J.D. Salinger, who hasn't published a four-letter word since 1965 (in 1970, he repaid *with interest* a $75,000 advance from Little, Brown), continues to intrigue us. He has thwarted would-be interviewers, and inspired all manner of literary hoax, such as Gordon Lish's uncanny impersonation "For Rupert—With No Promises," which ran in *Esquire* in 1977. Salinger has been victimized by a phantom publisher who put out a pirate edition of his early stories and is still being hunted by the F.B.I.—although his capture, says Ian Hamilton, the esteemed English author whose Salinger biography will be published this month, is probably not a top priority for the Feds.

Like many of us, Hamilton fell in love with *Catcher in the Rye* at an impressionable age—the book was a cult success in England—and forgot about it until a few years ago when his sixteen-year-old son came home from school raving about this wonderful book he'd just read. "I'd never heard him say he'd read a wonderful book before," Hamilton tells me with some bemusement, and so he became interested in the reclusive Salinger again.

When Hamilton wrote to Salinger, hoping to at the very least confirm some basic facts, he received no response and was tempted to abandon the project, but his dismay turned quickly to irritation. "It seemed quite proper," he says, "to be curious about him. I saw [the book] as an exercise in trying to discover what was *permissible* curiosity."

Unlike the sleuths who preceded him, Hamilton, who is also the biographer of Robert Lowell, was not the kind of man to lurk outside Salinger's New Hampshire hideaway with a pair of binoculars. In order to soothe his conscience—perhaps even hoping to beguile his elusive quarry—Hamilton set up some very English ground rules for his research. He would not attempt to get in touch with any of Salinger's immediate family; he would not telephone sources out-of-the-blue, hoping to catch them off-guard or in-their-cups, as other reporters had done; he decided to leave off his biographical quest with the end of Salinger's publishing career.

Apart from his self-imposed limitations, Hamilton was faced with a task even more difficult than writing about Lowell, where there was so much material it became "a question of what to leave out." The challenge with Salinger was not to recreate the life of a dead man, but to pump life into one who's been playing possum. As such, *J.D. Salinger: A Writing Life* (Random House) succeeds rather well as a patchwork of literary criticism and recollection: Salinger's school days, Army sojourn, rabbity love affairs—and unrequited passion for Oona O'Neill, who dumped the stunned young egotist for Charlie Chaplin, whom Salinger called "an old prostate gland." And even if the biography raises more questions than it answers, they're the right questions.

One of the more striking mysteries is the extraordinary creative leap Salinger made from his ungainly early stories, written with all the cyncism of a desperate young writer for the slick magazines of the day, to the polished, highly stylized fiction that began to appear regularly in *The New Yorker*. And while Hamilton believes that the editing at *The New Yorker* is the missing link, his attempts to wrest any kind of support for his theory from editor William Shawn were met with a Salingeresque demurral.

The other mystery at the heart of the book is Hamilton's assertion that Salinger is still writing. "I can't reveal my source," Hamilton says. "It's someone quite close to Salinger who claims to have seen a manuscript. But it makes sense that he's still writing." Hamilton adds, "At a certain point he began to prefer his characters to real people," echoing John Updike's criticism of *Franny and Zooey* in *The New York Times*: "Salinger loves the Glasses more than God loves them. He loves them too exclusively. Their invention has become a hermitage for him."

If Salinger stopped publishing because, as Hamilton speculates, "when he found [his characters] being attacked he decided not to put them on show any more," he has since painted himself into a corner. The real tragedy is that even if he decided to break his silence, "it would be impossible for [a book] to be well-received. [The event] would be 'clouded,' as someone at *The New Yorker* pointed out, by 'the drama of Salinger.' "

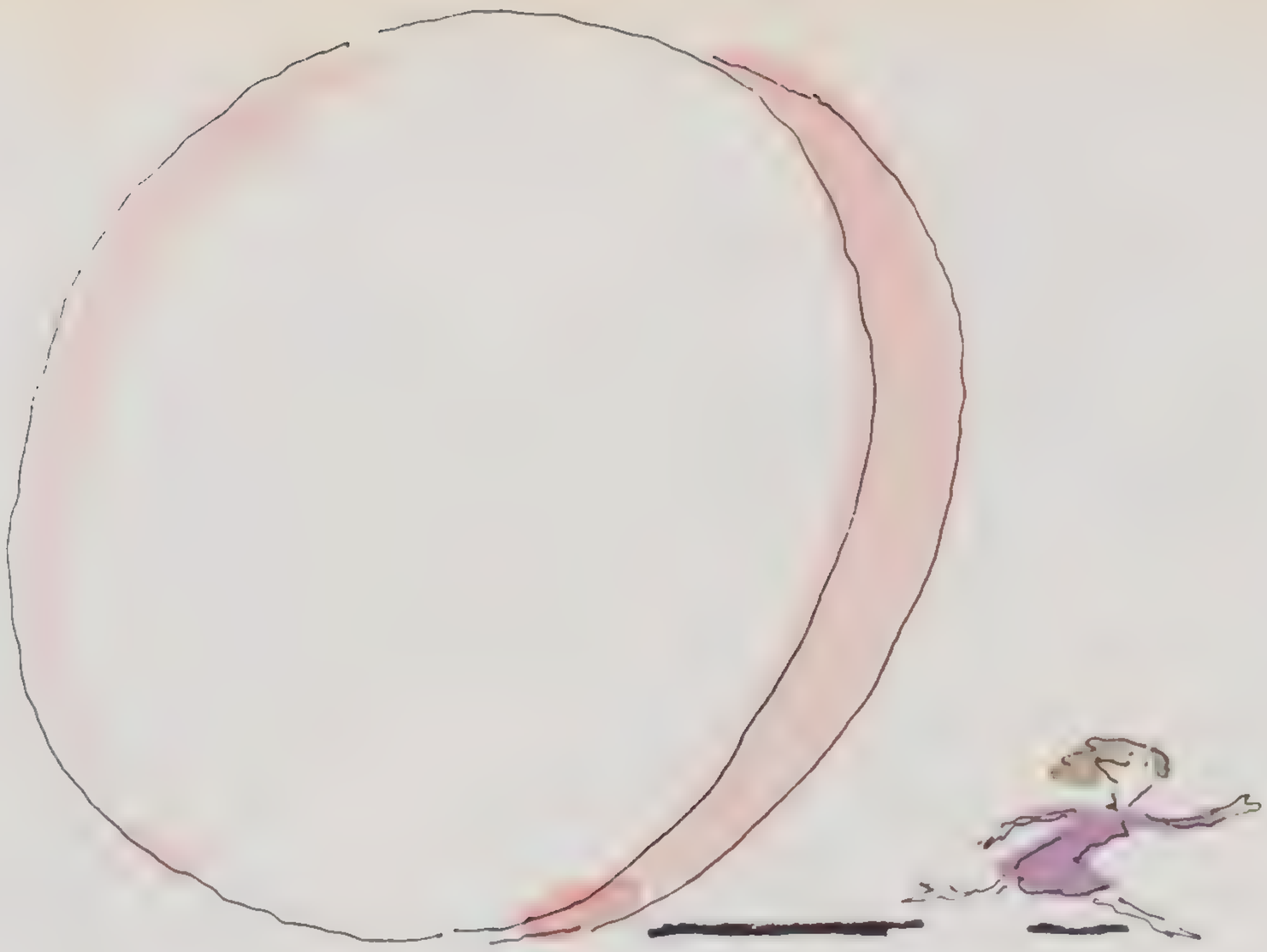
In *Catcher in the Rye* Holden Caulfield says that certain writers make you feel that you could just call them up on the phone. For a lot of us, Salinger was that kind of writer. And even if the man who emerges from Hamilton's cubist portrait seems infinitely less congenial, his biographer says he would still like to meet him: "I would love to know what he thinks of this account." And rather than being put off by the man, Hamilton feels a lot more sympathetic to him than he did when he began. "Most writers," he says wryly, "have a bit of Salinger in them."

Capote on Salinger

One of the greatest mysteries of Salinger's silent exile is whether or not he's still writing: "I'm told, on very good authority, that he hasn't stopped writing at all. That he's written at least five or six short novels and that all of them have been turned down by *The New Yorker*. And that all of them are very strange and about Zen Buddhism."

—Truman Capote on J.D. Salinger, from "Writers on Writing" (Running Press)

TED RUSSELL, Life Magazine © Copyright 1961 Time Inc



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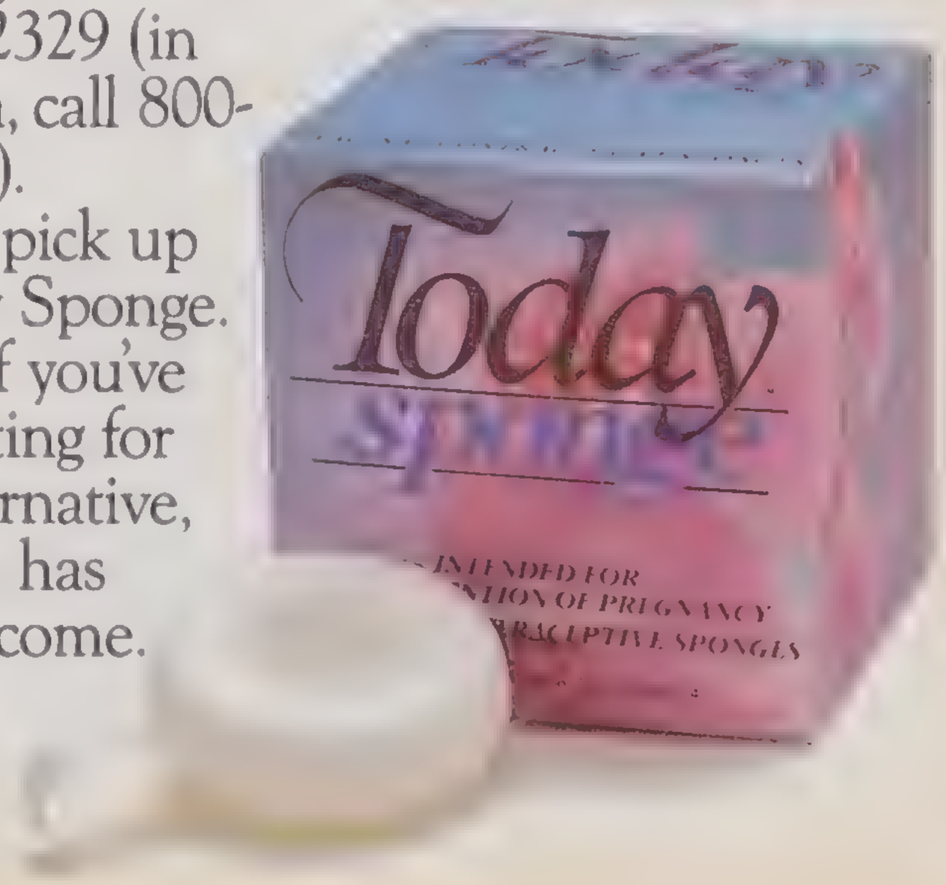

*Women can expect an annual effectiveness rate of 89-91% if they use the Today Sponge consistently and according to label instructions. In clinical trials including women who did not use the Today Sponge consistently and properly, the effectiveness was 84-87%. Use as directed

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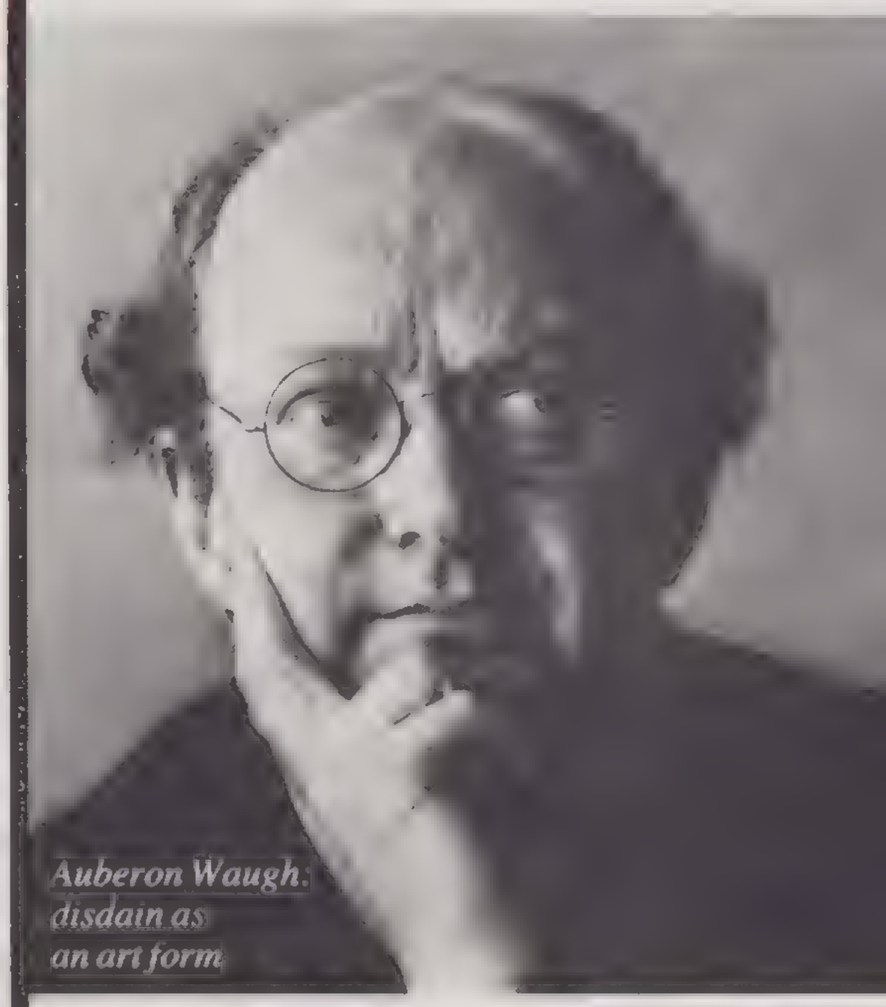
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS



Auberon Waugh: disdain as an art form

THE WAUGHFUL TRUTH

In *Brideshead Benighted* (Little, Brown) Auberon Waugh writes with anger and disdain of Britain's welfare-statedom. This selection of his weekly *Spectator* articles over the last decade brings to mind father Evelyn's comic savagery though the son is more thoughtful, less deft in his satire. Some pieces concern particularly English events, but in others Waugh dissects mores and prejudices common to us.

A more American anthology is *The Best of Marya Mannes*, edited by Robert Mottley (Richardson & Steirman). A journalist, editor (once at Vogue), and novelist, Mannes, who now suffers from a debilitating illness, observed the American scene from the 'twenties to the 'seventies. Essays like "Some Practical Erotic Advice" and "How Do You Know It's Good?" reflect an old-fashioned attitude toward sloppy habits of mind and speech; Mannes's rigorous standard of behavior makes them refreshing to read.

—PHYLLIS RIFIELD

POETICS OF MADNESS

I have met vagrants in fiction before, but none has been as compelling as the wandering narrator of Kate Grenville's first novel, *Lilian's Story* (Viking). Lil so adeptly describes her fat childhood—her tyrannical, "gentleman" father, her status as an outcast—as well as her later failures at love and at college, that her eventual decision to live on the streets seems natural and right. In her mind, Lil has found what she craves: independence, attention, and fame; she has cleared a path to immortality. The novel itself is bound for glory: it's original, moving, and brilliantly convincing.

—DANA COWIN

SNOWDON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT BOOKS

JUICY PARTS

Some books make better dinner partners than others

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

It's lunchtime and, as usual, I'm craving the nourishment of a good book. Having finished the first two volumes of E.F. Benson's *Make Way for Lucia*, I feel slightly underfed—the way you do after being treated to tiny, succulent, but insubstantial hors d'oeuvres. I hunger for a side of Dickens. A slab of Tolstoy. A ten-course meal—*Karamazov* in serial—I'm that famished. But what's on the shelf? A couple of lean first novels, for picky eaters. An indigestible something by Erica Jong. Another biography of Virginia Woolf, for those who suffer their meat twice-cooked.

It seems clear to me now, on reflection, that there are certain books, like certain people, that you really shouldn't take to lunch. Others are right for supper (depending on the thrust of your appetite), and still others are ideal for breakfast. *Moby Dick*, for example, should not be on your lunch tray; it doesn't stay down. *Ulysses* makes you mix up your utensils, just as *Buddenbrooks* makes you faint. But you might try *The Magic Mountain* at supper, if that is your main meal. You can read Capote at breakfast, unless it is *In Cold Blood*, and Cheever late in the afternoon—like Updike, he is suited to salads. Don't take *Naked Lunch* to lunch; it is not a square meal. Take Mary McCarthy after five, with your drink (but don't climb into bed with it). Take Lillian Hellman after the drink, but well before supper. Take E.B. White with anything; he is like a gentle Reisling—and Thurber's amusing with brunch, about which he would have said a mouthful.

A word about poetry: never eat with it. You'll miss a trochee and find yourself three lines down the page without any idea where to take a breath, and all because you were gulping. Plays are palatable with most meals, as long as we're not talking about Strindberg's. If you breakfast in bed, or at a bay window, take Coward then. You can enjoy Sheridan with iced tea, on the lawn. If you have no lawn, don't dally with Congreve. If you have no table, don't sup with Shaw. Don't, on any account, eat with Beckett: your food will never arrive, and then it will never leave.

And what suits dessert? A trifle of Thackeray, a pudding of Pritchett. When you've eaten your fill, and worked (or, preferably, slept) it off, why then, you might even take on Tennyson. Or are you still too hungry for that?

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WHERE THE BOYS ARE

Sensitivity be damned—men still hide out in sports.

BY GEORGE VECSEY

From time to time, I read these "Where Are the Men?" articles about the abundance of single women looking for a friend/lover/husband. They make me want to say in a hoarse, you-didn't-hear-it-from-me stage whisper: "I know where they are."

Maybe I shouldn't rat on my male brothers, but I will anyway: These laggards, ignoring their duty to society, can be found at the Forum, at the ball park, at the Dome, at the Garden, at the friendly local tavern that has a satellite dish to receive Atlanta Braves games. They are watching any kind of game they can find because it seems safer than participating in anything else going on.

No matter how sensitive we men are supposed to have become since the civil-rights movement, the anti-war movement, the feminist movement, the ecology movement, we still withdraw into sports, a haven where very little can intrude. Sports coverage has proliferated on cable television, perhaps in reaction to all the other stuff on the tube: Chernobyl, Libya, full-time news channels, religious channels, documentaries on Nicaragua, forums on nuclear disarmament, Doctor Ruth urging us to be reasonable, foreign films, dance, and opera—geez, gimme a break.

On my train line, I sometimes listen to sports fans headed for Madison Square Garden or Shea Stadium or the U.S. Open. The hard-core fan, usually male, argues viciferously, shifting from sport to sport, from fact to detail, with perfect fluidity. At the end there are no hard feelings because in most arguments among sports fans there is nothing personal, little revelation of character. Talking sports is a uniquely male way of competing via code words, of sublimating without giving much away. Most sports conversations are held side by side with all eyes on the players.

Like most things in life, sports are better to do than to talk about. At forty-six, I have made a clumsy comeback in full-court basketball, after having "hung it up" seven years earlier. Mid-winter in familiar steamy gyms, the play was hard and clean, and the friendly ribbing in the locker room afterward reminded me how much I had missed playing ball. The companionship of the gym was better than that at work or in the community.

Sports and their close cousins, rock videotapes, play to male fantasies without getting into any of this 'sixties-'seventies touchy-feely stuff. Larry Bird and Magic Johnson, two professional basketball heroes, were recently the subjects of a rather artful video that showed them getting ready to battle each other to the accompaniment of rock music.

A lot of us feel the need for the roar of the crowd, the chance to wave our arms like Rocky or twirl our bats like Reggie or wield our guitars like Bruce. This basic urge to make everything right with a few spasmodic gestures has nothing to do with how society has tried to sensitize us. In short, it's glandular. As a female sports-reporter friend once said of an assertive colleague, "Oh, he just has a case of testosteronitis." Don't we all.

My wife the artist recently made her annual foray to a sporting arena. She didn't think much of the all-star basketball game itself, but she sure got a kick out of the Wagnerian introductions of the twenty-four heroes, each waving his fists to assure the heavens he would give the game his all. She thought that the elaborate introduction, the applause, and the spotlight meant as much to the fans as the style and outcome of play.

There is something in the male chemistry—nature outweighing nurture—that makes us want to be heroes, even when logic says we never could hit a curve ball or a middle C.

Needless to say, the hucksters have caught on to this male fantasy. Most commercials shown during sports events on TV are geared toward men. In beer ads, men sit around with their mouths open while Bubba and Butkus squeeze beer cans in clean, well-lighted places. One message of these ads is that there exist sports-type places where women are not particularly welcome. (Though some television advertising money is slipping away from sports because the hucksters recognize that women are watching other channels.)

On holidays, there is usually a heavy dollop of sports on the tube, mostly to get men through the day. Think back to the last family gathering: the women and a few sensitive types sat around the living room talking about work, school, friends, even feelings and relationships; and in another room, before the flickering light of the television set, the men and the boys perform the tribal ritual of staring at the reassuring blandness of Tom Landry's poker face and the hearty bluster of John Madden's commentary.

For many men, sports are still the *lingua franca*, the common bond, the basic assumption—remember old Nixon up at dawn, trying to relate to student protestors down at the Washington Mall, asking them what colleges they were attending, and then responding with team nicknames: "Syracuse, huh? The Orangemen." After two decades of consciousness-raising, a lot of us still need sports so as to hide from reality, now more than ever.

George Vecsey, *the author of "Martina," is a sports columnist for "The New York Times."*

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We are so convinced you will love Clientele Daily Nutrients we are making this special offer. For only $10.00 Clientele will enroll you as a no-risk trial subscriber and send you a fresh 15-day supply of Clientele Daily Nutrients along with our "Fun-In-The-Sun" Beauty Bonus Tote.

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ENTERTAINING

Hale, the conquering hostess . . . pasta in Positano . . . Boston's hottest caterers.

BY WILLIAM AND CHESBROUGH RAYNER

Denise Hale with guest-of-honor Zubin Mehta

A NIGHT AT LE CIRQUE

For New York hostesses, a major challenge is trying to give a dinner dance that will not be just another blur in the black-tie marathon. Denise Hale found a way to outdistance the rest of the field. The occasion was the birthday of New York Philharmonic conductor Zubin Mehta, and the locale was L'Orangerie at Le Cirque.

Three months before, Mrs. Hale asked party designer Christopher Ostafin to work with her in creating something different. "Don't give me any green trees and don't give me orchids," she told him. What Ostafin gave her was a room filled with roses of such extraordinary lavishness and beauty that Redouté would have gone bonkers.

Mrs. Hale has some very definite ideas about setting the stage for a party. "One thing I learned from Vincente [Vincente Minnelli was her first husband] was to think like a director when arranging and lighting a room." The house lights are dimmed—but do not go out—as the guests are seated. The table is uncluttered. "I won't have salt and pepper shakers on the table—they're ugly," she declares with a throaty Yugoslavian accent. "And I tell the waiters to keep the wine coming but not to fill the glass up so it looks like a glass of milk. As for the choice of wine and the menu, I leave that completely up to my husband, Prentis." Mike Carney and his band were asked to perform dance music and were given a stern warning not to play "Everything's Coming Up Roses."

Rose-madness: blooming on the statue and table, printed on the chintz tablecloth

Trays of fresh pasta and a few of the dazzling desserts

PASTA FEST Each spring Marchese Franco Sersale invites thirty friends from Europe and America to a weekend house party in Positano at his family's Le Sirenuse hotel to celebrate his birthday. The main event comes on Saturday night when the Marchese invites some one hundred and fifty additional guests for a dinner that consists of thirteen different pastas and eighteen desserts. Out from the kitchen come great steaming platters of spaghetti with meat, tomato, or clam sauce; linguine alla Puttanesca (with anchovies, black olives, capers, peppers) or with fresh mushrooms, or with broccoli; macaroni with ortolans; tagliatelle with lemons; fusilli with tunny fish and olives or with ricotta cheese. Thank you Marco Polo. For dessert, four kinds of fruit tarts, three fruit pies, various pastries, lots of fresh fruit, and a *testa di moro*, which is a chocolate cake with an Afro. As the Marchese explained, serving pasta and dessert is the easiest way to give a terrific party, but retain your credit rating.

Food for a Prince

This September, Prince Charles will visit Harvard to celebrate the college's 350th anniversary; and Currier & Chives was chosen to cater two of the event's ceremonial dinners. Founded in 1983 by Belinda Norris and Barbara Bird, it is one of the fastest-growing catering firms in the Boston area, with clients such as Fidelity Investment, WGBH-Public Television, and Cabot Corporation. Belinda and Barbara and their staff of six have a reputation for quality: impeccable service, excellent food, and exciting presentation. The proposed menu for the vegetarian Prince: tomato consommé topped with sour cream and toasted pine nuts; smoked duck breast with red onion jam; shrimp, scallops, and lotte in a white wine cream sauce; and for dessert, fruit and chocolate truffles.

Photos, top left and right, DUANE MICHALS, bottom right, JOHN GOODMAN bottom left photos, DINO SCRIMALI

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FOOD IN VOGUE

Water—the new connoisseurship . . . French meals in ten minutes . . . great restaurants—Rocky Mountain style. BY BARBARA KAFKA

From Aspen, Gordon's ethereally beautiful squab salad

In recent years, Americans who once had scant acquaintance with name-brand water beyond the contents of the office cooler have taken up the European custom of sipping spring water. At first, ordering a bottle of water instead of simply asking for a glass of it served the purposes of diet, snobbery, and an apology to the waiter for not ordering a real drink at real drink prices. Now, however, waters have become a thing unto themselves and the varieties available are mind-boggling. For those who wish to become water connoisseurs, there is even a book, *The Best Bottled Waters in the World* by Maureen and Timothy Green (Simon & Schuster), with an annotated listing of one hundred fifty kinds.

It used to be easy to choose a water. Labels came with a list of the diseases the water was supposed to cure, usually the diseases for which the spa the water came from was a haven. The more medicinal or sulphurous the water smelled, the more efficacious people believed it to be. In today's era of truth in advertising, the only lists on the labels are of mineral content, and "healthiness" is defined by lack of salt (some nutritionists are concerned that there may be an overabundance of minerals in bottled water).

Historically, there has been an overriding environmental concern—impure drinking water—that led people toward bottled waters; the contemporary worry is over pollution and toxic wastes. In some areas, tap water tastes terrible. That is reason enough to go to bottled water.

My favorite water is Evian—mild, with a natural sweetness to it—and yes, I can tell the difference. My favorite American water is Calistoga. I like the place, the small, fat bottles, and the neutral but not flat taste.

If you get on the water bandwagon, watch out: your system may start erupting. The purported therapeutic effects generally came from diuretic effects. In general, though, lots of water is good for us and if it took this latest craze to get us all drinking it again, I guess that's all to the good.

One of the nicest things to come out of this latest surge of food enthusiasm has been the reprinting of classic cookbooks. One of the most charming is Edouard de Pomiane's *French Cooking in Ten Minutes* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). The need for speed and good food is at least as pressing today as it was in 1930, when the book originally appeared. Dr. de Pomiane, a medical research scientist at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, was then fifty-six; he lived to be ninety and one of the greats of French culinary writing.

Our resources and habits have changed since *French Cooking in Ten Minutes* first appeared. We are less likely to find precooked tripe or beets in our markets; but we do have the help of good frozen foods, microwave ovens, and an increasing variety of packaged foods. De Pomiane deep-fries dishes in fat more frequently than we do and uses butter and cream more freely than we allow ourselves to.

Nevertheless, the book is practical beyond its charm. De Pomiane counsels us to put a large pot of water on to boil the minute we come in the door because we will need it for something even if we don't know what—still good advice. He encourages us to make a civilized experience out of even the slightest meal with a progression of courses. He expands our idea of what can be done: venison cutlets, saddle of hare, Aïgo-boulido (garlic soup), Salt Cod Biscaienne, and sauerkraut salad. Best of all, De Pomiane always enjoys himself, food, language, and a glass of wine.

The Rattlesnake Club's grilled Hawaiian mahimahi

It used to be that when talk turned to restaurants, the conversation centered on New York or San Francisco, with a gentle inclination of the head toward the specialties of New Orleans. Gradually, the acknowledgments spread to Los Angeles, Chicago, and Boston. Today, one is liable to find great restaurants anywhere. It is only logical. As Americans have tasted and traveled, they have come to expect more. The quality ingredients they crave are widely available. Recently, I had mahimahi—a very good, firm, white-fleshed fish from Hawaii—in Colorado. That is where I found two excellent new restaurants to keep in mind if you are going west this year.

The Rattlesnake Club in Denver (Tivoli Center, 901 Larimer, Denver CO, 303/573-8900) is the brainchild of Michael McCarty, well known from Michael's restaurant in Santa Monica, and chef Jimmy Schmidt, who first became famous at The London Chop House in Detroit. Part of Denver's renovation of its historic downtown areas, The Rattlesnake Club is located in an old brewery, where among the mammoth old copper vats McCarty and Schmidt have created a bar and restaurant on three new floors. On each floor, guests can look through the original arched windows at the entire city.

The decor is a successful blend of existing *(Continued on page 208)*

JAN OSWALD

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THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF DISCUSSIONS ON AGING AND ITS EFFECT ON THE SKIN. BY CHRISTIAAN BARNARD, M.D.

DR. CHRISTIAAN BARNARD ON THE QUALITY OF LIFE.

"It seems to me that the primary goal of a doctor is not only to prolong life.

"I believe it is also to improve the quality of life.

"To me, more important even than how long a person lives is how well they live.

"Nothing, as far as I know, has a greater effect on the quality of life than aging, for it affects all of our organs including the body's largest organ—our skin.

"It is, in fact, on the skin that the effects of aging are most visible. And perhaps most disturbing.

"This concern with aging and its impact on the quality of life is the major reason for my involvement with the Schaefer Institute in Switzerland. It was the principal focus of my work there.

"During this period my colleagues and I determined that a specific type of Glycosphingolipid was more abundant in young skin than in older skin.

"These efforts were the basis for the development of a complex which contains a specific Glycosphingolipid that we call GSL, expressed as:

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GLYCEL. A Way To Younger Looking Skin.

Glycel is the remarkable collection of fragrance-free, allergy tested skin care products containing a patented ingredient developed in Switzerland.

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LORD & TAYLOR

FOOD IN VOGUE

(Continued from page 206)

architecture—the vats and the old walls, their distempered and irregular plaster a mural-like texturing—and modern prints by Stella and Johns, Richard Meier plates, post-modern colors. There is a pleasantly vast sense of space with a large bar, a "food bar" for snacking, and a third stop-off point, a popular glassed-in area with a piano set right into the splendid view; but the real food excitement is above, by way of a private elevator.

Here, Jimmy Schmidt is creating food as exciting as any in America: from local trout to buffalo steak, from simple grills to brilliantly inventive, complex dishes. I had a combination of black beans, the everyday variety and the fermented Chinese ones, and plump snails brightened up with peppers and herbs.

Further into the mountains, in Aspen, the local posh finally have a restaurant up to their houses, clothes, and life styles. When it opened two years ago, it was called Gordon and Grimsley's, a name with Dickensian overtones I couldn't resist. Mr. Grimsley has since departed—I assume in a puff of spontaneous combustion—leaving the chef, Mr. Gordon Naccarato, in sole charge.

The food at Gordon's (205 S. Mill Street, Aspen CO, 303/925-7474) is clear-tasting and beautiful. By all means, try the Chinese Squab Salad with Twice-Fried Rice or one of the other original and spectacular salads. A local hydroponic farming industry is providing exquisite ingredients.

Here, among the hand-knit sweaters and furs, you can drink some of American's best wines, as you also can at The Rattlesnake Club. Enjoy America.

EDOUARD DE POMIANE'S AÏGO-BOULIDO (GARLIC SOUP)

(two servings)

2 cloves garlic
1 bay leaf
1 tablespoon olive oil
Salt and pepper
2 egg yolks
Stale bread or toast

"Crush the garlic by placing it under the flat side of a knife blade and hitting the blade hard with your fist. Put the crushed garlic into a pot with the bay leaf and the olive oil. Pour 2 cups boiling water into the pot, add salt and pepper, and boil the soup for 8 to 10 minutes. Take the pot off the stove. Place the egg yolks in your serving bowl, and stir in half a ladle of hot soup. When the mixture is smooth, add the rest of the soup. Drop 4 small pieces of stale bread, or toast, into the soup and serve.

"If there are two of you, you should both eat this soup. Because if one of you doesn't he will be obliged to enjoy the other's company from across the room after dinner."

Adapted from French Cooking in Ten Minutes by Edouard de Pomiane. Copyright ©1930 by Edouard de Pomiane. Translation by Philip and Mary Hyman, copyright ©1977 by FSG Second printing, 1986 Reprinted by permission

MAHIMAHI WITH LIME, PAPAYA, AND SPINACH RISOTTO

(four servings)

¼ pound fish bones
¼ cup diced onions
⅛ cup peeled and diced carrots
¾ cup white wine
¾ cup fresh lime juice
¼ cup peeled and chopped shallots
⅛ cup Rose's lime juice
⅛ cup olive oil
1½ pounds skinned and boned mahimahi, snapper, or other firm-fleshed white fish, cut in 8 scallops of 3 ounces each
1 papaya, peeled, seeded and cut in ¼" dice
1 red bell pepper, peeled with vegetable peeler, seeded, and julienned
½ cup salsa (available at specialty food stores)
½ cup heavy cream
½ cup unsalted butter at room temperature
⅛ cup chopped cilantro plus 4 sprigs for garnish

Rinse fish bones. In a large pot, cover bones with cold water. Add onions and carrots. Bring to boil. Skim. Reduce heat and simmer 25 minutes. Strain stock through cheesecloth. There should be approximately ½ cup.

Heat fish stock, white wine, fresh lime juice, and shallots. Boil to reduce liquid to 1 cup. Strain.

Preheat broiler. Combine Rose's lime juice and olive oil. Brush fish scallops on both sides with oil and juice. Broil three minutes. Carefully turn fish over. Continue cooking 3 minutes or until done.

Meanwhile, combine fish stock reduction, salsa, and cream. Reduce these liquids by half. Whisk in butter bit by bit. Adjust seasoning to taste with salt and pepper if necessary. Add papaya and red peppers. Cook until sauce thickens, then remove from heat. Stir in chopped cilantro.

Divide sauce among plates. Top with a mound of spinach risotto. Center fish on top of sauce. Garnish with sprigs of cilantro.

Spinach Risotto

⅜ cup butter
½ pound spinach, stemmed, washed, and chopped fine
3 cups chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 cup arborio or long grain rice

Melt ¼ cup butter in large saucepan. Add spinach and sauté until tender. Remove and reserve.

In a separate pan, heat chicken stock seasoned with salt and pepper. In saucepan used to cook spinach, melt ⅛ cup butter. Add risotto and cook over high heat, stirring constantly until coated and heated through. Add 1½ cups chicken stock to risotto. As stock is absorbed, add ½ cup more at a time, stirring constantly. Cook until rice is cooked through, but not mushy, about 30-40 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in spinach. ▽

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THE BEST OF WINES

America Hurrah! Confessions of a partisan wine critic.

BY MARTIN GERSH

At the risk of being labeled an American chauvinist, I must express my pride and joy in the excellent and fascinating red wines that are emerging almost daily in the U.S.A. The finest ones, from the North and Central Coast counties of California and the Yakima Valley/Columbia River Basin region of Washington State, are the equals of the far more famous and costly French wines that derive from the very same classic grapes.

These highly sophisticated, complex, formidable domestic reds are, to my way of thinking, among the best wines to buy now because they offer great value joined to long life. They cost easily $7-$10 less a bottle than comparable French examples, whose prices have escalated owing to the dollar's decline as well as the craze for investing in Bordeaux "futures."

The smashing wines recommended here are from four to twelve years old. They were released for sale after at least three years of aging at the winery, which enables them to evolve slowly and hold at their prime for fifteen years or more beyond the vintage. Given simple cellaring, they will get better and better with each passing year. To enjoy the reds now, patiently aerate them for the recommended times—or take a short cut and decant a bottle back and forth for ten to twenty minutes, sampling the wine every five decantings or so until it tastes completely delicious.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Domain San Martín Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *From California's Central Coast region, bold, richly textured, with ripe strawberry-tinged flavor—terrific in every way. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 6¼-6½ hours. $7-$8.*

Sterling Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *An unusually lovely and seductive Bordeaux-style Napa Valley Cabernet of pleasant size with exquisite cassis-like fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5½-5¾ hours. $12-$13.*

Laurel Glen Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *Displaying a slightly astringent cranberry-like taste component, this Sonoma Mountain wine is impeccably made, powerful, and electrifying—with impressive aging capability. Best drinking: for the next 15-16 years. Aeration: 6¾-7 hours. $14-$15.*

Bandiera Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *An especially fine Cabernet from the North Coast region of California—Médoc in manner, well-integrated, with a smoky plum-like fruit aspect. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 5-5¼ hours. $4.50-$5.50*

Shafer Cabernet Sauvignon Reserve 1982 *Superb—vital yet mysterious, this Napa Valley wine reveals a somewhat tangy red currant taste constituent marked by a salty-sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 6-6¼ hours. $17-$18.*

Iron Horse Vineyards Pinot Noir 1982 *Totally Burgundian in style though from Sonoma County's Green Valley—most distinguished, moderate-to-large-bodied, with gorgeous fraise des bois fruitiness and a long-enduring aftertaste. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 5-5¼ hours. $11-$12.*

Iron Horse Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1982 *From Alexander Valley in Sonoma, subtle and very beautiful, moderate in scale, characterized by densely concentrated boysenberry-like flavor embellished by a delectable sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5¾-6 hours. $16-$17.*

The Monterey Vineyard Classic Red 1981 *Downright delicious, flirtatious, and high-spirited, exhibiting a piquant berry-like fruit presence—most admirable, and what a buy! Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 5-5¼ hours. $3-$3.50.*

Columbia Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 (Red Willow Vineyard) *Substantial, with an opulent cassis-like flavor component, this is an unforgettable, highly superior Cabernet from the Yakima Valley of Washington State. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 7½-7¾ hours. $14-$15.*

McDowell Valley Vineyards Syrah 1981 *Animated, challenging, revealing spectacular currant-like fruitiness—a monumental Mendicino County red resembling a fine Hermitage. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 7½-7¾ hours. $9.50-$10.50.*

Flora Springs Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 *Stylistically akin to the Graves Château La Tour-Haut-Brion and endowed with an equally alluring first taste, this superbly fruity Napa Valley Cabernet is outstanding. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 4¾-5 hours. $14-$15.*

Columbia Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 (Sagemoor Vineyards) *From the Columbia River region of Washington State, distinctly somber, of important size, displaying an admirably concentrated blackberry-like fruit aspect—simply splendid! Best drinking: for the next 14-15 years. Aeration: 5¾-6 hours. $10.50-$11.50.*

Alexander Valley Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 *Complex, luscious, showing a fully satisfying synthesis of all its taste constituents—an entrancing Sonoma County red. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 4½-4¾ hours. $14-$15.*

McDowell Valley Vineyards Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 *A very civilized Mendocino Cabernet of noble size whose distinctive prune-plum fruit element has an attractive sweet finish. Best drinking: for the next 11-12 years. Aeration: 4¼-4½ hours. $11-$12.*

Clos du Bois Pinot Noir Proprietor's Reserve 1980 *From Dry Creek Valley in Sonoma, elegant, redolent of wild strawberries, full-bodied—demonstrating imposing aging credentials. Best drinking: for the next 14-15 years. Aeration: 5¼-5½ hours. $10-$11.*

Beaulieu Vineyard Pinot Noir 1980 *Remarkably fine—a beautifully structured, large-scaled Pinot Noir from the Los Carneros region of Napa Valley, adorned with spicy apricot-plum fruitiness. Best drinking: for the next 10-11 years. Aeration: 4-4¼ hours. $9-$10.*

Schug Cellars Cabernet Franc 1980 *Truly memorable—this stunning, big, warm-hearted Napa Valley wine with piquant red cherry flavor is the first all-Cabernet Franc I have ever known. The grape is generally used as a secondary one in Bordeaux—except in the case of Château Cheval Blanc, which is made from 66 percent Cabernet Franc. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5¼-5½ hours. $15.50-$16.50.*

Columbia Cabernet Sauvignon "Millenium" 1979 *There is every indication that David Lake, its creator, was not wrong in deciding to lay down a case of this Yakima Valley Cabernet to celebrate New Year's Eve 2000. The wine is tremendous, multifaceted, certain to astound and delight you. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 6½-6¾ hours. $24-$25.*

Charles Krug Cabernet Sauvignon 1974 (Vintage Selection Lot F1) *From Napa Valley, huge and glorious, with a tangy black raspberry fruit element—one of the stars of the excellent 1974 vintage, recently released after eleven years of aging at the winery. Best drinking: for the next 8-9 years. Aeration: 2¼-2½ hours. $33-$35.* ▽

TONIGHT, BE FRENCH.

MOUTON-CADET

by Baron Philippe de Rothschild

Mouton-Cadet® table wines imported by Palace Brands Company, Farmington, CT. ©1986

LIVING Future perfect: top designers "model" the modern apartment. BY BARBARA PLUMB

In a Metropolitan Tower living room, right, Tod Williams and Billie Tsien play the "Zig-Zag" chair against the linearity of a cantilevered telephone table. A perforated divider, below, pivots to control openness.

Glamorous and imaginative model apartments by Andrée Putman and Tod Williams/Billie Tsien, with their abundance of bright ideas and custom-created furnishings, seem singularly appropriate to the super-luxury status of New York City's new $165 million condominium Metropolitan Tower. A seventy-eight-story triangular black prism on a rectangular base, Metropolitan Tower, where a one-bedroom apartment sells for $350,000, offers such amenities for the deluxe Manhattan life style as a separate floor of bedrooms for bodyguards or maids, a communications center with stock-quotation machines, a health club, a private dining club, and a communal wine cellar.

Andrée Putman responded to the sumptuous commission with this special vision: "It was a place to be surrounded by art, great design, *'calme et volupté, ordre et beauté.'* There should be no aggression up there, only soft and discreet colors, understatement wth ageless accents."

Putman thought of the triangular-shaped master bedroom "as a spaceship where one would dream awake, watching the sky or the electrifying city." Because of the spectacular views, she chose either screened panels with a moiré pattern or light, sheer Roman shades to soften the windows but still reveal the outlines beyond. She selected furnishings with strong, geometric shapes to calm the possibly dizzying sensation of teetering on the edge of space. Putman paneled the corridor with pale blond sycamore and outfitted a niche with a series of parallel bars, forming an arch that accommodates coats, handbags, and parcels. In the dining room a specially designed, sand-blasted glass credenza is illuminated by fluorescent lights built-in along the edges.

Tod Williams and Billie Tsien envisioned their space as "a cool, serene island floating in the sky." Instead of a rug, they created a "runner" of wire-brushed aluminum plates set in a blue-grey terrazzo tile floor. The dining table with its aluminum top echoes the floor.

Andrée Putman accentuated the dynamic boat shape of a Metropolitan Tower bedroom, top left, by choosing art and furnishings that appear to be in motion. Patrick Naggar's winged chair bristles with energy in the prow-like corner. Double-screen window panels have a moiré effect. A painting by Peter Halley, top right, provides a backdrop for Putman's laminated glass console table. Second and third from top right: Sand-blasted glass shelves appear to float. Putman designed her combination vanity and desk, directly above, in sycamore.

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LIVING

Edward I began construction on fortress-like Chirk Castle in Clwyd, Wales in 1295.

The American love affair with English country houses is currently being fueled by the British National Trust's first collection of fabrics and wallpaper for the American market, distributed in the U.S.A. by Payne Fabrics. From the two hundred historic properties it owns and preserves in England, Wales, and Northern Ireland, the Trust chose Chartwell (Sir Winston Churchill's house), Grey's Court, Dunham Massey Hall, Blickling Hall, Chirk Castle, and Erddig to provide inspiration for the inaugural group of sixteen cotton and linen fabrics and twenty-six wallpapers. The designs are derived from a variety of sources, such as architectural carvings, furniture details, flowers in the cutting garden, hand-painted silk panels, and remnants of original fabrics. The fabrics are available through decorators at Payne, NYC.

"Chartwell Dahlias," top left, was adapted from draperies in Winston Churchill's library. "Treasure Houses," center left, a commemorative toile, features the six properties that inspired the collection. Bottom left: "Carapace Border," a wallpaper, comes from a shell-and-swag detail of a gilded table in Georgian Dunham Massey Hall. "Garlands," a linen, was taken from grillework at Grey's Court.

TOOLING AROUND

A Japanese designer, Shozo Toyohisa, conceived "Deco" hammers, saws, and screwdrivers to encourage people intimidated by tools. His creations in startling color combinations are handsome enough to be displayed on a table rather than hidden in a tool box. Well-balanced, strong, and functional, they are made of color-solid rubber-like molded plastic with a reinforcing steel rod in the handles of the saws and hammers. Tools available from Limn, San Francisco.

LARS

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TEXAS

SPECIAL REPORT

Two views of today's Texas: Houston's post-modern skyline by night, above; contemporary cowboy, right, meets the prairie morning

Inside the new Texas—where, instead of oil and cattle, the arts are the hot commodities—and where finding the Great American Dream doesn't mean losing your self-respect or your old friends. **BY MICHAEL BERRYHILL**

Fifteen years ago a close friend of mine abandoned a television career in New York and came home to Texas. During the long drive back she had plenty of time to think about why she had turned down the offer of her own daily interview show from a prominent Manhattan station. The stress of working in television and raising two girls in Manhattan had taken its toll. When she arrived at her in-laws' pleasant suburban house in Houston on a hot, muggy night, she noticed a cloud of gnats swarming in the glow of the streetlamp. The air had the peculiar odor of luxuriant, subtropical plants. She fell on her knees and kissed the St. Augustine grass. She was home at last in the promised land, she thought, the promised land that promises nothing.

She meant that in Texas you are promised opportunity. No pedigree is required. Texans believe in the work ethic and the merits of individual endeavor. But there is no promise of success. That's the price you pay for freedom.

A sometimes unexpressed corollary to this individualism is that, to succeed in Texas, you need to make friends and know how to be a friend. I know a Texan who is slowly becoming a successful artist, yet still keeps the friends of his high school days. A successful older artist, who had moved to New York from Texas, advised him to dump those friends, for they weren't furthering his career. This was probably true, but the idea ran so deeply against the ethic of being a real friend that the artist spoke to me of the advice he had received with contempt. I like to think that a lot of Texans would share his opinion. Does this come from stubbornness? Pride? Loyalty? Individualism? All of these, I think, and one more: self-respect. For the Texan who has visited a while in the lies of Washington, the rat-race of New York, or the six-week-long friendships of Hollywood, Texas is a relief. At bottom we believe that you shouldn't have to change yourself to become a success.

This is a typically American theme, I know, but it seems especially magnified in Texas. A huge number of people here work for small businesses that employ twelve or fewer employees. We don't have much reverence for the corporate mentality. We still believe the myth of the individual, and respect not the cowboy—who was, after all, a hired hand—but the rancher, the businessman.

The quintessential Texan these days is H. Ross Perot, the billionaire who dropped out of IBM to start his own computer company. He is probably best known outside of Texas for rescuing several of his employees from inside Iran after the Shah's fall, but in Texas he's known as the man who spent a good deal of his own money on a state commission to reform public education. He's the man who wanted to quit mollycoddling athletes in a state that reveres athletes and who charged ahead with the "no-pass, no-play" rule. He also has bought a rare copy of the Magna Carta and recently purchased a huge and rare collection of books from a private estate in New York. Although extremely wealthy, he lives simply, buys his suits off the rack, and moves where he wants without fear. Perot has self-respect.

No matter how big our cities have grown, no matter how many Yankees have drifted down, Texas still *(Continued on page 218)*

Michael Berryhill *is the editor of "Houstonian Magazine."*

Photo credits, last pages

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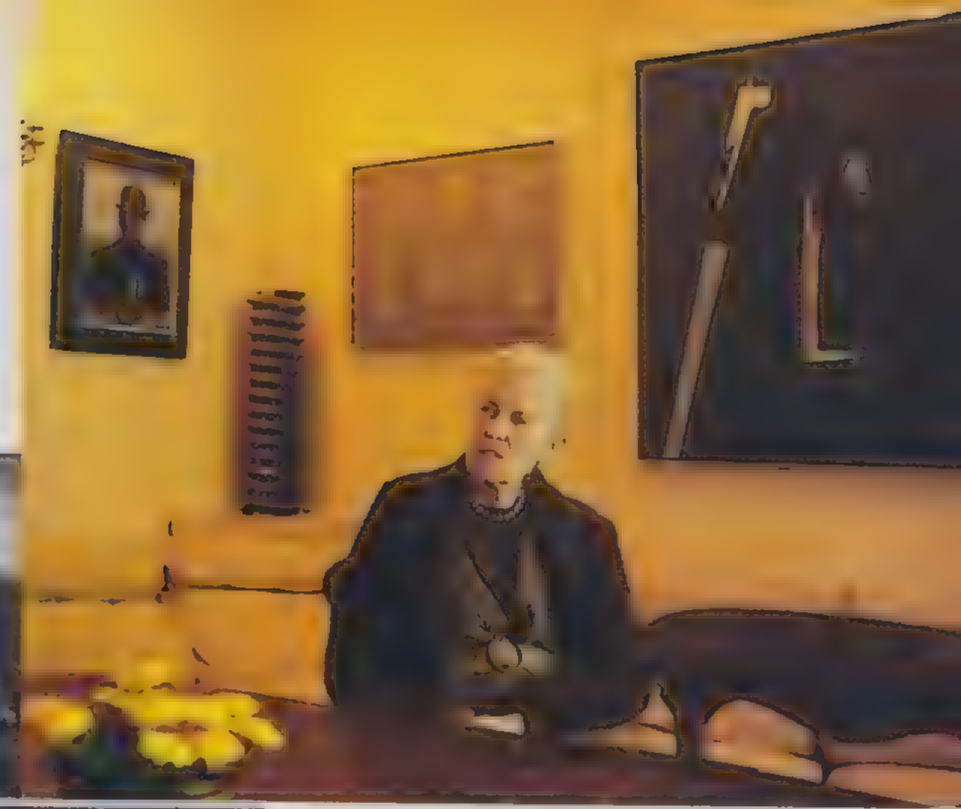
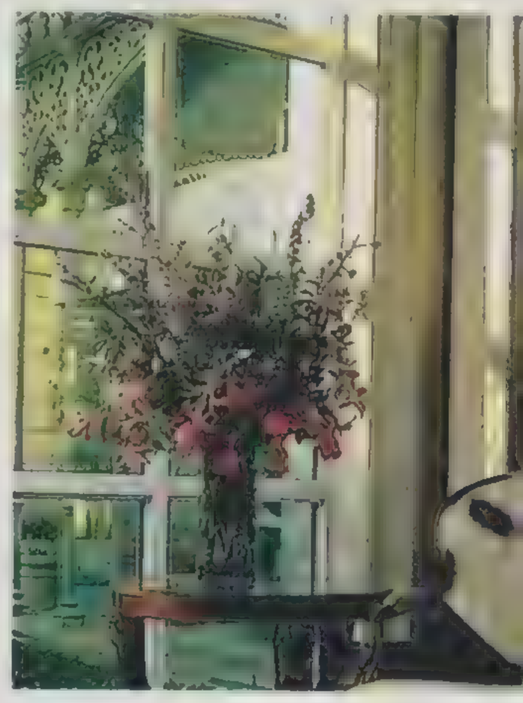
TEXAS



Clockwise from left: Best of barbecues—at Austin's County Line roadhouse; beautiful downtown Dallas; Houston art empress Dominique de Menil; foyer flowers—at Dallas' Hotel Crescent Court; part of an exhibition at the Dallas Museum of Art



Texas respects not the cowboy—who is, after all, a hired hand—but the rancher, the businessman

(Continued from page 216) continues to be Texas. It has a mystique, lots of it false, but some of it is real and keeps drawing people back. While the rest of the country watches Texas go through the paroxysms of the oil slump, Texas has been celebrating the first 150 years of its independence. The sesquicentennial celebration has not been as gaudy as the Centennial of 1936, when Dallas and Fort Worth competed to see who had the raciest girlie show. But the news media have spent the last months looking at our history, and thinking about what makes Texas a special place.

The size of Texas and its birth as an independent nation before joining the Union are obvious markers of its special status. Although nearly 80 percent of Texans live in a city, the land still has a mythical presence. Most guidebooks will tell you how big Texas is, bigger than France, and how it has several distinct geographical regions, including the East Texas piney woods, the southern brush country, the scrubby Texas Hill Country, the vast, spare Edwards Plateau, the canyons and mountains of the Big Bend country. It is not an easy or forgiving land, and the people attracted to it have their hard edges.

But they are seldom braggarts. This unfortunate stereotype, immortalized in cheap roadside-stand souvenirs of gigantic coffee mugs and postcards of jack rabbits with saddles on their backs, gives little of the flavor of Texas humor, which inclines towards wryness and understatement. A Texan might talk about a hard rain as "a frog-strangler," or, if someone asks how he is doing, he might say, "busier than a Pi Phi at spring rush." Texans love language, and that must be why we have produced our share of writers, many of whom have had to leave the state, but few of whom can avoid writing about it.

I am thinking of writers such as Larry L. King, Dan Jenkins, the late William Goyen, Allen Wier, the poet Reginald Gibbons, and Larry McMurtry. A few years ago McMurtry scolded the writers of Texas in an essay in the *Texas Observer*. He thought we had been too much under the spell of the frontier and the land, and that the state could only grow an authentic literature if writers could capture the spirit of its urban life. Then McMurtry turned around and wrote an epic novel of a cattle drive, *Lonesome Dove*, and won the Pulitzer Prize. Like most Texans, McMurtry wasn't going to follow anybody's prescription for art, even his own.

Which leads me to the sore spot of Texas, and that is how or whether it can produce the civilization it needs. That certainly didn't seem probable in the early 'sixties, when I left Texas at eighteen to seek a literary education. For fifteen years I studied and taught in the Midwest, on the East Coast, and in Europe. But when I concluded that academic life wasn't going to pan out for me, and that I must change my life and finally become a writer, I did the only logical thing. I returned to Houston. Here I met and married the woman who gave up the New York television show, and here I began to learn about what had happened to Texas.

I discovered that it has grown up. Not completely, thank goodness, but pretty much. There are Nobel Prize-winning physicians in Dallas. Patients come from all over the world to Houston's Texas Medical Center. Last year the *Fort* *(Continued on page 220)*

Photo credits, last pages

The Nancy Johnson collection is available at these fine stores:

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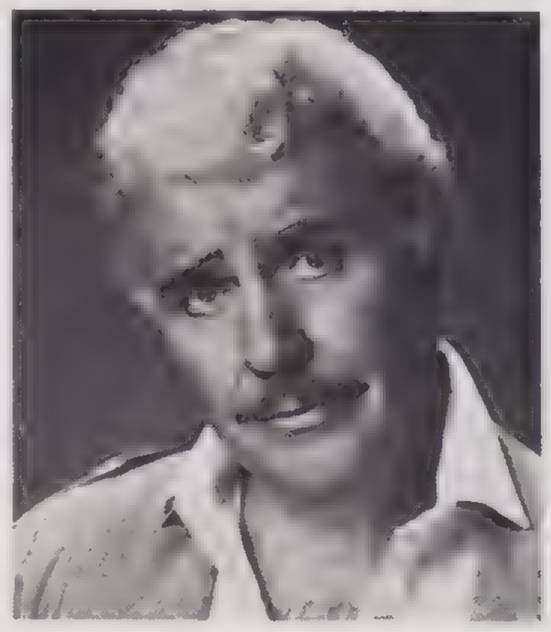
NANCY JOHNSON

BIG D — Taking a bite out of the Big Apple?



As Sachel Paige (almost) once said: Don't look back, New York — someplace may be gaining on you. In the competitive fashion marketplace, Dallas is definitely the comer: Each year more than 100,000 retailers from around the world shop 14,000 lines of women's and children's apparel and accessories, spending an estimated $3.75 billion. That phenomenal growth is a result of a new image that's alive and well in the Sunbelt, in Dallas, and among Dallas fashion purveyors.

Jim Quist is an example of the kind of savvy marketer who has helped create the new Dallas image. The Quist strategy combines 50 apparel and 15 accessory lines with a similar taste level into a "specialty store for specialty stores," an under-one-umbrella showroom concept that links merchandise to marketing services for both manufacturer and buyer. This innovative marketing concept has proven perfect for the diverse Sunbelt market.

To Quist, Dallas provides a constantly growing and changing environment of challenge: "Dallas customers are so inundated with fashion that you absolutely can't fool them," he says. "They're the most knowledgeable, aware fashion-conscious buyers anywhere. Fashion that sells here will sell in any market in the world."

FACES OF TIME

Romance and the delicate sentimentalities of days gone by are found in the Faces of Time collection of Sheila Shwartz. Collection is just the word, too. Shwartz and her team travel all over the world (primarily Europe) ferreting out the authentic antiques that, she admits, are not going to be out there forever. "I like combinations of old and contemporary looks," explains Shwartz. "I make jewelry out of things never intended to be jewelry."

Best of all are the antique watches, often revitalized as a brooch like the one Sally Field wears in Murphy's Romance. "They're for the upward-moving individual who's tired of built-in obsolescence," points out Shwartz, "Here you've already got time on your side."

In Dallas, shoppers should treat themselves to a visit to Shwartz's first Faces of Time shop in the new Crescent Center — even the showcases are romantic relics of a time gone by, and the merchandise often includes special offerings such as antique linens and lace.

TURÉ JEWELRY

Bold yet delicate, big yet feminine, contemporary yet reminiscent of antique charm — that's the look captured in Turé jewelry by the mother-daughter design team of Beverly and Pam Reinstein. In the four-and-a-half years since they started the venture, the Turé designers have become known for sterling silver pieces set with large stones.

"Color is our high point in the new collection," notes Beverly Reinstein. "Even though we're primarily jewelers, we've made one of the strongest color statements of the season." The point is carried through in unusual semi-precious stones and a new stone, touramaline jasper, a fuchsia colored stone that's expected to be one of the hot hues of the season. She adds: "Our line is considered fine jewelry. But that doesn't mean we can't cross over to offer fashion colors to fit the wardrobe."

All Turé pieces are worked by hand in sterling silver.

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FINI LIGNAROLO

Adding another wrinkle to the dressed-up denim genre is Fini Lignarolo's fall collection of ultra-big, ultra-bold separates in black and indigo denim.

For all their high drama and intricate detailing, Lignarolo's separates are, she says, designed for comfort. "I design for the woman like myself — I hate to dress up for parties. I like clothes big and I want to be comfortable in them."

Being Latin, says Lignarolo, it took her a while to learn what American women are looking for: Besides fashion looks they want comfort and ease of care. The big surprise: Lignarolo's soft leathers are machine washable. "I design for the normal person," she explains, "who's just a little bit fashion-conscious." That description — but not Lignarolo's collection — may be the understatement of the season.

HI-TECH

Designer Dina of Hi-Tech brought the fashion savvy of Europe to Los Angeles when she and business partner/fiance Elan Silver emigrated from Israel a year or two ago — and the result is distinctly American.

"When I design clothes I think first of comfort," says Dina — but one look at the Hi-Tech line assures that it's well named and highly fashion forward. For the '86 holiday season, for instance, groups center around sexy cut-outs and zipper themes, with plenty of rhinestone glitz to accent.

"They show a little flesh, but they're still very comfortable," notes Dina. "And I've used a little bit of the long oversized look, but not too much. The body still shows up."

CHANSON D'AMOUR

Chanson D'Amour, the self-proclaimed "strongest exponent of beaded and sequinned evening looks in this country," according to principal Akhtar Mir, is pushing forward into new sequin territory this holiday season, he says: "We're moving into more figure-hugging silhouettes now. Before, the idea was that in a sequinned look you couldn't do a close silhouette."

Mir's wife, Naseem, oversees design for the evening wear line, which runs the gamut from one-piece gowns to kicky camisole-and-pants ensembles. "We cover the complete spectrum of evening wear," Mir agrees.

Hot items in the Chanson D'Amour holiday line-up: a rich red sequinned and shirred torso with a silk organza skirt; very sexy copper tones; matte-finish sequins and new jewel colors.

NANCY JOHNSON

Her army of fans doesn't need to be reminded: Nancy Johnson makes them look good. This designer, who made a name for herself with Jane Eyre colors and Battenburg lace, is known for "classics for keeps" dresses that remain favorites season after season.

"I design for the executive-class woman who has gone past the point where she feels she has to dress like a man," notes Johnson. "My dresses are designed for day-into-evening; I think that's how most of us live these days."

For her evening looks, she says, "Much of my inspiration comes from the glamour of the 1930s but with an updated silhouette. The evening clothes from that era have a sense of drama I really like." She says she enjoys designing a classic, updated look combined with sophistication. "I design dresses that make every day a special day."

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TEXAS

Top, left to right: Houston views —NASA's museum, a downtown canal, and the Astrodome. Left, in Dallas, polo pretties at Willow Bend Polo Club; below: Bill Goldsmith's "Lone Star Plate" from Frank McIntosh at Stanley Korshak, the Crescent, Dallas

Texas is not an easy or a forgiving land—and many of the people attracted to it have their hard edges

(Continued from page 218) *Worth Star-Telegram* won the Pulitzer Prize for an investigative piece on one of its hometown's largest defense contractors. This year the *Dallas Morning News* took a Pulitzer for investigating the segregation of public housing, not just in Texas, not just in the South, but in forty-seven U.S. cities.

Recently I picked up the Sunday *New York Times* from my front lawn to get reports from the nation's cultural capital. The cover story of the magazine was about Houston's great patron of the arts, Dominique de Menil, who is building a new museum here to house her collection of twentieth-century and ethnographic art. Europeans probably know her collection better than Houstonians, for it was first shown comprehensively a couple of years ago at the Grand Palais in Paris. On the first page of the Arts and Leisure section, critic John Russell was writing about promising artists to watch. Russell gave special prominence to the work of Houston painter Derek Boshier, who has been showing in New York. The balance of cultural trade appears to be shifting in Texas. We're no longer just an importer; we're an exporter.

The Houston Ballet, for instance, recently performed at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC. The Houston Grand Opera created the first touring production of Scott Joplin's *Treemonisha*. Fort Worth's Kimbell Art Museum, one of the best endowed museums in the country, has been organizing and exporting exhibitions, such as *Blood of Kings: A New Interpretation of Maya Art*, that change our understanding of the history of art.

This is beginning to sound a little bit like a Texas brag, I know. But Texas is changing. When I was growing up, Leopold Stokowski resigned from directing the Houston Symphony Orchestra because a wealthy patron didn't think black singers should appear on stage. Now, despite the oil slump, Houston is building a new performing arts center with two stages. Today, while driving to the dentist, I noticed that a local church is producing a play by J.B. Priestley. I have more culture than I can say grace over.

This is not the Texas I grew up in. Yes, we still have our share of loudmouths and know-nothings, special interests and bigots, poverty and scandal. It's hard to get it all down, because as the Dallas author and historian A.C. Greene once told me, "Texas is such a strong place as a place." The folks at Oxford University Press seem to agree. They've made A.C. the editor of *A Companion to Texas*, a work of considerable thickness that is taking years to complete. The only other state that rates such a book, in Oxford's imagination, is California.

Plenty of Texans have had to leave home to make their mark, but they keep coming back. Former *Newsweek* and *Texas Monthly* editor Bill Broyles came to Houston to visit his parents last Christmas and, instead of returning North to put his kids back in school, he just stayed. Van Cliburn has returned to Fort Worth, as has sportswriter and novelist Dan Jenkins, who with his wife has opened a Mexican restaurant called Juanita's. And exiles keep coming back for visits. This is not because the scenery is so charming, though there are beautiful places here. I think it is because of the people. Most of us believe Texas is a place where you can do anything and still be yourself.

Photo credits last pages

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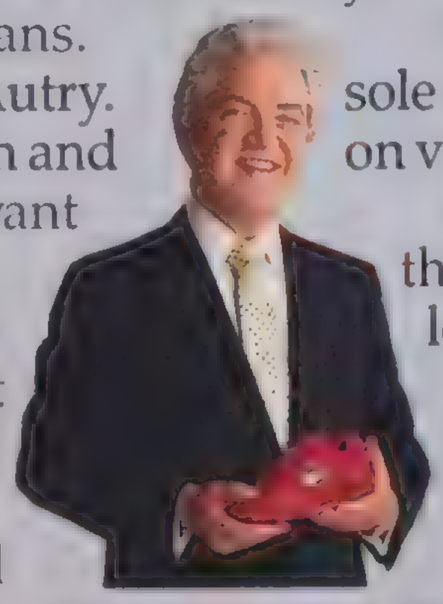

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TEXAS

Mapping the best . . . grand hotels, superb shopping, museums, food—from Southwest nouvelle to down-home barbecue—in Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, and Austin.
BY KIMBERLY GOAD

Dallas

The old images—the Cowboys, the Hunt brothers, J.R. Ewing—no longer tell the story. Today's Dallas is about change, bold dreams, fresh ways of doing things, a new sense of being a city, not an endless suburb. And while many critics look only to flashy Dallas, they miss the other side of the city's energy: the side that is *very* serious about luxury. Its hotels are setting new standards for the world, and its chefs are inventing a whole new Southwestern cuisine. Welcome to Dallas, a city that insists on living well. . .

TO STAY:

The Mansion on Turtle Creek, 2821 Turtle Creek Blvd.; 214/526-2121. With its pretty, very private setting in the lavishly landscaped, old-monied neighborhood of Turtle Creek, this is Dallas' premier small luxury hotel. Elegant, comfortable guest rooms—all with private balconies, all with marble-and-brass baths, French soaps. The Mansion's restaurant, housed within an historic Italian Renaissance-styled villa, is the setting for imaginative Southwestern cuisine created by Wolfgang Puck-trained Dean Fearing.

Hotel Crescent Court, 400 Crescent Court; 214/871-3200. The younger—though larger (218 rooms)—sister of The Mansion is at the center of the splendid new Crescent Court complex. Rooms have marble baths, Lancaster toiletries—and guests may book facials, massages, body-wraps at the Crescent spa. The hotel's lively Beau Nash brasserie, with its open kitchen, and The Conservatory, overlooking the courtyard, are both steered by Executive Chef Steve Singer, another former associate of Wolfgang Puck.

The Adolphus, 1321 Commerce St.; 214/742-8200. The creation of beer baron Adolphus Busch in 1912, this downtown Dallas landmark comes with a twenty-one-story baroque façade that's topped—aptly—with a beer-bottle-shaped turret. Equally eye-grabbing is the Adolphus' lobby—decorated with Flemish tapestries and Louis XV and XVI furnishings. In the French Room restaurant, Chef Philippe Mouton—formerly of Hotel George V in Paris—serves up classic and *nouvelle* French dishes under a vaulted ceiling with hand-painted murals, Venetian glass chandeliers.

The Melrose, 3015 Oak Lawn Ave.; 214/521-5151. VIPs slip quietly into town at The Melrose—a discreet establishment (with two concierge floors) that had a $100,000-a-room face lift a few years back.

The Mandalay Four Seasons, 221 East Las Colinas Blvd.; 214/556-0800. Midway between the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport and downtown Dallas, The Mandalay has a charmed, away-from-it-all location in the man-made, canal-crossed Las Colinas development. At the adjacent Four Seasons Fitness Resort and Spa, rejuvenation awaits—while the hotel's French restaurant, Enjolie, follows through with the Four Seasons Alternative menu (each meal under 650 calories).

TO DINE:

Routh Street Cafe, 3005 Routh St.; 214/871-7161. Wonderfully prepared Southwestern cuisine is a five-course—fixed price—affair here. The setting: a two-story house with a slick, grey-and-salmon interior. Coming this fall: Baby Routh will offer the same food just a few blocks away. . . at lower prices.

Dakota's, 600 North Akard; 214/740-4001. Beneath the hustle and bustle of downtown Dallas, this underground bistro—a beauty of marble, beveled glass, and Dakota mahogany granite—serves mesquite- or hickory-grilled steaks, chicken, seafood. French doors lead to a waterfall and courtyard.

Sonny Bryan's Smokehouse, 2202 Inwood; 214/357-7120. Robert Duvall's favorite Dallas hangout—long on local color, short on air-conditioning. Patrons sit at desk-like tables or stand outdoors at a bar to eat Texas-sized portions of barbecued beef, ham, and ribs.

The West End Oasis, Pacific and Market St.; 214/698-9775. Sometime Hollywood moviemaker Richard Chase converted a turn-of-the-century warehouse—in downtown's historic West End—into one of the city's best-looking restaurants, with a pink granite waterfall/fountain in the garden, art and hand-painted china in the dining room. Menu features "cuisine du soleil"—a cross between Southwestern and Provençal.

Genaro's Tropical, 5815 Live Oak; 214/827-9590. A combination of Tex-Mex (fabulous *queso flameado*) and traditional Mexico City-style food in a black-and-white Deco setting with twenty-foot ceilings, potted palms, cacti, white-and-turquoise tiled banquette.

SHOPPING:

Texas' oldest shopping center, the Spanish **Highland Park** *(Continued on page 225)*

WHO GOES TO THE PHOENIX?

KATHRYN CLARK CHILDERS, Corpus Christi, Texas. TV talk show host, former Secret Service Agent with assignments at The White House. Married to psychiatrist, Cecil A. Childers; mother to three sons. Active in Junior League, Driscoll Children's Hospital Telethon, many other community efforts.

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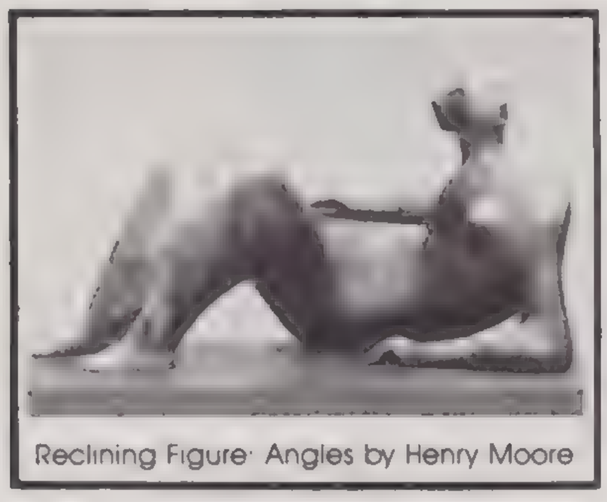

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TEXAS

(Continued) **Village** (at Preston Road and Mockingbird Lane), appeals—in part by virtue of its location—to affluent shoppers. Here, one finds preppy looks at **Harold's,** fresh classics at **Polo/Ralph Lauren,** designer dresses at **Mr. Umphrey's,** beautiful silk scarves at **Hermès,** leather goods (shoes, bags, pants, skirts) at **Carlos Falchi.** French fabrics star at **Pierre Deux;** top Italian men's fashions at **Gerard-Thomas**—where owners send for customers in a limo!

This fall, Highland Park becomes home to the largest of **Chanel**'s three new U.S. boutiques. Other fall debuts include a **Valentino** boutique . . . and **Torie Steele,** who brings her Rodeo Drive panache to Dallas with two connecting shops—one of which will be all clothes from Versace.

The **Galleria**—Far North Dallas' premier shopping mall—is anchored by **Saks Fifth Avenue, Macy's,** and **Marshall Field's** . . . but that's only where the shopping begins. It goes on to **Tiffany & Co., Gump's, Georgette Klinger, Elizabeth Arden, Brooks Brothers, Yves Saint Laurent, Charles Jourdan, Laura Ashley, Louis Vuitton** and **Mark Cross.** At **North Beach Leather** (outfitters of Dallas' premier charity gala, the Cattle Baron's Ball), soft leathers and suedes come textured, embossed, sequined, studded with faux pearls. Also here: the cool, contemporary looks of **In-Wear-Matinique;** everything for the kitchen at **Williams-Sonoma;** and everything for the privileged child at **FAO Schwarz.**

The biggest shopping news in Dallas is **The Crescent**—a three-story open-air plaza centered around a forty-foot fountain. Here, Chicago's venerable **Stanley Korshak**—straight from that city's Magnificent Mile—brings with it top European and American men's and women's wear . . . plus a variety of boutiques within the main store: Fogal hosiery, Frank McIntosh Collectibles for the house, designer shoes at Joseph's. Also at The Crescent: faux jewelry by **Ylang-Ylang;** an assortment of sterling-silver gifts and music boxes at **English Heritage;** men's footwear at **To Boot** (its first store outside of New York City); glamorous women's shoes at the mirrored and marbled **Stephane Kelian. Ron Fritts** stocks unusual artwear fashions.

Neiman-Marcus—a Dallas institution at 1618 Main St.—lures shoppers downtown with its top American and European designers, Steuben glass gallery, fine Italian linens at the Pratesi boutique . . . and its Zodiac Room—*the* restaurant for serious shoppers.

There's another Neiman's at **NorthPark**—that venerable Dallas mall on the corner of Northwest Highway and Central Expressway. Neiman's NorthPark news: a recently redone Epicure Department—plus an expanded third-floor gift gallery where, this fall, an exclusive exhibit of Baccarat will dazzle.

Also at NorthPark: **Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.**—with the best of Gucci and Richard D. Eiseman precious gems; a new **Mondi** clothes boutique. A Burberrys shop opens next month at **Woolf Brothers.** At **Zales:** a mix of semi-precious and precious rings, earrings, bracelets; **Corrigan's** features one-of-a-kind eighteen- and twenty-four-carat gold pieces.

Oak Lawn—near downtown—has trendy restaurants, an eclectic mix of both offbeat and top designer shops. **Loretta Blum** (4268 Oak Lawn) pulls together the largest collections of Ungaro and Krizia in Dallas, while **Miss B** (4244 Oak Lawn) focuses on American names such as Nancy Heller, Cathy Hardwick, Ellen Tracy. Next door, the spare, sleek space of **Sonia Rykiel** (4254 Oak Lawn) houses everything from lingerie and jewelry to sportswear. The **Alexander Julian Shop** (3311 Oak Lawn) has Julian's colorful men's and women's pieces displayed on an imposing terrazzo table.

Along **Lovers Lane**—near The Highland Park Village— **Lou Lattimore** (4320 Lovers Lane) has long been known for the polished looks of Geoffrey Beene, Bill Blass, and Chanel. Lattimore now also carries Thierry Mugler, Franco Moschino, Claude Montana. **The Gazebo** (168 Inwood Village) features everything from appliqued denims and rhinestone-studded cottons to sophisticated evening clothes. At **Saodade** (5222 W. Lovers Lane): progressive looks from Matsuda and Yohji Yamamoto. At **Cavalletto** (215 Preston Royal Center), leather and suede skirts, pants, and shirts star.

LOOK WHO'S BEEN TO THE PHOENIX.

DIANNE DE WITT, New York City. Top fashion model. Began her career in Paris, now New York. European and American fashion magazine covers, TV commercials, designer's collection shows. Single, member of Junior Committee for Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Church social work. First visit to The Phoenix: Mother-Daughter Week, 1983.

PATRICE CANAVOVA

Dianne doesn't take fitness lightly. She can't. So her first trip to The Phoenix came only after "I did a lot of research. I like the friendliness and genuine concern of The Phoenix . . . the atmosphere of acceptance." **Did The Phoenix have an effect on her?** "It was the turning point in taking care of me!" **The turning point in your life can be just a phone call away. Call us! 1-800-548-4700, 1-800-548-4701 (Texas)**

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TO SEE:

Dallas Museum of Art (1717 North Harwood; 214/922-0220) houses the extraordinary Wendy and Emery Reves Collection—including Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings—in a recreation of the Reves's villa in the South of France.

Willow Bend Polo and Hunt Club in Plano; 214/248-6298. An increasingly popular—and most proper—Sunday afternoon diversion is the sport of cowboys and kings; polo now draws some four thousand fans every Sunday (August 31-October 26).

The Mesquite Championship Rodeo; 214/285-8777. Every Friday and Saturday night through September, privileged guests sit in the luxurious—and private—confines of third-floor skybox suites to watch bull, bareback bronc, and saddle riding; calf roping; steer wrestling; women's barrel racing.

Houston

A city of big buildings, big business, big money, big risks—Houston is the Sun Belt's major metropolis. And while the recent oil glut may have temporarily humbled Houston's economic clout, the city's cultural life continues to grow and to flourish. Witness, for example, the soon-to-debut museum for local heroine Dominique de Menil's extraordinary art collection . . . and *(Continued on page 226)*

TEXAS

(Continued) the massive performing arts complex now rising downtown. Houston, ultimately, is about frontier-town optimism—and with its glamour, charisma, and talents, there's good reason to be optimistic.

TO STAY:

The Remington on Post Oak Park, 1919 Briar Oaks Lane; 713/840-7600. Contemporary art and Chinese antiques, marble floors, and oak-paneled walls create the feeling of great luxury. Guestrooms with canopied beds, marble and brass Jacuzzi baths, Gucci toiletries, and terry robes complete the picture. Guests can escape to a second-floor pool or to the Payot Club Privé for a facial, manicure, the works. Two excellent restaurants: the Conservatory—beveled glass, Italian marble, brass and crystal chandeliers—and the dark-wooded Bar & Grill.

The Lancaster, 701 Texas Ave.; 713/228-9500. This Texas take on an English country manor shows up, surprisingly, on one of Houston's busiest corners. Inside, the hotel seems an exclusive private club with nineteenth-century antiques, forest-green walls hung with paintings of the hunt. The Lancaster's ninety-three guestrooms—each suite-like with sitting area, four phones, marble and brass bathrooms—and its proximity to the Jesse H. Jones Hall for the Performing Arts make it a convenient base for followers of Houston's theater, opera, ballet, or symphony.

Inn on the Park, Four Riverway; 713/871-8181. On twenty-eight acres, this Four Seasons resort hotel is only five minutes away from the great shops of Houston's landmark Galleria. Big draws here are the fitness facilities—four tennis courts, two outdoor pools (with underwater classical music!), health club—and the award-winning French fare at La Réserve, the hotel's superb restaurant.

For a special week of pampering in Houston, **The Phoenix Fitness Resort** (111 North Post Oak Lane) offers super-spa retreats on thirteen wooded acres. Top fitness facilities: three swimming pools, five tennis courts, eight racquetball courts, one-mile outdoor cushioned SuperTurf track, indoor banked track with pacing lights, state-of-the-art exercise equipment...plus sauna, steambath, massage. Guests stay in a private wing of The Houstonian Hotel (on the premises), dine on low-cal, sophisticated meals.

TO DINE:

Tony's, 1801 Post Oak Blvd.; 713/622-6779. Located in the booming Galleria area, it specializes in what the menu calls "the poetry of French food," but it is Houston's number-one see-and-be-seen haunt.

Anthony's, 4611 Montrose Blvd.; 713/524-1922. A less expensive, more casual version of Tony's. The antipasto table—with over a dozen dishes (mussels in creamy mayonnaise, baby eggplant stuffed with pesto)—can make you forget to order a main course.

Armando's, 1811 South Shepherd; 713/521-9757. The menu here is Mexico City-style cuisine, the atmosphere is casual—an entire corner is covered with confiscated neckties of notables who've broken the laid-back dress code—and the word of mouth is so good that owner Armando Palacios recently had to convert the driveway into a dining patio.

Cafe Annie, 5860 Westheimer; 713/780-1522. Food here is not just innovative—chilled red-chile soup with cilantro cream, pork loin with pumpkin seed sauce, mushroom ravioli with pinenuts and ham—it is so *fresh* that there's no freezer in the kitchen.

Brennan's, 3300 Smith; 713/522-9711. American Creole: crab cakes, turtle soup, sautéed catfish with pecans. A shady patio is the place for weekend jazz brunches.

Goode Company Barbeque, 5109 Kirby; 713/522-2530. Arguably the best barbecue—brisket, ham, sausage, chicken—in Houston. Everything is served up cafeteria-style. Sit at a picnic table on the patio, or indoors where the decor is decidedly Texas: Hank Williams glossies on the walls, a ceiling covered with rodeo and gospel concert posters.

SHOPPING:

When it opened some fifteen years ago, the **Galleria** (5015 Westheimer) revolutionized shopping in Houston by bringing the biggest names in fashion under one roof. A visit to the Galleria can start in one of four directions: At **Neiman-Marcus, Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field's,** or **Frost Bros.** From there, some 260 shops await—many of them duplicates of the Dallas Galleria. At Houston's own **Isabell Gerhart,** one finds designer sportswear and couture, including, among others, Bill Blass, Geoffrey Beene, Pauline Trigère, Louis Feraud ....At **David Webb,** pricey animal-shaped ruby-emerald-and-sapphire-studded bracelets are kept under lock and key. Also here: **Gucci...Fogal** stockings...**Gordon's Jewelers'** fourteen- and eighteen-carat gold watches, rings, bracelets, necklaces.

This fall, **The Garden Court,** the Galleria's latest addition, will add some sixty new names to its already impressive roster. Surrounding a massive two-tiered garden will be **Macy's, Polo/Ralph Lauren, Roberto's** (for leather accessories); **Ylang-Ylang's** rhinestone-studded earrings and bracelets.

Across the street from the Galleria, Houston's legendary **Sakowitz** is the city's prime place for Valentino. Also here: Bernard Perris, Byblos, Krizia, Carolyne Roehm; sportswear from Missoni, Anne Klein, Zack Carr; evening things from Oscar de la Renta. For Texana: Sakowitz's new Sesqui Alley offers everything from stuffed armadillos and Sesqui Bears to "gourmet" items such as Texas Chenin Blanc, jalapeño jelly...and "The Fajita Kit," which comes with tortilla mix, mesquite marinade, and black iron skillet.

More good places to shop in the Galleria/Sakowitz area: the small **Saks Fifth Avenue Center of Fashion....Szor-Diener/Esther Wolf** (1702 South Post Oak Blvd.), Houston's longtime "important occasion" shop—for silks and satins from Mary McFadden, Bill Blass, Geoffrey Beene; plus exquisite Szor-Diener furs...**Tootsies** (4045 Westheimer)—where owner Mickey Rosmarin introduced Kenzo, Emmanuelle Khanh, and Sonia Rykiel to Houston. Now, he also offers Perry Ellis, Anne Klein, Donna Karan, as well as Claude Montana, Karl Lagerfeld, Byblos—all in a dramatic boutiques-within-a-boutique setting....**Tucan** (1405 South Post Oak Lane)—which runs the gamut from classic clothes to offbeat, includes pieces from Karl Lagerfeld, Carolyne Roehm, Italy's Franco Moschino, Nancy Heller, Robert Lee Morris. Fun: Tucan's rhinestone-studded cowboy boots, silver-blue-and-black metal mesh kerchiefs.

TO SEE:

The Contemporary Arts Museum (5216 Montrose Blvd.) opens the last of its Sesquicentennial exhibits—*Melissa Miller: A Survey 1978-1986*—September 13-November 2.

The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston (1001 Bissonnet). Important exhibits this fall: *Illusion and Reality: Fashions in France* surveys French fashion during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (September 10-January 11, 1987). *Art in New Mexico, 1900-1945: Paths to Taos and Santa Fe* will include Georgia O'Keeffe, Ansel Adams, Edward Hopper (November 2-January 4, 1987).

The Houston Livestock Show & Rodeo at the Astrodome, February 21-March 8. Two weeks of bareback bronc- and bull-riding, calf roping, steer wrestling...barbecue and butter-drenched corn on the cob.

San Antonio

Once a sleepy town whose main claim to fame was the Alamo, San Antonio is now the tenth-largest city in the U.S.—a fact hard to believe since the skyline has remained decidedly low-rise, the pace delightfully low-key. For visitors, San Antonio's charms are many—from sophisticated, sassy Mexican food and enchanting hacienda hotels to historic missions and lively ethnic celebrations. Its greatest glory: River Walk, the mile-and-a-half-long downtown stretch of the San Antonio River—edged with cafés, clubs, hotels, and restaurants—that, surprisingly, recalls Venice rather than the U.S. Southwest. No wonder San Antonio is Texas' most-visited city.

TO STAY:

La Mansion del Rio, 112 College St.; 512/225-2581. This hacienda-like beauty with white stucco façade, classic Spanish arches and columns is set against the romantic River Walk—and most of its 340 guest rooms have water or courtyard views.

St. Anthony Inter-Continental, 300 East Travis St.; 512/227-4392. The city's namesake hotel is a lesson in Texas opulence: imposing white columns, mosaic-tiled floors, Empire chandeliers, floor-to-ceiling French

doors opening onto the front loggia—where the city's most-sought-after Sunday brunch takes place. Hotel guests may also dine in the prestigious private St. Anthony Club.
The Fairmount Hotel, 401 South Alamo St.; 512/224-8800. This turn-of-the-century hotel made headlines recently when it was hoisted and moved six blocks to its present spot downtown. Following a major re-do, The Fairmount opens this month as a small (thirty-eight guest rooms) luxury hotel. Happily, its original fireplaces, French doors, wrought-iron balconies remain.

TO DINE:

La Fogata, 2427 Vance Jackson; 512/341-9920. This gas-station-turned *taqueria* specializes in the fare of Northern Mexico: *tacos al carbon, enchiladas rancheras*. A large outdoor patio provides most of the seating.
Mi Tierra, 218 Produce Row; 512/225-1262. Tex-Mex twenty-four hours a day, Christmas decorations year-round, and the best fresh *pan dulce* (Mexican sweet rolls) in town.
Joseph St. Cafe, 400 East Josephine St.; 512/224-6169. A typical Texas bar and grill—with a not-necessarily-typical tree in the middle of it! The fare: like-Mom-made chicken-fried steak, pork chops, grilled liver, rib-eye and sirloin steaks. For dessert: pecan praline pie.
Chez Ardid, 1919 San Pedro; 512/732-3203. M. Ardid and family serve up traditional French cuisine—including a superlative seafood sausage with truffles and pistachios—in a posh nineteenth-century mansion.
PJ's, 700 North St. Mary's; 512/225-8400. A pretty-in-pink decor and River Walk setting make this a great place for a shopper's lunch. The menu specializes in homemade pastas and seafood.

TO SHOP:

North Star Mall, in north San Antonio, is hard to miss—what with a pair of thirty-foot plastic cowboy boots out in front. Inside, electronic directories—in Spanish and English—tell the way to the mammoth mall's 175-plus shops. For starters: The San Antonio-based **Frost Bros.**—the city's answer to Neiman-Marcus—has recently grown, making room for a wonderful Gucci boutique.

Across the way is **Saks Fifth Avenue**—not quite a year old—as well as the soon-to-open **Marshall Field's.** In between: casual cottons at **ACA JOE** and **The Gap;** classic lines at **Polo/Ralph Lauren** and **British Khaki;** colorful knits at **Benetton;** pricey Italian menswear at **Baroni.** For all-cotton safari-style gear, there's a **Banana Republic**.

Across the street from North Star Mall, **Dianne Adams** (8507 McCullough Ave.) has San Antonio's largest collection of Escada, also upscale evening clothes from Carolyne Roehm and Bob Mackie.... Down the street, **Julian Gold** (4109 McCullough Ave.) focuses on classics from Mary Ann Restivo, Betty Hanson, Calvin Klein—and shown-by-appointment-only collections of Oscar de la Renta, Bill Blass, Carolyne Roehm.

Paul Wesley Hodges's very proper shop (7701 Broadway) attracts women from all over Texas with his collections of Pauline Trigère, Adele Simpson, Hanae Mori.

TO SEE:

San Antonio Museum of Art, 200 West Jones Ave.; 512/226-5544. A former brewery, SAMA houses impressive collections of pre-Columbian and Spanish Colonial art, Oriental pieces, contemporary American painting and sculpture. Opening in November: *Concariño* ("With Affection") will present Mexican folk art, much of it from Nelson Rockefeller's private collection.
McNay Art Museum, 6000 North New Braunfels; 512/824-5368. The Spanish-Mediterranean McNay mansion—with its attractive garden—is home to a notable collection of Post-Impressionist art.
Missions. The Alamo is Texas' most-visited shrine, but San Antonio has other missions—San José, Concepción, San Juan, Espada—that provide an intriguing look at the city's Colonial past. Call: 800/292-1010.

Austin

Austin is a surprise: a political hot-spot (it's the capital of Texas)...a major academic power (the mega-endowed University of Texas brings together some fifty-thousand scholars)...a music hub (the "Austin Sound" is Country and *(Continued on page 228)*

WHY YOU SHOULD GO TO THE PHOENIX.

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TEXAS

(Continued) Western's coolest, most sophisticated)...and now, with the influx of high-tech industries, Austin has become Texas' newest boom town. A cosmopolitan city with a fresh-air, Texas Hill Country setting—Austin is, quite simply, a great place to be.

TO STAY:

Stephen F. Austin Hotel, 701 Congress Ave.; 512/476-1061. A few blocks from the Capitol, the Stephen F. Austin charms with its columned French Quarter façade, its opulent—Chippendale chair, Oriental carpet, palm-filled—interior. Afternoon tea—accompanied by a harpist—is in the flower-filled lounge, dining takes place in the Remington Room, where bronze Frederic Remington sculptures accent a Western note.
The Driskill, Sixth and Brazos St.; 512/474-5911. Texas cattle baron Jesse Driskill opened Austin's oldest luxury hotel one hundred years ago. Now, in time for its centennial, more than a few million dollars have gone toward updating this grand old institution.
La Mansión Hotel, 6505 IH-35 North; 512/454-3737. Austin's Spanish Colonial influence shows up here in terra-cotta tiled floors, rustic wooden beams, floor-to-ceiling arched windows, and lush courtyard. For fitness buffs: a shell-shaped pool, Jacuzzi and sauna on the second floor; for VIPs, a private concierge floor...and for guests in a hurry, a helipad.

TO DINE:

The Old Pecan St. Cafe, 314 East 6th St.; 512/478-2491. With its bars, cafés, and music joints, Sixth Street (originally known as Pecan Street) has always had a colorful reputation. Its top café offers, among many delights, the best pecan pie in town.
City Grill, 401 Sabine St; 512/479-0817. This lumber mill-turned-diner does marvelous mesquite-grilled steaks, seafood, chicken. On cool days, the pecan-tree-shaded deck overlooking Waller Creek is *the* place.
Jeffrey's, 1204 West Lynn; 512/477-5584. Tucked away in a quiet West Austin neighborhood, the city's hottest restaurant serves up Chicken Breast Lyonnaise, Lamb Chops Morocco, Red Snapper Mazeleco in a cozy (only seventeen tables) setting.
Clarksville Cafe, 1202 West Lynn; 512/474-7279. Next door to and owned by the folks at Jeffrey's, this used to be a place where Jeffrey's patrons waited for a table. Now the sleek café needs an extra wait-place of its own.
The County Line on the Hill, 6500 West Bee Caves Road; 512/327-1742. Heaping portions of barbecue ribs, brisket, and sausage (dubbed the "Country Style Platter" on the menu) are served in a 'forties roadhouse—with posters of Jean Harlow, Rita Hayworth, and Bette Davis covering the walls.
Fonda San Miguel, 2330 West North Loop Blvd.; 512/459-4121. Mexican food in Austin most often means Tex-Mex (*fajitas, nachos,* and the like), but Fonda San Miguel specializes in dishes from the interior of Mexico—*ceviche*, thick *sopa de elote* (corn soup with Monterey Jack cheese), chicken in a rich *mole* sauce; hacienda-like surroundings.

TO SHOP:

Shopping becomes a most civilized pursuit at **The Arboretum**—Austin's newest outdoor mall. Here, centered around the just-opened west Texas-based **Joe Brand** specialty store (offering Calvin Klein and Donna Karan women's wear, Alexander Julian and Giorgio Armani menswear) are a number of pricey boutiques that line up one after the other: **Polo/Ralph Lauren**; **Swartz**'s—for Adolfo and Oscar de la Renta; **Koslow's** furs; **Statement**'s forward men's and women's fashion from Matsuda, Basco, and Joan Vass; plus trendy **L.A. Eyeworks** sunglasses.

For travel needs: **Banana Republic**—aptly set up as a hunting lodge—features cotton bush shirts, safari jackets, and jungle fatigues. For gifts: **The European Influence** has Kosta Boda crystal, Hans Hedberg ceramic vases, Royal Copenhagen porcelains and china—while **Higginbottom's** offers up everything from wonderful Russian lacquer boxes to Steiff teddy bears and—in back—Moreau chocolates at the Chocolate Pavilion with a *trompe l'oeil* gazebo ceiling.

More great shopping in the Tarrytown area of Old Austin at **Beth Denius, Ltd.** (7 Jefferson Square), one-time preppy haven that's evolved into a still-conservative but designer-conscious boutique....Near the University of Texas campus, unusual gift selections at **The Golden Goose** (605 West 28th St.). Among them: a delightful assortment of antique dolls and doll houses.

TO SEE:

The Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and Museum, 2313 Red River St.; 512/482-5137. Located on the University of Texas campus, the library—with an exact recreation of the Oval Office on its eighth floor—houses some thirty-one million documents from the LBJ administration, features presidential mementos beginning with George Washington.
Elisabet Ney Museum, 304 East 44th St.; 512/458-2255. Believed to be Texas' first museum, the studio of nineteenth-century German sculptor Elisabet Ney houses many of her works, from sculptures of Sam Houston to Ludwig II of Bavaria.
Archer M. Huntington Art Gallery, the University of Texas campus; 512/471-7324. One of the top university museums in the country, the Huntington shows off its permanent collections—including author James Michener's private trove of twentieth-century American paintings—in the Harry Ransom Center at 21st and Guadalupe. Temporary exhibits are mounted in the Art Building at 23rd and San Jacinto. This fall, *Lone Star Regionalism: The Dallas Nine and Their Circle 1928-1945* takes a look at Texas through the eyes of regional artists.

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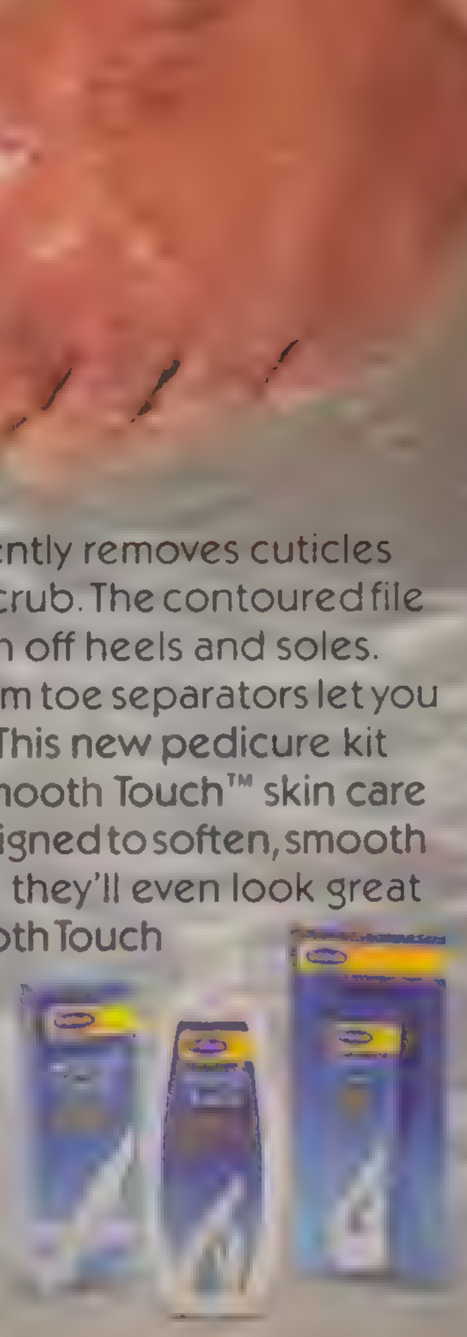

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TRAVEL NOW

Hot news from the Caribbean . . . Brazil for $999 . . . the best tour of India ever. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Laguna luxe

About an hour south of Los Angeles, a classic new beauty—the Mediterranean-moderne Ritz-Carlton hotel in Laguna Niguel, *right*—has come up with a midweek package that's a winner. Among the lures of its "Royal Beach Holiday" are a deluxe balconied room (on the hotel's posh Club Level with private concierge and lounge) as well as Continental breakfasts, midmorning snacks, afternoon tea, cocktail-hour drinks and hors d'oeuvres daily. Also part of the three-night/four-day package: valet parking, tennis time, aerobics classes, and full use of the Ritz-Carlton's excellent health club. The surprisingly low price for everything: $325 per person, double occupancy.

EYE OPENER: For travelers who don't like spending the night on a plane, Varig Brazilian Airlines has just introduced the world's only daylight flight between New York and Rio; it leaves JFK at 10:00 A.M. Sundays, arrives in Brazil in time for a night on the town. More good news: special tours that combine the new flight with a week in Rio at a top hotel—such as the Rio Palace—for as little as $999!

After some twenty years of various owners, dreams, and schemes, La Belle Creole—the never-finished Caribbean resort on the French side of St. Martin—is finally opening this fall. Steered by Conrad International Hotels (a Hilton subsidiary), La Belle Creole tucks 156 ultra-luxurious rooms and suites in rustic stone buildings that evoke the South of France. For details, see page 239 or travel agent.

BEST OF BROOKLYN

The monumental structure pictured *above* is not in Paris but stands in the Grand Army Plaza of Brooklyn, NY. One of the borough's many wonders, the Grand Army Plaza Arch can be seen on a new six-hour Brooklyn tour from Gray Line. More delights: Vaux and Olmsted's glorious Prospect Park . . . the extraordinary Egyptian collections at The Brooklyn Museum . . . exotic Middle Eastern shops along Atlantic Avenue . . . glamorous townhouses in Brooklyn Heights. The tour goes Thursdays and Sundays through October 26; price: $18.00. Call Gray Line at (212) 397-2600.

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Center, left: WAYNE SIDES; bottom: J. NETTIS/F.P.G.

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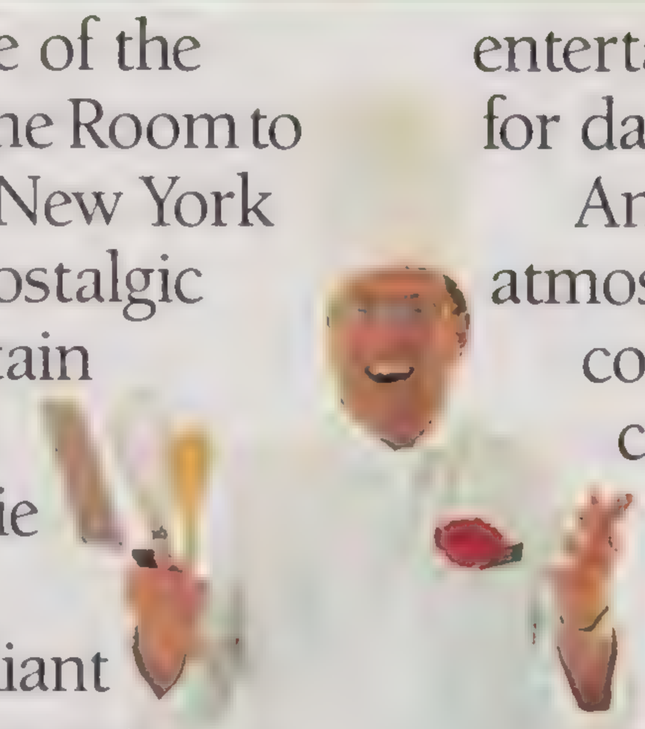

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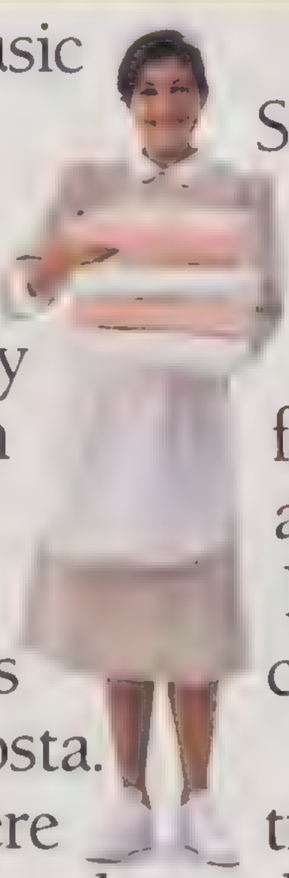

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TRAVEL

A weekend at the Crillon: the ultimate Paris.

BY JILL ROBINSON-SHAW

L'Hôtel de Crillon, the last of the great Parisian hotels still owned by the French, was rescued only six years ago by Jean Taittinger, several dedicated architects, and Sonia Rykiel. With the Historical Monuments Society, mountains of Italian marble, acres of mirror, a Niagara of chandeliers, bowers of gilt swoops, festoons, branches, and braids . . . and a fortune, the Crillon was reinvented. A City of Light within *the* City of Light. One tries not to look full of wonderment, but strolls through the great salons remembering the line, "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls." This is the American in Paris fantasy transported not only in space but also in time.

The Crillon plays the Nina Foch role. One can imagine her crossing elegant legs on the sofa in this charming cream and blue suite on the fifth—the top—floor, with a sweeping view of rooftops, a Tricolore fluttering in the breeze, the Tour Eiffel, the Grand Palais. The Crillon has had the originality to make the decor, the fabrics, look at once distinguished and fresh. It has made this classic style brand new. In our suite are two remote-control television sets, two refrigerators stocked with Taittinger Champagne, various spirits, juices, and mineral waters. On the coffee table is a large crystal vase of long-stemmed roses; perfect letter paper at the antique desk.

A spiral staircase leads from the sitting room up to the bedroom; one might lean over the balustrade and whisper witty dialogue in French. The bathroom is marbled from head to toe and has long French windows. At night, the Eiffel Tower you see from your Roger & Gallet bubble bath is gold.

The hardware and the velvet draperies caught in fringed silken ropes compete for attention with the bed linens. With such authority in every detail of the pewter and brass fastenings on the downstairs windows, one does not need them also to work (they don't). Never mind air; one must have room service.

The Crillon understands salad. Fennel—this decade's celery—began here. The definitive *niçoise* arrives with tomatoes of character; but if I had to choose one food for life, it would be the nut bread at the Crillon, with Pierre Robert cheese. Why would one sleep when there is twenty-four-hour room service?

Along this line of thought, why would one decide what to wear when there is an entire mirrored dressing room to change the mind in? "Because," I am reminded the next morning, "Les Ambassadeurs serves breakfast for only two more hours." We enter the Crillon's legendary dining room to discover a buffet, more choreographed than arranged, as the crystal, the gold, the mirror make sunlight stereophonic. I must dance. He gives me a look: I must appear accustomed to glory.

I might, in fact, wish to stay at Les Ambassadeurs all day eating chiffon croissants, and jams with such names as *myrtille* and *groseille*. "This is the 'power' breakfast," the captivating Gilbert Irondelle, *Directeur* of the Crillon, says with the right amusement. (There is wrong humor; élan is knowing the difference. Definitive élan is perfect wit in two languages.) M. Irondelle appears to be all style, but is as precise in his observations and coordination as a general. The Crillon must hold special breakfast bookings for its own guests, because this has become the most popular morning place in Paris.

On Sunday, however, the Relais Plaza at the Hôtel Plaza-Athénée is where you take your watch for lunch. Watches, pompadour combs, designer manicures are the prosperity symbols of the post-revolutionary in Paris. Not to neglect rings—is that her lover or her security guard? Here, one eats *American* (club sandwiches, cheeseburgers), devours expressions, conversations staged for overhearing. Paradise for gossips. Despair: My French is not swift enough to catch it all.

A woman next to us dashes to exchange kisses with five women at another table, who, in turn, wave at a trio in St. Laurent, who, as we all do, turn to stare at the Arrival in the long black Valentino. The longest burgundy nails, *three* pompadours with Art Nouveau combs. She wins the day, does not glance to see if there is anyone here whose presence

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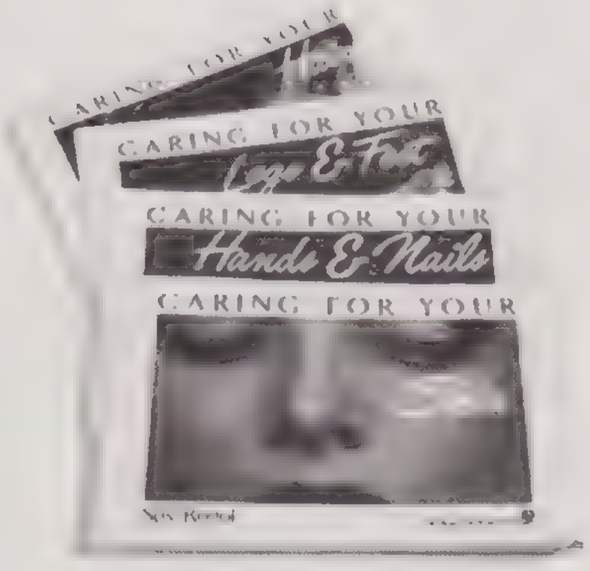

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she'd care to acknowledge.

Every other day of the week, the Crillon's L'Obélisque is where the real *everyone* (the people who try to avoid the crowd that wants to see "where everyone is") can be found—welcomed under Lalique chandeliers by Jean Dumont, a man born knowing who is truly who and where one must seat them, born understanding that one can provide a sensational meal in fifteen minutes for the person who must catch that plane—or the three-hour light supper for the artist and his dealer. For dessert here: Le Pot Noir Sonia Rykiel—a chocolate creation in a large cup. Fade out with this: "And so I ate my Sonia Rykiel and took off for the Place des Vosges."

Power breakfast, Parisian-style: the Crillon's buffet

The Place des Vosges, the arcade of superb shops in the Marais, is where you also find the Victor Hugo café and not far from where you go to stand in line for the Musée Picasso in the Hôtel Salé. Not all the great buildings called *hôtels* have the authority, the scrupulous pedigree of the Crillon. The Hôtel Salé, for example, was built by one of Paris' notorious seventeenth-century "tax farmers." The just desert is that the building is now owned by the City and filled with the work that Picasso's family paid *their* inheritance taxes with, including gifts from a few of his best friends, such as Rousseau.

We walk from Le Marais to Au Quai des Ormes, overlooking the Seine. Here, the warmth and vitality of Georges and Marianne Masraff, who own the restaurant, add enormously to the ambience; nothing feels careless, taken for granted. Nothing is.

I decide to try the nine-hundred calorie menu that friends in Paris have told me about. "Unimaginable!" I had declared. "You shall see," I was told.

I watch uneasily as Stuart is served tiny hot asparagus spears garlanded with cold smoked salmon—a dark satiny combination beautifully designed and laid out on the plate. What can compare? Try these: tiny shrimp, arching over slivers of carrots, herbs, on a biscuit fashioned of hazelnuts upon *coulis*. And then, my main course: soufflé of sole and scalloped cloak of cucumbers on poached sole. Footsteps of swan . . . that light. His: fricassee of sole, creamy carrot *coulis*, fettucine, fragrant with nutmeg. They tried to take their ravioli off the menu. Fifty letters of protest arrived. Ravioli returned. It must never leave.

The chefs of Paris are wild for mixed marriages—dishes hot and cold, sweet and spicy. Pistachio ice cream/warm pears. My dessert: a flourish of fruits in a gelatin wheel, the fruits resembling tiny military medals, stars, snowflakes, dancers spinning. Then a galaxy of post-dessert "sweets." . . .

That night's dinner at Chiberta. The look: dark, romantic—bravado-red faille drapes, rough pewter candle holders, tumblers full of giant crimson lilies. All one once needed to be a star was allure. Now one must be a chef, a ravioli roué. Chiberta's chef, Monsieur Jean-Michel Bédier, is not only a star, he has such allure that one falls in love with the menu.

An Englishman next to us is cross with his lady. "Don't crunch so," I whisper to Stuart, "I want to hear." The Englishman says, "I didn't come out to dinner to discuss death." She discusses money; candlelit faces flicker; a superior salad of artichoke and salmon does not distract from their arguing.

"How do you know you won't like it, you haven't read it?"

"It's a script, what can I say?" she says.

"Don't you ever simply want a romantic evening?" he says.

I am admiring my salad: curving freeways of translucent melon, sliced guinea hen, and slivers of ginger. *My* husband says, "You have not looked at me since you began to eat."

"So—food wins," I say. Can I eavesdrop, taste, and be loving all at once? But, a romantic evening must be had by all. Even if I do miss the end of *that* conversation.

Stuart has asparagus in puff pastry with truffles, two kinds of caviar, and cream. One must be an aristocrat to be involved with such a dish. A voice from the other table: "Where is your romantic soul? You spoilt my whole plan for tonight." We grab hands under the table; our entrees arrive. Will we be too truffled to tango?

"Astonishing." I taste his meat (an infant creature—how can I?). "Clearly enunciated," he says, about lima beans. We laugh. Now, fish—redefines the subject—poached in vinegar with slivers of fennel, orange, tomato. It is the rare, even great restaurant where the main course equals the vitality of the "starter" and the dessert. Here: *fraises des bois*—a wreath of rubies around honey ice cream. M. Bédier deserves to be a star.

The next morning, we discover that romance and punctuality do not co-exist. "I told you Left Bank people sleep until noon," I say. Le Petit Boulé, *(Continued on page 236)*

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THE CRILLON

(Continued from page 235)

the Russian *salon de thé*, is not open yet. We walk (not talking) down the Champs de Mars past bouquets of miniature daffodils, Berlin-got hard candies, logjams of white, mauve, and palest green asparagus. Finally, our café is open. We fall into its arms. Fresh rhubarb tarts, then piroshki (stuffed crunchy pastys), then perfect blini—small thick pancakes to fill with sour cream, pressed caviar, smoked salmon. "My grandmother made hers like this," I cry over the blini.

We sit in wicker chairs near columns made of pieces of mirror. I look at myself. A puzzle: what time am I living in, what place? I taste the poppyseed cake—it reminds me of a home, my grandmother's in Russia? Is home, finally, a concept designed only to feed memory? I look at the people here. Our eyes drift past each other; these are the expressions of people who have found a place they love to be. Just to sit, to dream up what to work on next.

My godfather always talked about places like this. "It is only by studying the past that one can find the substance one needs to choose well in the present and to proceed wisely into the future. This is what Europe teaches us," he said. "You cannot begin a life of any interest without time in Paris."

I didn't go. Did I know then that if I had gone at all I would never have come back?

Now we come to Olympe—the restaurant of the moment. Deco influence; disinterested service. The maître d' does not *wish* to recommend anything, one might *try* the fricassee of wild mushrooms. Nice taupe tones. The owners spend separate times at the table next to us; there is a discussion of what little understanding Americans have of French food: how can we expect, if we cannot speak the language, to understand how to taste what we are eating? They do not realize that one of us is fluent in French.

Patience: It takes time and humility to rearrange the ego after such acclaim as Olympe received—to return to the attentiveness of the early days. Can success and love coexist? Success demands change; but must one become bored, disenchanted?

The husband of the chef watches his friends eat. One guest does not lift the fork to her mouth. Will his wife suffer rejection? How must it feel to watch people eat your work? The mate of the star chef can no more relax than the mate of the sports star, the movie star.

On the other hand, to dine at the Crillon is to celebrate. Candlelight casts rainbows everywhere; the piano plays what you love—you do not need to ask. The Master Chef, and I think Jean-Paul Bonin is one, has not only the ability to balance management and creativity, but must also continue to astonish.

Stuart deliberately has steak and potatoes (with truffles). I watch. Superior—in all of Chicago one would not find such a steak dinner. I start with the famous Crillon quail threesome: quail consommé that's like red satin, thinly sliced breast of quail with sautéed shallots, and leg of quail in a red wine sauce. Then brilliant scallops—a chamber concert of flavor. Now chicken liver *couture*: sauté, con-

Paris high: a view of the city from the top of the Crillon

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fit, mousse—each variation more aloof from its roots than the last.

The main course. Here's the astonishment: three fresh-water fish in a duck-liver sauce. And I normally hate fish. Bonin could do table legs and one would come back for more.

Dessert. A lingerie shower of *pample-mousse* sorbet, mousse, and bits of pink fruit; we inhale that, move on to an entire chocolate mousse cake. So light, you can pretend you didn't eat it. But then, what could matter? We are going dancing. To Les Bains: tiled, ancient public baths where now heartbroken men and women sigh over the girl—bare midriff, jet-studded navel—who sings and moves in only a swoop of a black sarong. "No one looks at each other," S. says.

"*He* does." I watch the girl's star fan, a boy who leaps up to us. Would we say something about her for his paper? S. dances alone in a shower room.

We move on to Le Meridian's Bar Lionel Hampton for some heavy jazz. It is the 'fifties. We are all Americans in Paris here.

What has romance come to?

To Keur Samba. Open forever. Versions of New York City's Museum of Natural History dioramas painted on glass around the walls. Women in Paris dancing more easily with each other than with men. This one, hips wrapped in heavy gold chains, is with an enormous Middle Eastern girl draped in red silk. Now two men, one in Persian pantaloons (all men wear loose double-breasted jackets, this year's Nehru).

We start to dance the samba—together. The sound goes on. The couples are mixed in every variation; they are couples for arrival only, and rarely that. One does dance for/with oneself, does not care what anyone thinks if it's carried to the nth degree, and it is.

At 4:30 A.M., S. is dancing with the girl with the chains and they are both with the Colombian man in a chalk-striped Damon Runyon suit. I am lounging on a velvet couch printed with dark Gauguin flowers, have been for a half-hour. He has not noticed. Visual eavesdropping. I adore it. A tall pale girl in perfect Lagerfeld and a young black pantomimist who's been doing amazing loop walks, start acting at each other—her cool vs. his oddness.

This *is* dancing together. One just must wait. And not expect it will be what one expects. Yesterday, the last tango; today, the first samba.

We return to the Crillon just after dawn, and, as at the tiniest pension, a weary man comes to the door with the keys. He gives us a slow look and we glide down the marble halls. Philippe Roche, the *Directeur Général*, must be a genius; the presence, the authority are still here. The silence has vitality. Beware the hotel that feels abandoned late at night.

We come to our suite. Up the spiral staircase. Humming "The Last Time I Saw Paris." We open the curtains. The Tricolore, the Eiffel Tower, the Grand Palais, all in mauve light. Becoming memory. On my bed, my Lanz flannel nightgown has been laid out. Tonight, the long sleeves are outstretched, the waist gathered in, a hip swayed like this. ▽

TRAVEL

The green escape . . . finding peace in Vermont. BY CAROL E. RINZLER

The first time I went to Vermont, I was running away from home, up to my father's ski house over a summer weekend, to get away from a nasty fight with my then husband. That was in 1973, and it probably affected my feeling for the state, which I viewed for many years as a haven, a place to escape to from New York. More recently I have felt when I've headed there that I'm running toward home.

I almost always go up to Vermont by myself, once in a while with my children or friends, and I spend my time there driving, poking around in antiques shops, used-book stores, and flea markets, taking meals at country inns, and, when I'm in the house, reading, embroidering, making apple butter, or doing some work I've brought with me. Once I spent a week refurbishing a dollhouse. In real life I'm a lawyer.

My father rarely uses the house, so I have come to think of it as my own. Mostly I stay there, though sometimes I stay at an inn for a change or for other reasons, like the night I discovered I was sharing my bedroom with a bat. When I drive straight to the house, I turn off the engine and sit for a moment before I get out, listening to the silence. On clear nights, I look at the stars. One of my favorite ways to drive to Vermont is to leave New York at dawn, start up the Taconic, and have breakfast in Manchester at a nineteenth-century hotel called the Equinox. The place fell to semi-ruins after it was closed in the early 1970s and was grandly resurrected last year.

I go up often except in the winter—I don't ski, I hate the cold, and I can't drive the dirt roads then. Even though I don't ski, I worry about Vermont during ski seasons when it doesn't snow, just as I worry when I notice a business close. More than anyplace else, I want to see Vermont prosper because I want it to be able to survive as it is. I don't want it to prosper too much, though, because then it would change. It's fine that Manchester lately has gotten all spiffy, with a Ralph Lauren outlet and two antiques centers. But I felt a chill when I walked into the new gourmet food store and saw a wall lined with products from Manhattan's ultra-trendy Dean & DeLuca. ("There goes the neighborhood," I said to my daughter. "I guess I'll have to start checking out Maine now.") Not to mention how my heart sank when I heard that a tennis bubble was under construction five miles from where I live. ("They aren't building that for Vermonters," I muttered.)

Classic colonial: East Corinth, Vermont

Some years ago, a friend of mine and I were waxing rhapsodic to someone about our respective retreats, hers in upper Westchester. "The thing I love about South Salem," she said, "is that if I'm giving a dinner party, I can call up this place in town and tell them what I want, and when I get to the house everything is there and perfect." "The thing I love about Vermont," I said, "is that if you called somebody up there and asked them for that, they wouldn't have the faintest idea what you were talking about." It was with some regret that last year I noted a caterer's ad in the local paper.

If progress, so to speak, stops there, I have no objections. I don't feel that only rustic will do. I wish they would pave the dirt road my father's house is on—it's murder in snow or mud season—and for all I know, I might want to have a party catered some day. Fortunately, I have reason to hope the trend will not go unabated; things don't move that quickly up there. I panicked ten years ago when I noticed a health-food restaurant in Brattleboro and five years ago when a sign appeared near Ludlow announcing a jogging track—but there is still only one health-food restaurant and one jogging track, and I saw my first kiwi on a Vermont menu only last summer. Vermont seems to age—or, if you must, advance—more slowly than other places I have known, which accounts, I suspect, for the feeling I have when I'm there that I have traveled back in time thirty years.

I don't lock the house or the car, and once I left my pocketbook on the table at a restaurant while I walked out to the car to fetch a book. It's unusual for someone to ask for identification when you pay with a check from an out-

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of-state bank. Storekeepers are unfailingly courteous and friendly, but not familiar. Filling-station attendants clean your windshield without grumbling and sometimes even without being asked; policemen smile at you; burglaries are front-page news.

The reason you can tell—I am not the first person to swear to this—that you are in Vermont and not a mile over the border in New York or Massachusetts or New Hampshire is not so much because of the picture-postcard prettiness of the state but because there is so little that's ugly. Billboards are banned in Vermont (chaste lettered metal signs by the roadside serve admirably). Neon, one gathers, is decried from the pulpits. People seem to feel it is their duty, perhaps their honor, to keep their houses painted, their hedges trimmed, their storefronts tidy.

I believe that all this is because people who live in Vermont love their state, or at least appreciate what it is that they have; they don't knock it about—nor do they suffer outlanders who do. When *The New York Times* planted five tacky vending machines on the pristine main street of Woodstock, the town protested unavailingly. (I understand the *Times* argued that the First Amendment guaranteed access to the news despite the fact that there are at least two stores on the three-block-long street that sell the paper.) Shortly thereafter, one of the machines was found bobbing up through the ice in the Quechee River. Vermonters have their own ideas about free expression.

There is a tension between those who want to develop the ski-resort areas more thickly and those who want to protect the land and air and water at the expense, arguably, of the state's economy; but the latter appear to be winning by a bit, and it should be decades before the encroachments are overwhelming. That is not to say that Vermonters put their state under glass—it's only rarely Ye Olde Teashoppe quaint, and the few towns, like Grafton, that have been formally restored still look lived in.

Nor do the people who paint their houses and trim their hedges, and, from what I can see, go to church on Sundays, behave uniformly as though they had stepped off a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover. (Rockwell spent much of his working life in Arlington, Vermont, and it was in Vermont that I discovered I liked Norman Rockwell.) Two summers ago, virtually every town I drove through sported a banner suspended above and across its main street that read, "Newfane [or wherever] Voted Yes to Nuclear Freeze." (The issue had been voted upon in the annual Town Meetings.)

Vermont is perhaps the most rock-ribbed Republican of states (it was in the 1936 election, when Landon carried only two states against FDR, that the old political saw was revised to, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont"). Yet the only Socialist mayor in the nation presides over Vermont's largest city, and as its governor in 1984, the state elected Madeleine Kunin—a woman, a Democrat, and a Jew. Citizens of this state that refused to join the Union until 1791 (Vermont spent fourteen years as an independent republic intermittently at war with New York) are resistant to labeling, a stance that I, who some years ago labeled myself a bleeding-heart conservative, can understand.

The scenery is more often pretty or lovely than it is awesomely beautiful—although my breath frequently is taken away, and if I ever grow bored with certain vistas, I will know I have tired of life. That kind of beauty ultimately contributes to an overarching sensation of peace, contrasted with, say, the tense ecstasy of the Swiss Alps. Every season is more so in Vermont—the winter, of course, and the stunning fall; the summer is soft and leafy and lush. But around late May, when spring comes to Vermont, when the hills show a hundred different shades of feathery green and the apple blossoms curve into sight around a bend in the road and the lilacs triumph over the snow, so, I think, does God.

The forests and farmland are interrupted at suitable intervals by pretty hamlets, villages, and towns, many with greens, some greens with bandstands. Few of these towns lack a place worth stopping to eat or to browse. Mostly the best places to eat are in country inns, which range from the modestly charming to the exquisite. I have happily stayed the night at The Old Tavern at Grafton, The Inn at Weston (both have very good restaurants), the 1811 House in Manchester (a wonderful breakfast, available even if you don't stay there, but you must reserve the night before), The Parker House in Quechee, and The Inn on the Common in Craftsbury Common. I've had no bad meals at country inns, but for ambience and food combined, I would choose the Woodstock Inn in Woodstock, the Three Clock Inn in South Londonderry, Barrows House in Dorset, the Four Columns in Newfane, and The Inn at Long Last in Chester (the rooms also look lovely). I've heard wonderful things from trustworthy people about the Quechee Inn at Marshland Farm in Quechee, the Barnard Inn in Barnard, the Prince and the Pauper in Woodstock, and the Inn at Sawmill Farm in West Dover.

In both lodging and food, as in all else, Vermont has never disappointed me. As I settle into a Queen Anne chair at the Old Tavern or a sunny chintz sofa at the Woodstock Inn, I sigh happily and I think, "How civilized." "Vermont," reads the latest bumper sticker I have noticed, "is America the way it used to be." ▽

"Billboards are banned in Vermont. . . . Neon, one gathers, is decried from the pulpit"

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VIEW

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

classics:

THE QUALITY OF FALL

Camel's hair, cashmere, wrap coats and moccasins: fall comes with a heritage. "Things that are timeless," says Ralph Lauren, "that women believe in"

American designers—Calvin Klein, Ralph Lauren, Perry Ellis among them—have focused collections on it: the familiar—undisputed—element of quality in classic fabrics like cashmere, jersey, camel's hair, shearling. Add to that softer shoulder lines, easygoing—never tortured—shapes for skirts; the perfect belt in brown crocodile. Result: clothes with simple, clean good looks; ones that seem generically American.

Polo coats, top-stitched pigskin gloves, sweater sets, and moccasins populate the fashion picture. A cashmere muffler and big shawl might *(top left)* finish a Ralph Lauren look. Though there are classic references, the point is not nostalgia: "I'd like to think of my clothes as being absolutely right for today," says Calvin Klein, "rather than a reminder of another period."

In a season of classics, collectibles might be new-to-the season or a perennial: flat knit turtlenecks from Allen Solly or England's John Smedley; from America's Gloria Sachs—who owns her own cashmere factories in Scotland. Classic Chanel pumps, black suede Belgian moccasins, grey flannel trousers from Ralph Lauren or YSL. For a camel coat: everyone from Calvin Klein to Zoran to Brooks Brothers cashmere. *("View" continued on page 246)*

The news is classics: cashmere—for a sweater and big shawl (top left) in "herringbone" at Ralph Lauren; right, as a sweater set topping a pleated skirt, Oscar de la Renta. Wrap coat, far left, Perry Ellis. Classic jacketing, above right, Calvin Klein. Left: YSL camel coat, perfect grey flannel trousers.

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VIEW

BONDING INSTINCTS

Surf's-up wetsuits or space-age fashion: new "rubberized" styles

It's not simply a matter of "stretch," though that's a part of it. This season's most experimental clothes are literally laminated: with "rubberized" polyurethane coating that creates extraordinary new possibilities for shape. The sort of water-resistant fabric that you would expect to hug a surfer's body is more likely to turn up as a sleek—city—dress this year. Even the racy styling of wetsuits is an amusing refrain: winked at in a red dress at David Cameron or a grey bodysuit at Gaultier or a fully turned-out jacket from Yohji Yamamoto.

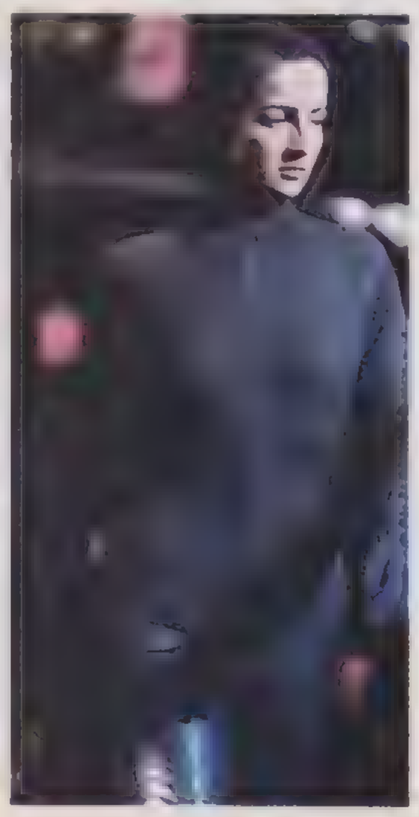
Forward-facing designers are the chief experimenters: Gaultier gives a rubber coat a knit lining; Rei Kawakubo at Comme des Garçons bonds with plastic everything from gabardine to georgette for sculpted evening layers.

Why? "The bonding process completely changes a fabric," says Kawakubo. "There is a feeling of substance not present in wovens or knits."

("View" continued on page 250)

ARTHUR ELGORT, PIERRE SCHERMAN. CLAUS OHM. Illustration by TIM MCGILL
Hair by Madeleine Colano for Bruno Dessange, makeup by Andrea Pooleri. Details, last pages

First, there were wetsuits. The body shaper, above, is from California's Body Glove. Above right: shaping in a lightweight jacket from Yohji Yamamoto; wetsuit styling for a fall/winter red dress from David Cameron, near right. At far right: a zip-front body top from a Jean-Paul Gaultier runway. At Comme des Garçons, center right: the season's new sculptural dressing



THE ART OF STUART WEITZMAN

Photo: Tali Katzurin Sculpture: David Stoltz

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SEPARATES

VIEW

SLIPPING INTO ANOTHER SEASON...

Once, there were full slips: somewhat dowdy, certainly useful, an everyday—assumed—element in getting dressed. Women shed them, in large numbers, in the 'seventies, for more interesting (and more abbreviated) lingerie pieces—teddies, camisoles, half slips—or nothing at all. Full slips mostly slid out of fashion.

Welcome to fall '86—and a season of knitted clothes and curvy bodies. Suddenly, "You feel much more *dressed* in a full slip," says lingerie-maker Lynn LaCava, "dresser" (in a slip) of Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*. Her silk slips come with the tailored lines of flirty dinner sheaths. Lady-like? "Not the way they mold to your body."

The smallness of a slip now—definitely above-knee, clingy, fitting close at the bust—is what's appealing; silk is the fabric of choice, black the "color." Lace is minimal; spaghetti straps and bare backs, popular. "Slips are sexy and most wonderful when seen through clothing," says Norma Kamali. Says Flora Kung: "They emphasize a body's curves." Some young women

Lingerie pieces of a charming sort—and of a shape—that a whole generation of women has never known

would wear them dancing.

Should curves of another nature be wanted, ruffled tulle petticoats are the surprise: to add sass to long skirts this season.

("View" continued on page 254)

Slips of the season: above (front and back), Norma Kamali

Spreading out: The appeal, above, of a petticoat from Olga

Below, almost-straplessness: slip from Lynn LaCava

BILL KING. Illustration by RODGER DUNCAN. Hair by Garren, New York; makeup by Kevyn Aucoin. Details, last pages.

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Your eyes are the first place to betray your age. Don't be alarmed. Let Clarins, France's premier skin care authority, come to the rescue — with effective eye contour treatments based on natural plant extracts.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
Squinting. Blinking. Smiling. Crying. These are constant aggressions the delicate eye contour area endures. Even the daily application and removal of eye makeup take a toll. Add stress, fatigue, pollution . . . and it's no wonder your eyes reveal signs of aging. Clearly, the need for special eye contour care is urgent!

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Clarins created light, non-oily products to effectively treat the fragile skin tissue surrounding the eyes. (Oily formulations actually cause eyes to "puff-up"!) For 30 years, Clarins gentle eye contour treatments have proven to be successful in the Clarins Parisian "Institut de Beauté". Based on natural plant extracts, these treatments are dermatologically and allergy-tested.

Clarins Eye-Contour Gel helps to reduce puffiness.
Soothing actions of camomile and cornflower relax and calm delicate eye contours. Marigold and other natural plant extracts help to relieve irritation. Recommended as a morning refresher to diminish puffiness and dark circles. A favorite among contact lens wearers, Clarins Eye-Contour Gel may also be applied during the day, sparingly, even over makeup.

Clarins Eye-Contour Balm minimizes expression lines.
Nourish. Revitalize. Soften and smooth. These are the actions of Clarins Eye-Contour Balm. Rose and cornflower extracts, among other natural (non-oily) ingredients, act to moisturize and help fade expression lines — restoring the youthful appearance of eye contours. See lasting results with daily application.

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Consult with Clarins' Skin Care Specialist and have your personal Beauty Prescription completed. And, receive a sample of a Clarins product, selected just for you! Clarins specializes in skin care for face, bust, body and tanning. Act today and join millions of women throughout the world who depend on Clarins to answer their skin care needs.

Eye-Contour Gel with natural plant extracts	• Helps reduce puffiness, bags, and dark circles • Soothes and refreshes with camomile and cornflower • Gently relaxes with calming marigold
Eye-Contour Balm with natural plant extracts	• Minimizes expression lines and first signs of aging • Moisturizes and revitalizes eye contours • Softens with light, non-oily ingredients such as rose and cornflower

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Saks Fifth Avenue

mmmmm...good!

My first bicycle

A big kiss

That's me on the left

Me again on the right

Going piggy back

Alone at last!

The stable hands

Me today

Buried treasure?

Me at the races

Too soon for bed!

Mom and Dad, the big day

"Home"

Me, 1986

My favorite wool blanket

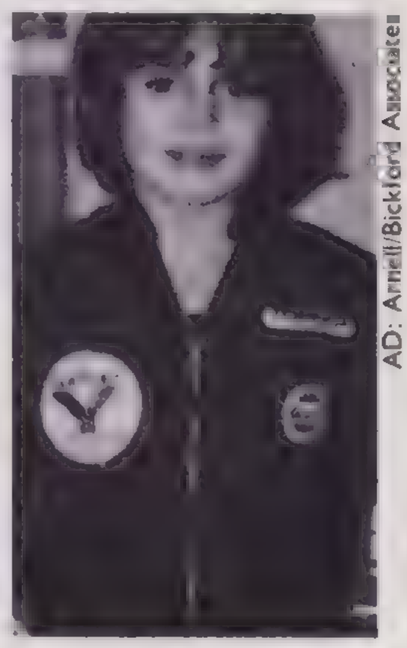
Mom and me

The sewn-in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics.

Granny and me

Bumble, me, Orlando

Me at age seven



Age eleven

AD: Arnell/Bickford Associates

A knowing glance

My aunts

Show me the child and I'll give you the woman.

ALBERT NIPON

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"Beautiful as honey poured from a jar."

"Original insights that could make us rethink our lives."
—*People* Magazine

Written by a remarkable woman beekeeper and self-taught naturalist living alone in the Missouri Ozarks, this magical new book is "elegant and lovely" (Peter Matthiessen), "enchanting and engrossing" (Lewis Thomas).

VIEW

FASHION FRONT

LONDON DISCOVERY

The collective charm of Workers for Freedom: new weekend dressing

The name is misleading: London's Workers for Freedom, now in its second year, is not an outfitter of proletariat uprisings. From their whitewashed seventeenth-century shop near Piccadilly Circus, "Workers" designers Graham Fraser and Richard Nott dress men and women alike in spirited new sportswear-with-a-twist: a seemingly sober jacket (with a back tie, some charming detail), a new turn on classic pants, a glorious shirt. Result: day dressing with an offbeat, romantic style—"popular" dressing with decidedly royalist leanings.

Says Nott: "Individuality, today, seems to be getting lost. We keep a hand-crafted feel to our clothes." Jackets are, for the most part, unlined, seams painstakingly bound in satin ribbon ("People put linings in to cover faulty insides," claims Nott). Pants have button-fly fronts. "Someone once said our clothes look like ones from an attic trunk. But modern." And with swagger.
—CHARLA CARTER

("View" continued on page 258)

At top: "Workers" designers Graham Fraser, Richard Nott. Their blouse-and-skirt dressing, above left, with a "King of Bavaria" jacket. The charm, far left—of small bows on a jacket of white wool. Near left: Corduroys, jacket, "King of Greece" shirt: "Workers" turnout for an easygoing weekend.

JEAN-PIERRE MASCLET. Hair, makeup by Carol Longbridge Details, last pages

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VIEW

directional leathers

A PASSION FOR PRADA

Fashion editors, in Milan for a season's clothes showings, have been known to stop off at Prada on their way in from the airport. Prada's black nylon luggage, quilted-nylon chain-strap bags, or moccasins are collected by women in Europe or America. For seventy-five years a traditional Milanese maker of luxurious leathers—bags, belts, shoes, luggage, the best datebooks anywhere—Prada is drawing more fashion attention each year. This month, a new Prada shop opens in Manhattan.

News of the season? Structured shapes for bags; a feeling for handbags in addition to shoulder ones; rich textures such as crocodile, ostrich, calf with hand stitching. Colors are equally upscale: clear brown, black, deep claret.

"I don't want to throw away my past," says Miuccia Prada—designer, granddaughter of the firm's founder, a young woman of soft charm. "But you live now and have to make things for today."

Translation: classic forms in new materials or color combinations. "I like nylon for evening," says Miuccia. "Elegant leather for day."

Miuccia's own favorites: Ostrich gloves, rubber-soled oxfords in brown crocodile. "And a black nylon 'shopping bag' each season."

("View" continued on page 262)

ARTHUR ELGORT. SCOTT HEISER illustration by RODGER DUNCAN
Hair by Christoon; makeup by Kevyn Aucoin

Leather directions: a bag with real texture (at top), a structured shape. Natural leather satchel and crocodile shoulderbag, left: both, Prada signs of the season. So, too, this year is a moccasin: below, in camel ostrich. The witty turn on a backpack, above: chain straps . . . and quilted red satin.

VOGUE, August, 1986

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Patrick Russell

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Six colors—blue, magenta, green, natural, black or yellow. 100% wool.
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the gap

VIEW

Perry Ellis

STYLE & SPIRIT

"Designer" dressing was never like this: sassy, free-wheeling clothes of thoughtful charm. Then along came Perry Ellis

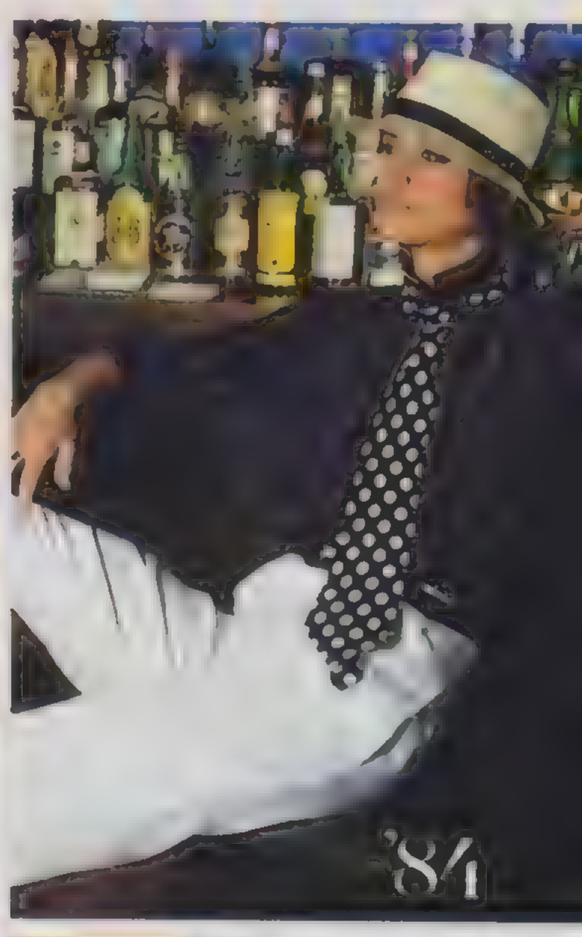
His hand-knits made sweater girls of an entirely new generation. Dimple-sleeved, done with wit, they were patterned, with plenty of length, or bandeau-size for under a jacket. The jacket—that first came in '78—was usually overscale. At its most appealing—as with many of his things—it might be sized for menswear.

Perry played with proportion: His greatcoats were greatest; his culottes were cheerleader-high or long, balloon shapes. His colors turned men's dressing on its ear: offbeat purples, mustards—or enchanting pales, this season. When Perry did "men's dressing" for women, strictness gave way to a slouchy charm, a gentleman's restraint. Charm also meant runway romance, the photographic glamour girls. Like the clothes, they looked younger, freer, sportier, American.

When Perry Ellis died in May at age forty-six, he had done collections for ten years.

Somehow, it seemed like there had been more of him.

Pants, cropped jacket: on Jennifer Beals, top left, Perry Ellis '83. Perry bows, top right, that spring. Left: fall '86 pales; an '83 coat; '78, jacket signature. Right: knitting, '79; '84 men's style; '83 skirt, back buttons



BERT STERN, PIERRE SCHERMAN, ANDREA BLANCH ARTHUR ELGORT, TOSCANI DENNIS

Searing op art
graphics for Versace's
long, shawl-collared jacket
over a matching skirt and
black, high-necked jersey tunic.

GIANNI VERSACE:
"THE STRENGTH OF A STYLE"

Left: **a knee-length black and red sequined skirt with a dressy red cashmere cardigan. *Center:* a short black waffled jersey sheath. *Right:* a red sheepskin coat over a short red waffled jersey dress.**

Hair by Suga. Make up by Ariella.

All available at **Gianni Versace boutique: New York** 816 Madison Avenue - **Beverly Hills** 437 North Rodeo Drive - Rodeo Collection - **San Francisco** The Galleria at Crocket Center - 50 Post Street - **Chicago** 101 East Oak Street - **Dallas** Highland Park Village - **Miami** Mayfair in the Grove - **Bal Harbour** The Bal Harbour Shops - **Scottsdale** The Borgata of Scottsdale - **Houston** Mall on the Boulevard - **Toronto** also available at: **Antonio Buttaro Boutique** Georgetown Park - M street N.W. **Washington D.C. - Antonio Bottaro Boutique** Fashion Island **New Beach, California**

GIANNI VERSACE:
"THE STRENGTH OF A STYLE"

VIEW people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: 'fifties pieces—past or present...uptown, downtown: designer buys...the body of the '80s...denim, for fall, dresses up

People are talking about fall dressing: an inevitable conversation at this time of year. For *this* year, what's especially interesting, you'll find, is the readily-apparent consistency of clothes thought. The real symbols of fall aren't simply one "designer" statement; the pieces that turn a look are showing up in Europe, in the U.S.A., at every price range. This fall's grey jersey dress—longer, full-skirted, and belted—might be found at, among others, Anne Klein II, Ralph Lauren Classifications, Byblos, Mary Ann Restivo, or Oscar de la Renta; the shot-of-red jacket to brighten a season of grey is a winner, in various shadings, at Michael Kors, Donna Karan, or Ferre. Classic crocodile pumps turn up at YSL, Andrea Pfister, or Calvin Klein; the season's top moccasin looks equally good in crocodile or in a stamped-leather Joan & David or Andrea Pfister version. Knee-length coats might be a purist's camel's hair at Calvin Klein or Giorgio Armani...or wonderfully square-shouldered in navy or loden-green padded silk from Go Silk. Lesser-priced doesn't necessarily mean lesser style, it seems. And that's some of the best news this season.

Evening dressing, at this moment, is taking on any number of newly attractive guises, and some of the best looks to be found are strapless. That doesn't mean prom dresses: what's strapless this season may be as brief—and flirtatious—as a black velvet zipper-front cocktail dress from WilliWear—or a totally pared-down Calvin Klein wool jersey dress, banded at the bust in black satin. Straplessness often means sweater dressing: Ralph Lauren cuts his as a long slink of black cashmere; Gloria Sachs makes hers the perfect small black cashmere bustier top to put with a velvet or jersey skirt or with trousers. Strapless tops make entrancing evening pieces: At new New York designer Angel Estrada, bustiers come in bright-colored satin.

Lingerie style, this season, comes classic, luxuriously fabricated, and body-fitting. For all-of-the-above, in L.A., one place to head is Juel Park: for some fifty years, lingerie-fitter to Hollywood glamour girls and studio starlets. From Juel Park's design book, one can choose the custom-made styles—satin-and-lace bra or wrap robe—once picked by Garbo or Dietrich....

Jewelry-maker Elizabeth Gage's shop off Bond street, in London, keeps turning up new jewels that are richly gold, often-enameled, big and dramatic. Next month, Elizabeth Gage brings her intagilio or sculptural pieces to New York City (at the Ritz Carlton Hotel). In typically international fashion, the jewels come straight from a Monte Carlo summer appearance.

"The symbols of the season, this fall, aren't simply designer statements. The pieces that turn a look show up at every price"

THE LOOK OF THE MODERN WOMAN? IN MODERNIST ANDRÉE PUTMAN'S EYES, SHE'S STRONG-SHOULDERED, HIGH-BREASTED, ALMOST AMAZONIAN—AND COMES WITH BUILT-IN HIGH HEELS: AT LEAST, THAT'S THE LOOK OF THE NEW PUTMAN-DESIGNED MANNEQUINS MAKING THEIR FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE NOW AT BARNEYS NEW YORK. COME FALL, THE CREATURES WILL PROLIFERATE TO OTHER STORES, OTHER CITIES.

City sports, this fall, are apt to turn up turned-out in denim—and that means opting for highly polished new pieces, not Western wear. Karl Lagerfeld works his rugged blue fabric in every guise from a long strapless dress to trumpet-skirted suitings; American Zack Carr—in black—turns out a tailored denim skirt and balmacaan. From Azzedine Alaïa's deep-blue shirtdress—a summer favorite of working women—to seemingly casual dressing pieces such as Calvin Klein's fitted biker's jacket or Paris Blues' curvy suits, tailoring is, for the most part, neat, close-to-the-body, sophisticated. And that's a denim change this year.

What's up? In New York, starting next month, a new—"downtown"—Norma Kamali shop: to offer up OMO "couture," "sweats," swimwear, this fall's newest Norma Kamali collection. Shop name: OMO SOHO. A new Kamali perfume "opens," too, this fall....Chanel shoppers in the U.S. will find '86 an especially good year—for staking out the most desirable of Chanel jewels, cardigan suits, and quilted handbags. Mid-September, a new Chanel boutique comes to New York City's Fifty-seventh Street; a new "Chanel" debuts, too, in Dallas.

If this fall's long ballerina-style skirts, camel's hair coats, and crocodile bags seem to speak of dressing in the 1950s, could Balenciaga be far behind? Starting next month (through December 8) NYC's Fashion Institute of Technology hosts a retrospective of this most famous of 'fifties Paris couturiers. Many pieces come from a standout show held in Lyons, France, last year. Among the suits, capes, ballgowns, the real pleasures there: exquisite Balenciaga dressmaking....In a year of ever-present belts—cinching in jersey dresses, cashmeres, and skirt-and-sweater dressing—belts turn up, too, in skiwear. The notion? A neat jumpsuit brought in even closer to the body. Best are three inches wide, in brown saddle leather....—KATHLEEN MADDEN

Black and white
circular wool jacquard jacket over
a three-tiered, flounced knee-length
skirt and white turtle-neck sweater.

GIANNI VERSACE:
"THE STRENGTH OF A STYLE"

Calvin Klein

WHAT WORKS BEST...

More specifically: what works best for day—that's where the action is, that's where the needs are as more and more women lead busier and busier lives. Women who demand more on every level—more from clothes and accessories, more from a haircut, a new makeup. In this issue, real answers to the question—a look at what works best on every level.

Working requirements: a new minimum. You won't find dozens of different daytime answers. More isn't necessarily better. In this world of dressing, quality counts more than quantity. One on-target answer is a whole lot better than ten "almosts." There are certain priorities—key elements—that look better, work better, *are* better. When you have them, you reach for them again and again: they are well worth repeating. And what counts most for day this fall: the right jacket, the right dress, and a few choice accessories.

What comes first, works hardest: the right jacket. No secret—the key to a finished way of dressing is still a jacket. But not every jacket qualifies. The ones that do: jackets with real presence, with line that starts at the shoulder, with slight shaping throughout, a longer length. A jacket that's not too masculine, not too cute. A jacket that moves with ease over short or long skirts, over pants . . . and moves with equal ease from city to city.

The good news this fall: the number of jackets that answer to that description. You don't have to settle for a uniform blazer; these jackets are part of the season's "news." Jackets unique in character and distinguished by the quality of fabric, design, proportion. In a year like this, a jacket becomes the key performer—and your key buy.

New working alternative: the dress. This season, the welcome addition of a dress on the daytime scene. Again, there are qualifications: it's a particular dress with a particular style. A dress with a small torso and long narrow sleeves; a dress with a softer, usually longer, skirt. At its best in cashmere or wool jersey . . . in a neutral color: heather or charcoal grey, black, navy (the season's predominant shades). And, always, a dress that gets belted at the waist to hold the shape.

Another soft-dress option: a new cashmere turtleneck dress and matching cardigan. The secret of its success: the ease, the gentle quality—there's nothing overshaped about these dresses; they're designed to work.

Working harder: the best accessories. In a season where clothes are classic in character, understated in shape, accessories begin to play a different role. Heightening that impact, the quality, the desirability of new accessories.

Belts, first—three-inches wide, straight or contoured—to shape the new dresses. The most pervasive new belt: in shiny, deep-brown crodocile—tells you about the nature of the best new accessories, about the luxury of texture, the perfect neutrality of coloring (perfect against grey, black, navy).

The essential working accessory: a reliable watch. The difference this season—necessity has given way to temptation: never before the number, the variety of appealing watches. The range—from the most classic (real antiques or look-alike) to strong, modern variations. With all of them, the news, the addition of a crocodile strap (an instant updater for any watch).

Another sign of the season: the prevalence of real and semi-precious jewelry—pieces you wear and keep wearing, never put away. Pieces of a classic quality—unobtrusive, but effective . . . from the gold chain link bracelet that "dresses" a watch . . . to perfect gold hoop earrings . . . to a flat-against-the-neck choker of gold and onyx.

And there are real answers where bags are concerned. What distinguishes the best new "working" bags: their smaller size, neater shape. And their quality—a quality of design and of texture (notable examples, crocodile, ostrich, quilted leather)—it adds to the look and to the staying power of bags you can really count on.

The working—the operative—word in beauty: grooming . . . with all its implications. A new standard of attractiveness comes into play, a standard set, defined by the needs of a busy woman. A woman who has less time, more at stake. What happens: priorities change. Routines become simplified. Solutions—systems—become sought after—systems that work. A skin-care system, for instance, based on a few key pieces, uncomplicated, easy-to-follow, effective.

The idea of what makeup should be, should do changes. What's wanted: a very minimal approach, a very understated look. The idea: to go for "finish," rather than going for obvious color—color that can easily be inappropriate, instantly aging, and old-fashioned.

The same is true of hair: nothing overdone, overcomplicated. The best look—that of healthy, shiny hair, not too short, not too long, layered for versatility.

What counts most in a beauty sense: an attention to detail, to all the little things that add up to a finished look, a polished image.

The real working standard: appropriateness. In the end, it's what counts the most, period. What all the answers in this issue share: a sense of appropriateness. It defines the look of hair and makeup that you want for day. And it defines the clothes that work best. For a certain modern style and raciness, there's nothing equal to the dash of a great-looking jacket over a pair of great-looking trousers. But it's a look that may not be appropriate, in every office, in every city; in fact, it would work (in the real sense of working) in very few.

Location plays a part in determining what's appropriate and what isn't. Clearly, dressing in New York and in Paris takes a more "formal" turn than it does in Los Angeles. And age plays a role. There are certain looks that are terrific if you're under thirty; not so terrific if you're older.

But there is a modern definition of appropriate that has to do with the way a look comes together. It's minimal, understated, attractive in a very low-key modern way. It's an appropriateness that's instantly recognizable, highly accessible. It's a total way of dressing; you'll see it at its best on the following page . . . and all the pages that follow.

Closeup: key elements in a busy life... A strong, good-looking watch. Here, Movado's neo-classic with the added news of a crocodile strap (Hadley-Kalbé). Watch, about $195. Saks Fifth Avenue. And a minimal but—polished makeup (from Alexandra de Markoff: Countess Isserlyn base; new finishing powder). Pen, Bulgari. These twelve pages: hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, last pages.

Penn

A simple fact of life: for more and more women today, there's less and less time, whether they work "officially" or not. And if you ask a busy woman what she really wants, likely responses include a thirty-six hour day, a nine-day week. But there are real possibilities, real answers. Answers that are the subject of this (indeed, of every) issue. Answers that work. In fashion, that means having the kinds of clothes that you put on and wear with ease, clothes you wear often and always feel "dressed" in, feel good in. . . It's having a makeup you can do in five minutes and know it will last ten hours. . . it's a maintenance-free haircut. . . an uncomplicated skin-care system. It's having the best of what you need; all the things that allow you to maintain—easily—an attractive, polished image day after day. And it's the story that starts here. . .

---

a NEW WORKING IMAGE. . .

with increasingly busy lives
come new demands.
What counts now—the things
you can really count on,
no matter what. . .

This season, a number of exceptional separate jackets—outstanding in their design, their quality, their versatility, and their impact. Here, symbols of this heightened jacket dressing... starting, *left,* with Donna Karan's new softer, easier, signature-shape jacket in an extraordinary baby llama, as luxurious as fur. A jacket that almost replaces a coat—it has that weight, that presence—and the potential to be worn over a variety of pieces. Donna Karan New York. Jacket, about $1100. September at Bloomingdale's; Charles Sumner, Boston; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Where this dressing begins—always—with a jacket

Unmistakable characteristic of this new jacket dressing: its non-stereotyped quality. Each jacket has a strong personality, a unique flavor that gives it a definite edge. Perfect example, *right,* Calvin Klein's standout new jacket—perfectly proportioned, gently shaped, with an ease of cut, of attitude. Here, at its most luxurious in orange cashmere (wonderful over navy, grey, black), it's a jacket that goes throughout the collection in other textures, other colors. The cashmere version, Calvin Klein Collection, about $1600. Late August at Bergdorf Goodman. Pen, Bulgari. Details, last pages.

Penn

The plaid may be classic, but that's it. This is one of a new breed of jackets, *left*, strong in character, expressive in shape, highly adaptable. Krizia's longer jacket—clean-lined, ready to move. Of wool, about $750. Krizia, New York; Palm Beach; Dallas; Beverly Hills; Krizia at Garfinckel's, Washington DC; Krizia at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

Worth remembering: one really good jacket outshines a half-dozen "maybes"

Signs of the times:
the luxury of texture,
the softness of tailoring,
the unmistakable presence.
Right, as the jacket anchor
for a more relaxed "working"
look: Ralph Lauren's
super-soft cashmere plaid,
belted over a narrow
skirt, and turned
out to really go to town.
Jacket, about $798.
Late August at
Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC;
Polo/Ralph Lauren,
Denver; Polo/Ralph Lauren,
Phoenix AZ; Polo/
Ralph Lauren, Carmel CA.
Details, last pages.

Penn

Indispensable, *left*:
a serious raincoat.
And that much
more welcome when it
looks like this—
Perry Ellis' knockout
balmacaan in deep
charcoal reversing
to brilliant yellow—
a coat that withstands
the elements with
its own good style!
Cotton shell; wool
lining. About $1000.
Late August at
Bergdorf Goodman.

Nothing—repeat, nothing—replaces the right coat

With its easy good looks and coloring, with its new at-the-knee length and casual attitude—a coat that's key to the season: Calvin Klein's polo-inspired camel-hair coat. Perfect for day, for travel, for short skirts, for pants, for black, navy—for just about anything. About $925. Mid August at Bergdorf Goodman. Details, last pages.

Penn

Underscoring clothes, accessories:

a strong individuality

Suddenly the most practical accessory has become the most inviting. Now watches distinguished by the character of their faces, and the luxury of crocodile straps. *Opposite, from the top:* An oversized rectangular "antique" watch, from Aaron Faber... Rounded-square water-resistant watch, Calvin Klein Watches (Hadley-Kalbé strap)... Day/date watch with a round navy face, Audemars Piguet (Hadley-Kalbé strap)... Rolex "classic" on a black crocodile strap. Fred Leighton... Tourneau's big, bold 24-hour display watch...From Cartier, a '30s-inspired square-face watch (Hadley-Kalbé strap)...

And the "doctor's" watch from Baume & Mercier. What gives the jacket, *right,* its unique personality—the unmistakable change in coloring: Perry Ellis' wonderful pale-blue wool jacket. Longer, easier, it's as "proper" as any navy blazer... and that much more inviting. Jacket, about $510. Late August at Bergdorf Goodman. Watch, Tiffany & Co. Details, last pages this issue.

Penn

When every detail counts . . .

what to count on

In a season of
outstanding accessories,
the best working
examples. All with
a richness and
luxury of texture,
neutral colorings...
Taupe pigskin gloves,
from Donna Karan
New York...
Striking new-look cuff:
Barry Kieselstein-Cord's
studded alligator....
Timely addition:
Movado's
round-faced watch
(Hadley-Kalbé strap)....
Fast-moving:
crocodile moccasins,
from Joan Helpern...
Waist definition:
lizard contour
belt, Donna Karan
New York...

Practical pleasure:
the Hermès
gold key chain...
Straightforward classic:
brown crocodile belt,
by Calvin Klein Belts...
The pump of choice—
rust crocodile, from
Calvin Klein Footwear....
For all the working
essentials:
Prada's
crocodile tote....

To count on all
the time—
a jacket with more—
more in the way
of design, of character.
Left: Fendi's
longer blue-grey
wool jacket with
charming full sleeves,
buttoned tight at
the wrist, an easier
shaping throughout,
a nonstop mobility
over anything
navy, grey.
Barneys New York.
Details, more stores,
last pages.

Penn

Success and the singular woman

Overachieving and angst are not the issues: today, commitment is. Commitment to: work, family, to oneself, an ideal; even—by gosh! —to being happy

First came "superwoman," a mighty image, the lady who could do it all—reign over job, marriage, kids. Most annoying, perhaps, was that she did it so grandly. As a model for very real—and busy—women, this paragon's life was fortuitously short-lived. Working women, the story then went, had considerably too much to do, too many demands placed upon them. They should strategize, plot and plan, network! George S. Patton's world was considerably less structured.

The reality of success in '86 is calmer, more rewarding and individualistic. Or so say the experts, the women who know it, the "doers," thoughtful achievers in today's public sphere. Interviews with some of these singular—successful—women follow: actresses, activists, or Wall Street whiz. Most readily admit their first priority still concerns their private world: men, children, friends, ideals. "What's important," says television journalist Ponchitta Pierce, "is to feel you've accomplished *something*." Rarely is that "something" simply a salary: only sixty thousand—one-tenth of one percent—of the more than fifty-five million women in America who work earn over $75,000.

"Priorities" is the '86 watchword; some women—such as race car driver Lyn St. James—talk of "being focused." Often that means learning that "no" is not necessarily a dirty word: "No" to unnecessary demands, to invitations, at times to others. "My own company is the most delicious," says Ponchitta Pierce. And one's "own company" can be a working woman's scarcest item. Private time might be "collecting my thoughts," says L.A. Art Catalogues owner Dagney Corcoran, "while I'm driving to work."

Some things have—by necessity—been lost or discarded: "things" as seemingly minor as sneaking off to an afternoon movie or as major as having kids. But priorities put off are not necessarily eliminated. Babies, in the past year, have become an American pastime: of the eighteen women who follow, curator Julia Brown, actress Meg Tilly, and director Grethe Holby have all been pregnant.

The secrets to success for these singular women? Almost all exercise—some; they regard health (and often diet) as an energy-builder; many share a life with a male partner who also cooks (some). "What spawns energy," says Connie Chung, "is this insane feeling of guilt in us women. Like many people, I'm fully capable of being lazy, too. It's great for increasing my guilt load." Another tool is humor.

And in the year when women finally surpassed the number of men in the professions—in jobs often with very real demands to dress but no uniforms (except, perhaps, for the nurse)—jackets still, it seems, are the prevailing dressing piece, the "authoritative" gesture. "I've been on Wall Street for ten years," says Deborah Farrington, vice-president in investment banking at Merrill Lynch. "And no one has dictated appropriate dressing."

What's appropriate? Says Planned Parenthood president Faye Wattleton: "Anything that looks good, is comfortable, and doesn't wrinkle. The reality is that looking good is important to one's business."

The reality of working, it seems, can also be pretty good. And women are acknowledging this.

That's a difference. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

CONNIE CHUNG, *anchorwoman*

"Men seem comfortable saying, 'I feel like a success.' I'm not"

"I've never been a superwoman; I'm incapable of doing all things at one time. I always allowed my personal life to play second fiddle." A year or so ago, Connie married D.C. newscaster Maury Povich: their marriage has been a commuting one. Now, her new *1986* weekly news show schedule may lessen the long distance. "To have fun means to see my husband. My other way is to go shopping, but I hate to admit it. It's so ridiculously feminine."

SISSY SPACEK, *actress*

"My main exercise these days is keeping up with my daughter"

On a Virginia farm—gardening, grubbing, riding, chasing a three-year-old, doing chores—Sissy Spacek seems a long way from Hollywood powerhouse actress. And yet, she opens this month in the film of *'night, Mother*; *Crimes of the Heart* with Jessica Lange and Diane Keaton is due out in December. "I have a great balance in life, my work, my husband, my home. I'm very happy."

INÈS DE LA FRESSANGE, *model*

"When you feel bad, Coco Chanel would say, just take a bath, wash your hair, do another makeup"

In Chanel ads—or on a Paris runway—the ever-present beauty is Inès: model, gamin-girl—with a giggle constantly threatening the aristocratic fine edge. Her charm, and way of dressing, are offbeat and individual: a white T-shirt with sneakers, jeans, and Chanel jacket. Sleep is what she most often aspires to: "It's quite nice, sometimes, to do nothing."

JULIA BROWN TURRELL, *curator*

"Organization is the key to feeling good. If I can't exercise, I think less clearly"

When L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art opens its permanent home this December, its inaugural exhibition will have been set up by Julia Brown Turrell. A new mother, wife to artist James Turrell, she functioned until last year as the museum's senior curator. Her plans: "To resume work full time. An active career and a family."

SUSAN WATERFALL,

investment manager

"Men on Wall Street don't impose a standard of dress. Other women do"

"I work very hard to feel good," says Susan Waterfall, portfolio manager and director of investment firm Forstmann–Leff Associates. She works out at NYC's Sports Training Institute, runs on weekends, gets up—for quiet time—at 5:30 AM. "I wish I had more time for women friends. That's the one thing I've really missed."

MARIAN WRIGHT EDELMAN,

president, Children's Defense Fund

"I limit seeing friends for purely social reasons. Children come first"

Yale-educated attorney Marian Edelman is committed to the lives of children: "That they have the opportunity to become self-sufficient and productive." She heads the D.C.-based Children's Defense Fund. Of free time she says, "I need more of it." She and attorney-professor Peter Edelman have three sons. *(Continued on page 284)*

Photographers, details last pages

SUSIE TOMPKINS, *co-owner, Esprit*

"Esprit started fifteen years ago, the result of 'bored housewife' syndrome"

One of those housewives, Susie Tompkins—now with two grown daughters—still watches with husband Doug over an ever-burgeoning Esprit: the clothes, shops, catalogs. And Esprit's sprightly style is quietly evolving also to a "working" one. "So many women entering the working world don't know what's appropriate to wear. They come from the casual era, but they don't understand: there's something casual but still professional and modern."

NANCY BRINKER, *cancer fund raiser*

"Women can have a tremendous impact on the health issues that plague us"

Texan Nancy Brinker's "job" is, by definition, a mission: to raise funds—through the Susan G. Komen Foundation, named in memory of her sister—to aid breast cancer research and education; she is a member of The National Cancer Advisory Board, a Presidential commission. "I was born with high energy, but there's something true about eating right. Energy also comes from the war I have against cancer," Nancy says. "And true belief I can make a difference."

MEG TILLY, *actress*

"The hardest thing to learn is to save something for yourself"

"It's a lot easier for me," says Meg Tilly. "I work twelve-hour days but not year-round." Meg's second child is due this summer: "I used to try to take care of everyone. I've learned you have to make choices." From *The Big Chill* to *Off Beat*, her newest film, her look's a natural one. "Clothes have fallen by the wayside at this moment. I try to make myself look better. But then it looks as though I simply have more makeup on."

LINDA LeROY JANKLOW,

volunteer, philanthropist

"One of the great pleasures in life is not to be interrupted"

"Life is frenetic but exciting," says Linda Janklow. Responsibilities include acting as chair for ArtsConnection—bringing together artists and kids in New York City schools—and vice-chair of the planned American Museum of the Moving Image. Wife of grand-slam agent Morton Janklow, she wants clothes to take her "from a conference room to a children's performance."

ADRIA ARONOW,

president, Jacobs & Aronow

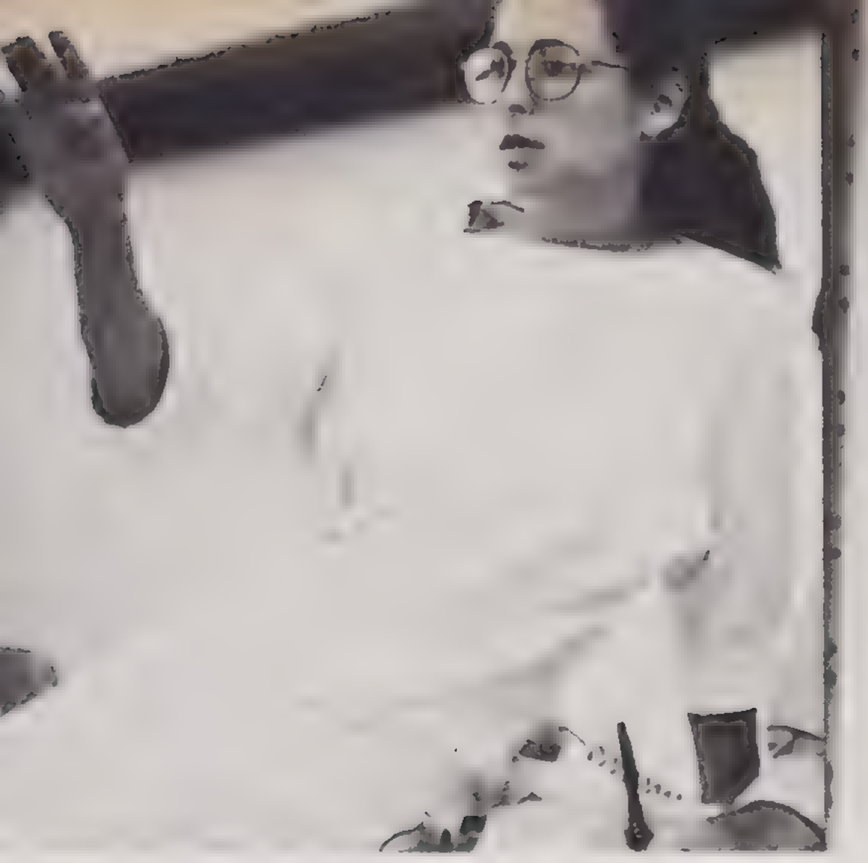
"Appearance is not where it's at. Appropriateness is feeling comfortable"

Retail analyst Adria Aronow has just begun her own firm. Before that, she was the only woman officer at Michigan's Taubman Co., owner of some twenty U.S. shopping centers. She travels, advises stores, paints—seriously and for herself—starting, some nights, at midnight. "I've learned it's important to take time that's regenerative. Work and painting are my priorities."

DEBRA FIELDS, *CEO, Mrs. Fields cookies*

"When I'm starving, I'm most creative"

At twenty-nine, with three small daughters, Debbi Fields is a radically new version of American tycoon. Her firm's chocolate chip cookies, this year, have generated a projected profit of $17 million. "My family is my life," Debbi Fields says. "There is no time for outside commitments; the people I work with are my friends. It's important that I have fun with them."



GRETHE HOLBY, *opera stage-director*

"Being healthy and creative gives me energy. So does being happy"

Ballet classes, a daily multi-vitamin, and no alcohol when working keep Grethe Holby on track: as an opera stage-director and choreographer, as wife of New York photographer Arthur Elgort and mother to six-month-old Sophie. Private time means "baking—and not to be able to be reached by telephone"; dressing, "the need for a man's solution, something with the authority of a tux." A dress, in fact, to take bows in.

ADRIENNE VITTADINI, *designer*

"My husband understands I need to be by myself sometimes, curled up with a book"

"It's important to have friends outside the office. When I leave at night, I try to cut off the problems there." Since 1979, Vittadini's adaptive knits have stamped out problems in themselves: what can women who work wear? She herself travels in clothes of one or two colors, "comfortable but presentable" velours. "Energy is something within but it's not natural. It's a self-made high. It's being competitive."

FAYE WATTLETON,

president, Planned Parenthood

"It's important to set priorities. There's only so much you can handle"

By week, she works long hours; weekends are solely for her daughter, for friends. "It's very easy to get caught up in other people's demands," Faye says. "You have to remember that nurturing yourself is just as important." She plots private time as importantly as meetings: twice-a-week exercise, walking to work. "When things get too much, getting away is my therapy."

PONCHITTA PIERCE, *TV journalist*

"I don't start my day jumping anymore. I ease into it"

Co-producer and host of *Today in New York*, Ponchitta interviews on-air with a high measure of energy. "You have to fight for time that's not job-related," she says. "But I don't believe in 'superwoman' or 'super' anything. You give up friends one day; another day, a book. You negotiate each day as it happens."

JACALYN F. BARNETT,

partner, Shea & Gould

"I don't have to be a male lawyer's version of a woman lawyer"

"I have a disgustingly cheerful disposition," says Jaci Barnett, head of the matrimonial department at New York City's Shea & Gould. "A lot of my energy comes from the fact I feel very lucky." She also lives on three or four hours of sleep each night, has a fondness for "trash books," walks to work. "And when the going gets tough, the tough go shopping."

GILLIAN SORENSEN,

NY City commissioner

"Expending energy creates energy—exercising or working"

Gillian Sorensen watches over the New York City lives of thirty-five thousand U.N. diplomats, consular officers, families, staff: by all rights, a harried position. Solutions? Running—at 7 A.M.; weekend skating with her daughter; talks with attorney/husband Theodore Sorensen. On looking terrific: "Be enthusiastic about life," she says. "And keep moving."

Photographers, details last pages

MODERN BEAUTY

NEW IMAGES

Invisible finisher: Revlon's Shapings Brilliante hair gloss; Coppermine lips. These four pages: Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, François Nars; manicures, Elisabeth Drabinski. Details, last pages.

Eric Boman

HAIR

. . .it all starts with the shape of the cut. . .and don't women know that! In a study by Judith Langer, women complained of having to spend too much time on their hair. Enter: a whole new breed of time-saving products (e.g., ones pairing low-maintenance haircolor with volumizing ingredients), a range of expert options that deliver style that holds up to the toughest test. Modern beauty esthetic, above: hair that's neater, layered; sheer makeup with less color, a matte-sharp mouth.

Here, changing concepts of attractiveness, based on new needs

What are an active, modern woman's beauty needs? A simple question, with a not-so-simple answer. A woman has never had less time to spend on herself; yet, she has never been more concerned with her attractiveness, her fitness, her image. It's because women, today, move fast, work hard, cram their days, that streamlining daily routines has become key. The idea of special effects, of anything overdone—for day—has shifted, this season, to what is being labeled *appropriate*—i.e., minimal, simple, tailored. . .the sheerest foundation, the most perfect hair shape; one looks for understatement, at every level.

Modern makeup Makeup has to work harder, to stand up to modern criteria: Is the color neutral? Is it appropriate for the office? Will it last through lunch? Will it look good at night (when a woman goes directly from office to dinner and doesn't have time to change makeup)? Is it too shiny? Too matte? Does it have sun protection in it? Will it fit into a cosmetics case? A handbag? Even, is the package appealing?

The first step: creating the perfect canvas, and all that that entails—sheer, smooth-textured coloring, ease of application, "illusion" products to *(Continued on page 289)*

The new beauty sensibility, based on grooming, on presence, on image . . . on hair that can be "combed" with fingers . . . on minimal makeup that delivers less color, more polish, performance. Inappropriate, now: glossy mouth color, slashes of cheek color, done-up eyes. Instead, a thin, almost-flawless base; bare eyes (mascara'd lashes only); lips lined and defined with matte color; short nails with neutral or deep one-coat color.

FINISH

NEW IMAGES

(Continued) improve skin's appearance. These are the modern make-up "requirements" for women with active lives, in a real sense a demand based on time—or lack of it—to shop, to pull a look together. And it is "impacting" not only a woman's look, but where she puts her money, and how she shops.

There's less time, for instance, for impulse beauty buys. Although occasional delights will always be part of a woman's life, today, the emphasis is on a more thought-out approach. This is a quality-conscious, style-conscious woman—and moment. "Less is more" has never had more meaning.

Not to be denied, however (in the interests of time): the sense of luxury, the delight, the appeal that, across the board, come now from making *small* changes, *quick* embellishments for evening, e.g., a dusting of iridescent powder on cheeks, a quick moussing/rinse in a richer haircolor, a spritz of scent.

Lack of time has forced a busy woman to pinpoint her needs, to establish her priorities. Result: a desire for fast, basic systems that work for her very individual, very independent needs.

What qualifies as a "*system*"? Anything that simplifies, pares down, uncomplicates, eliminates indecision...simple solutions, really: skin-care regimens that consist of one or two effective products...a basic makeup that equals three or four key pieces, all purse size...an exercise program that slides comfortably into a work day...a haircut that requires very little more than a shampoo. Complicated regimes take a backseat to individual problem solvers, as women learn to zero in on and address their own personal needs. *(Continued on page 381)*

Eric Boman

Coloring, *opposite page*, all Prescriptives, whose modern thinking includes only bringing out one—"systematized" —color collection each year. *Far left*, from the '87 Yellow/Orange family, demi-matte Adventure lips; *near left*, Romance lips from the Blue/Red family. *Inset, above:* Aziza's Autumn Haze polishing pen, *top;* One-coat Cognac, *bottom* Details, last pages

SIMPLE SOL

. . . getting it down to basic

Behind every involved woman is a time-saving, straightforward approach to coping with basic beauty/fitness needs. Here, a busy woman's handbook—fast reads to improving looks, well-being from the inside out, head to toe... a guide to efficient, healthful fast-track survival. It only takes twenty minutes to read . . .

Eating on the run

By Shari Miller Sims

We all want to eat "better"; but despite good intentions, the reality, for many women, includes skipped meals, periods of overeating, days when we reach for "empty" snacks in an effort to defuse stress. How to get your eating under control? With the diet system devised here of 1. daily basics (see checklist, *right*); 2. a flexible eating schedule; 3. the knowledge of how to adapt eating habits to an active life. For the latest thinking on an active woman's nutritional needs, we asked three respected experts: Sonja L. Connor, M.S., R.D., and William E. Connor, M.D., of Oregon Health Sciences University, co-authors of *The New American Diet* (Simon and Schuster); and Audrey Tittle Cross, Ph. D., J.D., of Columbia University School of Public Health, author of *Nutrition for the Working Woman* (Fireside/Simon & Schuster). Their advice:

• **Don't skip breakfast.** Not only does eating a good breakfast—a complex carbohydrate/fruit/low-fat dairy meal—prevent mid-morning energy lows, it may also help to control a *(Continued on page 379)*

Roxanne Lowit

Daily diet checklist:

Have you eaten these foods today? *Below*, a checklist of daily diet "musts," based on guidelines from the National Cancer Institute and American Heart Association, adapted for a moderately active woman.

☐☐☐ Three servings of a low-fat or skim-milk dairy food

☐☐☐ Three servings of complex carbohydrates (pasta, bread, cereals, etc.)

☐ One serving of a vitamin C-rich fruit or vegetable (citrus fruit, strawberries, cantaloupe, cabbage, green peppers, tomatoes, potatoes)

☐ One serving of a vitamin A-rich fruit or vegetable (carrots, sweet potatoes, broccoli, winter squash, apricots, peaches)

☐ One serving of a dark-green leafy vegetable (spinach, kale, watercress, parsley, chard)

☐ One serving of a cruciferous vegetable (cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower)

☐ Did your animal protein intake primarily consist of lean, skinless poultry, beef or pork with all fat trimmed off?

☐ Have you eaten fish at least once this week?

☐ Have you eaten at least one meatless dinner (rice/beans/low-fat dairy)?

☐ Have you eaten no more than two eggs this week?

Must you eat three meals a day?

The answer, surprisingly, is no. A moderately active woman needs 1800-2000 calories a day to maintain her weight, about 1200 calories to lose weight safely. The only "rule" is *to spread these calories out over the course of the day so your body gets the steady supply of glucose it needs to maintain energy and performance*. For many women, eating three regularly timed meals is the most convenient, workable choice. Others may find that eating three smaller meals and one or two snacks works better, or two meals and two snacks. "The key is to think of a snack as a mini-meal, a chance to add to the nutritional balance of each day rather than to take in empty calories," said Dr. Cross. "One way to decide on the eating pattern is to think of those times of day when you are usually hungriest, and to schedule meals and snacks at those times. For many of us, late afternoon is a particularly low-energy time."

MAKEUP

Details, last pages.

U T I O N S

systems that work!

Life on the double

By Shirley Lord

Who has time "taped"? The woman whose life can best be described as "seamless," who makes a smooth and easy transition from business to personal life, day after day, night after night, who looks and feels good on the job, a job that can—and often does—take twelve hours out of every twenty-four. How does she do it?

"My theory is that you look as good as you feel; and to feel really well, daily exercise is the key," says Philippa Calnan, public affairs director of the J. Paul Getty Trust, the force behind the planned fine arts center being built in Los Angeles. Philippa's working day is a twelve-hour stretch starting at 8:30 A.M. "I rarely go home between office and evening dates. Little tricks that help: Keeping clippers and nail file in my desk drawer to ensure well-groomed nails, a curling iron for a fresh flip to hair, and moisturizer—being in a high-rise building with 'canned air' all day, I need it...eye drops, too, to 'fight' fluorescent-light strain. I have a collection of reliable office-to-dinner clothes, all of which only need small changes to make a big difference—a wild scarf, a great-looking belt!"

For many "on the double" women, the right haircut is the most valuable asset. For two women with very different professions, this means investing time every six weeks with a great cutter. Shannon Jones is a senior geologist for Exxon Co., U.S.A., and Robin Burns is president of Calvin Klein Cosmetics Corporation. Lynda Savage of the Henry Roths salon in Houston cuts Shannon's hair and bangs; Lee of Bruno le Salon in New York City cuts Robin's.

"Do-it-yourself cuttings can waste an awful lot of time," Robin says. "I have fine, thick hair that doesn't take a perm well. I wasted hours wrestling with curling irons and hot rollers until I met Lee. She came up with my blunt cut, one length all the way around, which takes ten minutes from wash-to-'walk-out-the-door ready'! It really is my greatest beauty secret."

For *(Continued on page 380)*

From NYC's super-stylist, secrets to great hair...

Mary Farr's clients at Kenneth's NYC salon have this in common: they're successful, busy, aren't fickle (many have been with Farr for twenty-plus years); their hair looks impeccable. Farr's clients include business executives, actresses, corporate wives, and others who come up from Washington, DC, to have Farr do their hair. Farr, however, won't name names, which, she says, is "probably one reason I keep my clients."

Mary Farr: busy woman's power styler

Scott Heiser

Maybe, but it's undoubtedly Mary Farr's skills—a combination of experience and instinct—that have made Farr one of NYC's haircutting powers. Farr, who has been cutting hair for over twenty-five years, became the first woman stylist in a major NYC salon. "Within six months, I was as busy as any male hairstylist." *(Continued on page 380)*

5 tips to fast style... from Mary Farr:

1. A good cut is based on three aspects: a conversation with your stylist to determine the cut that best suits you; working with your hair's texture, facial features (which determine proportion).
2. Choosing the right shampoo is key. Avoid shampoos containing cream, oil, conditioner—they all tend to weigh down hair. (Farr's trick: diluting "heavy" shampoos with water.) If you need extra body or if hair is extremely dry, consult your stylist on the treatment needed.
3. Color doesn't influence cut; condition of hair does.
4. For hard-to-manage hair: a semi-perm adds body, cuts down on maintenance time.
5. There's no rule saying an older woman can't have longer hair; it depends on the woman, *not* her age...

I N M I N U T E S

3 minutes

+

5 minutes

=

Getting makeup basics down to a system means being ready in a flash. *One-minute* essentials: loose powder as blush/eyeshadow; brown lip pencil; lip gloss; mascara. In *two minutes more*, add concealer, matte lipstick. In *five minutes flat*, a look that moves from day to night: add foundation; translucent powder; grey eyeshadow smudged close to lashes.

James Reiher

NEW GROOMERS

makeup

Beauty survival kit for a modern woman, *left*: six essential tools that are small and lightweight enough to carry in a purse: 1. blunt-tipped tweezers for neat brows. 2. natural-bristle loose-powder brush. 3. eyelash curler to "prep" lashes for mascara/use instead of mascara. 4. nail clipper for emergency "fixes." 5. pocket mirror for fast makeup checks. 6. double-sided brow/lash brush. . . . *Right*, what could be the only hair tool you need now—an oversize round brush to "roll" hair as it dries, reshape hair at night.

hair

Rodger Duncan

MODERN BEAUTY # Now, image-making: improving voice, posture, fitness, makeup skills

Makeup lessons: Ultimate service

By Lesley Jane Nonkin

Time was when you had to rise an hour early just to have enough time to dig through a drawerful of lipsticks and blushers in order to "put on your face." For the idea behind making-up was just that: the creation of a mask-like image of perfection.

Today, luckily, the whole idea of making-up has changed. Cosmetics are viewed as "enhancers" not perfecters, as transparent "polishers" instead of opaque paints. And in the 'eighties—the decade that ushered in the concept of personal exercise trainers, personal shoppers, even manicurists who come to your home—makeup lessons have become the ultimate beauty service.

What makeup lessons offer: a real-life "system" that works for your style, your day-to-day needs. What you also learn: ways to maximize your looks while minimizing your investment in cosmetics; ways to circumvent hours of trial-and-error; the development of an every-day "core" of basic cosmetics/tools around which a wardrobe of accessory-like products/colors can "move." A good makeup lesson may also provide information on skin care, evening updates, secrets for long-lasting makeup. For all these reasons, a makeup lesson could turn out to be one of the best cosmetic investments you make this year.

Once you decide to have a lesson, the questions become: Which one? Where? As you might expect, some lessons are better than others.

Not surprisingly, the best advice is usually expensive, ranging from about $50-$350, depending on where you live; but the lesson may actually be "free"—if some (or all) of the fee is redeemable in cosmetics. The quality *(Continued on page 380)*

TOP SECRETS The plus of a makeup lesson: expert tips. Here, expert tips, the most *common makeup mistakes:*

1. Lack of attention to skin care. Experts say: spend time, money on skin care, the most important base a woman can have.

2. Not blending thoroughly enough. Smooth edges with a sponge, cotton swab, powder puff; remove streaks, hard lines that age—especially where foundation meets jaw bone, at temples. But don't rub. Also: try to make up in natural, not bathroom, lighting where you can see coloring.

3. Being "seduced" into "wrong" or too trendy colors. Note as well optical illusions: a blue compact around pink blush makes color look more orange; fluorescent store lights can be deceptive. For that reason, don't buy cosmetics on impulse; try them under different indoor/outdoor lights; then go back.

Pocket ammunition

Beauty products to fit in a pocket—yours or his—make sense when there's no time to change between day and night. Chanel, who think in terms of miniature sizes have palm-sized pressed-powder compacts/tiny squares of matte/frost colors for eyes, cheeks. More pocket-sized powder compacts from Estée Lauder and new Smokestick short eye pencils. Guerlain's Terracotta Bronzing powder, for instant tan, is in a slim, slim case. Sunscreen is packed into L'Oreal's tiny Le Gloss lipgloss. . . . Disaster cream, for sudden breakouts, comes in a mini tube from Charles of the Ritz. . . Small, smaller, smallest. . . six different collapsible brushes from Prescriptives, which also makes one of the smallest lipsticks.

James Reiher

The image makers

Today, when a woman thinks of maintaining—or changing—her image, it's often more than hair and makeup that she has in mind; she's also likely to seek expert guidance on public speaking and voice, even, perhaps, nutrition and exercise. And, at a new group of salons, the focus is on helping a woman to perfect *all* of these components of attractiveness.

The time-saving idea: to be able to schedule a one-on-one exercise class, facial, and individual nutrition analysis, for example, under the same roof. It's a real convenience but the *quality* of these services should be the measure of their worth. Where did these "experts" receive their training? Do they have a degree or certification in their specialty? Are they or have they ever been affiliated with a hospital or teaching institution? Any advice that is offered should be checked with a woman's personal doctor, who should also, ideally, be asked for a health clearance ahead of time.

At Georgette Klinger's new NYC salon, individual nutrition counseling is available from Lillian Cheung, D.Sc., R.D., who also lectures at Harvard University's School of Public Health; Carole Jones, who has a master's degree in exercise physiology, comes to Klinger from the department of cardiology, Mt. Sinai Hospital, Hartford, CT. Both Cheung and Jones begin counseling sessions by assessing a woman's current habits and "shape," then plot out diet and exercise plans according to a woman's preferences, goals, schedule.

At Christine Kunzelman's Panache Appearance Studio in Torrance, CA, the emphasis is on fine-tuning a woman's wardrobe as well as television "presence." With her staff Kunzelman tapes a mock broadcast, reworking and retaping until the client is pleased with her "TV image" results. A general caveat: wardrobe and makeup advice is only as valuable as the "expert's" level of taste and how well it matches yours.

Aside from the question of how much a woman can change her image—or her eating habits—in the short time periods available at these salons, there is another potential problem in a single salon trying to answer all of a woman's needs. At Georgette Klinger, for example, Cheung dispenses sensible nutrition information while, in the next room, herbal body wraps—which produce temporary and possibly unhealthful weight loss—are offered. This inconsistency in philosophy and service is more likely to be a problem at any "do-everything" salon.

Details, last pages

STUCK IN TRAFFIC? What busy women do while riding in a taxi: "Review my calendar" ..."Apply lipstick, blush (no eye makeup; too dangerous)" ..."Take out my mini cassette player; review my French lessons"... "Take time out to relax (it's allowed!)"...Motion sickness? Look straight ahead, eyes on the horizon.

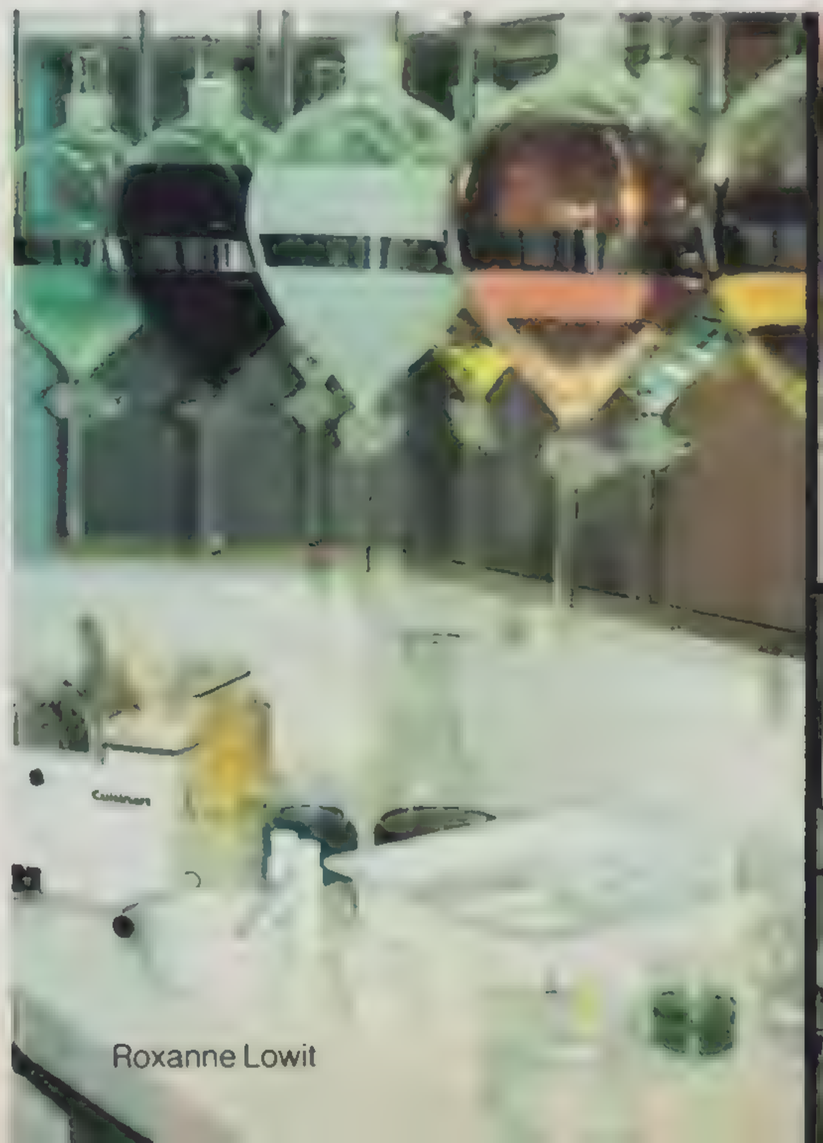
Arthur Elgort

Groomed nails in minutes

You can't have a manicure/pedicure in less than one hour—usually. Here, how to shave minutes, have neat, cared-for hands in less time...

- Along with manicurists who come to you, there's the option of having pro **manicures only twice a month,** *maintaining* nail condition in between.
- At NYC's Nails by Valerie, many clients **skip nail color**, opt for a single coat of clear or nude polish, are in and out in twenty minutes.
- Between visits, Valerie recommends **buffing nails** (the Easy 3 buffer, at Zitomer's NYC, is the size of an emery board, has three buffing surfaces) and applying a clear top coat every other day, rubbing in cuticle cream and moisturizer nightly.
- At Kenneth, NYC, manicurist Cia's **cotton-wrapped nail tips** are so natural-looking a woman can go without polish. Their purpose: to "support" nails as they grow, not to substitute for nail caring. For weak nails, Cia uses cotton wraps alone for added "strength."
- **Fastest hand treatments** in town: the moisturizer under heated "mitts" worn during a facial at Trish McEvoy, NYC. For an additional charge, a woman can have a complete manicure, including polish, in the half hour it takes to have a facial.
- With all the walking/working out most of us do now, **pedicures** are even more of a grooming essential. Modern option: no-polish monthly pedicures focused on shaping nails (safest: nails trimmed straight across, not overmanipulated), conditioning cuticles, buffing off rough/dry skin. Essential follow-up: applying moisturizing lotion to feet as often as you use a body lotion.

STATE-OF-THE-ART ADVICE, real attention to hygiene at Georgette Klinger's new "total care" salon. *Clockwise, from below left*: the "dispensary," where over thirty different cleansing lotions are custom-blended daily...the makeup palette—no hands touch skin or makeup...VIP room—mini-salon for one.



Roxanne Lowit

On these eight pages, one season's most attractive, most accountable (the real litmus test) raincoat-and-dress. Surrounding each of these essentials, the specific accessories which turn its semi-classic look to personal, distinctive style. . . . Every woman's "must-have" on-the-go dressing: a raincoat. Here, the unbeatable classic cotton trench, plaid lined, from Jaeger Boutique Collection. These [illegible] hair: Tony McAuley, make-up, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri. Details, stores, last pages.

Accessories that make all the difference, "turn" the look and image of day-to-day dressing

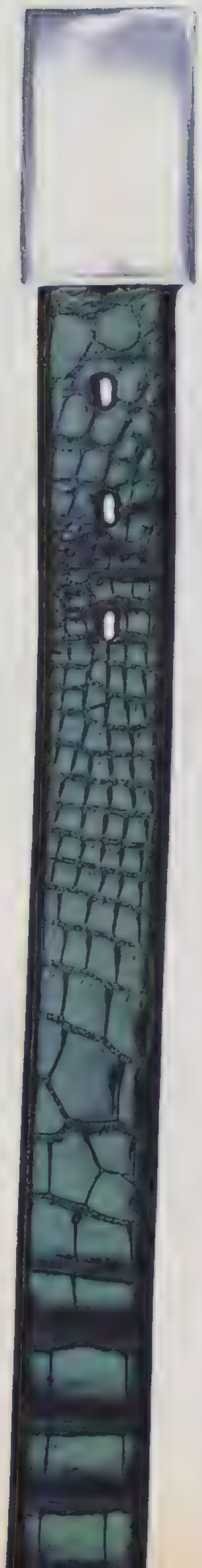
Frank Schramm

Top priorities

Another "must-have," the bag that does it all, holds it all. For their appealing shape, rich color and texture, their last-forever quality—*this page* from the top: Bottega Veneta's textured leather tote in deep green, the season's newest neutral; from Hermès, a more structured shape in "fjord" leather; Louis Vuitton's classic duffel, now in no-logo leather.

Top priority accessories

Important with low-key clothes: high-quality accessories— richly colored, strongly textured. . . gutsy

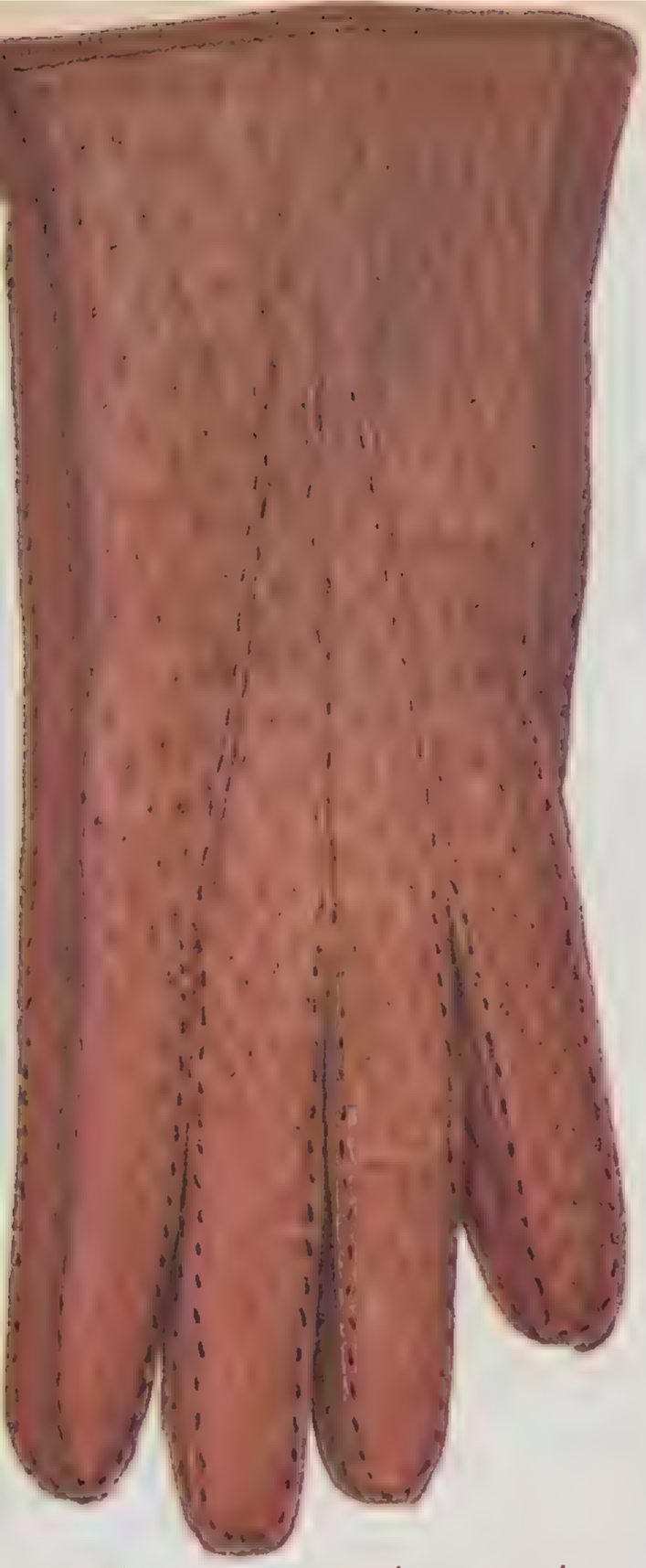


The best-looking, best-working belt—slim enough to slip through belt loops; enough color, texture, importance to add instant impact. Two of the most luxurious—*Far left*: Green pony fur with brass buckle, Johnny Farah; green alligator with sterling buckle, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy NYC. . . . If you find the bracelet you love, it's worth its weight in any metal. . . you'll wear it every day! The winners here, *top*: 18k-tricolor gold braid, Poiray Joailliers; black onyx and 18k gold, Bulgari; the new "belt" bracelet, in alligator, Johnny Farah. *Bottom*: Tortoise patina on brass, all Robert Lee Morris . . . More of the focus on the wrist with a jacket—a short glove: stitched and strongly textured. *This page*: yellow suede with brown suede, Hermès. *Opposite*: the ultimate texture, ostrich, by Prada.

Perfect belt for pants: narrow, straightforward, the simplest buckle. . .

Frank Schramm

Options that "dress" a jacket: bracelets; a watch; a short glove . . . all of the above



Variety, exciting design make watches prime decorative accessories now. New faces, new bands (our mix), *left to right*: first two cases, Calvin Klein Watches. Third, Cartier. Bands, Hadley-Kalbé.

The "workaholic" in your wardrobe could be this easy, saddle-shoulder jacket over tailored trousers, a white blouse, and black shell—a "suit" that's polished, with real presence—but relaxed and uncomplicated. By Jhane Barnes Details, stores, last pages.

Top priority accessories

What's key to the season's best accessories—quality, luxury, texture—doesn't change when you wear the season's key dress

News: the preponderance of real and semiprecious jewelry. *This page*: counterclockwise from the left, two bangles of 24k-gold on magnolia wood, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co.; black ebony, Isabel Canovas; wood with 18k-gold, pink tourmaline, Poiray Joailliers; 18k-gold hoops, Poiray; 14k-gold and sterling earrings, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt....More news—with simple necklines—small necklaces, close to the throat. *Opposite*: Hematite and 18k-gold, *top left*, Poiray; *right*, Bulgari. *Bottom left*: 18k-gold and jasper, Bulgari; right: 14k-gold and sterling, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt. Details, stores, last pages.

Frank Schramm

Prevailing dress shape: small on top with long sleeves; a full long skirt....soft! Prime example: this one by Krizia in grey wool jersey. Counterparts in knits, cashmere, jerseys are everywhere, at every price...The small waist practically calls out for a belt—wide, textured, with an uncomplicated straight or contour shape. The cowhide belt on the dress, Echo. The suede belt, *opposite*, with a covered buckle, Carlos Falchi. *Center*, an alligator belt by Johnny Farah....Gloves are clearly on the scene everywhere. With a dress like this, long leather gloves to slide over long knit sleeves. These, Anne Klein by Aris.

...but their shape and proportion do!

Top priority accessories

The smooth look of the season's knit fabrics starts with a smooth, thin body suit. Here, *left to right,* Giorgio Armani Intimate Apparel Collection; the next two, Calvin Klein Underwear; Olga's Christina . . .

The inside story—a sleek body suit; a new systemized handbag

Vital priority—the handbag you carry every day. The bag to invest in now: slightly structured; neatly sized; richly textured... the bag that's the best quality. The distinctive bags below, *left to right:* ostrich by Prada; quilted leather, Chanel; leather, Hermès; alligator, Luc Benoit; no-logo leather, Louis Vuitton....More inside news: handbags with their own coordinated pieces, a place for everything. *Top, right*: Donna Karan New York's lizard-patterned leather bag with its own smaller bags of stitched napa leather—an envelope to carry on its own when you need to carry less; cases for credit cards, business cards, a checkbook; a makeup pouch. And, *below:* Prada's black nylon tote, its nylon and leather fittings—smaller bag, makeup case; tissue case; wallet; appointment book; coin purse—organized, color coded! Details, last pages.

Frank Schramm

THE BUSINESS OF

DRESSING AMERICA

The clothes American women need most—the clothes that work for day. And from that need, an ongoing revolution in fashion

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It's a business that gets bigger and bigger, as the number of women who work gets bigger and bigger. Women who, with a few notable exceptions, need to be "dressed" every day, five days a week, fifty or so weeks a year.

What has happened as a result: a growing number of American designers have come forward to answer that need and to do it with imagination and style. Designers who provide the kinds of clothes American women are looking for—attractive, appropriate, and affordable. This is fashion "within reach"...real-life clothes with real-life price tags. Most of all, clothes that work. On these ten pages, a look at the best examples, starting with a look at the designer who leads the way: Liz Claiborne...

Horst

IMAGE OF SUCCESS: LIZ CLAIBORNE

From a cheerful New York City office, Liz Claiborne, *above*, heads an ever growing empire; a company whose sales totaled $560 million last year.

Newest Claiborne success —soft suit dressing: her gold-buttoned navy knit jacket, narrow navy skirt

THE SUCCESS OF liz claiborne

INTERVIEW BY ELSA KLENSCH

Women who are highly successful in business receive various kinds of accolades: honorary degrees from universities, corporate directorships, government appointments. But fifty-seven-year-old Liz Claiborne received the most gratifying reward of all on the tenth anniversary of starting her business—a standing ovation from the stockholders at this year's annual meeting of Liz Claiborne, Inc.

The stockholders had good reason for their enthusiasm—sales and earnings for the phenomenally successful company had reached new highs. According to Brenda J. Gall, senior industry specialist at Merrill Lynch, New York City, "Liz Claiborne is one of the all-time greats, not just in the apparel industry but in the history of the stock market."

In the decade she and her husband, Arthur Ortenberg, have been in business, Liz has become the "golden girl of American fashion." Her clothes for women, men, and children are selling in ever-increasing numbers across the country—to the satisfaction of customers, store executives, and investors.

Liz Claiborne had been a designer for a moderately priced fashion house and had wanted to start her own business for years. But, unsure of success, she waited until her three children completed college.

Liz Claiborne, Inc., was established in 1976 with $50,000 of family savings and $200,000 from friends and business associates. First-year sales totaled $2 million. Last year they reached $560 million.

Here, Liz Claiborne talks about the first ten years—and about what's next...

Q. When you started you aimed your clothes specifically at working women. How did business women dress then?

A. First, they bought "work clothes," as we still call them, and second, casual weekend clothes. There didn't seem to be much in between.

For work the business suit was queen, and the companies producing suits did extremely well. Of course, they sold them as separates, so you could buy a size-10 jacket with a size-8 skirt.

My original concept was to dress the women who didn't have to wear suits—the teachers, the doctors, the women working in Southern California or Florida, the women in the fashion industry itself. They didn't need or necessarily want to wear suits.

Q. How has the working woman's atti-

Rodger Duncan

tude changed over the past ten years?
A. She's much more confident about dressing in ways that would have been considered "outlandish" ten years ago.

She now realizes that she can put together a turtleneck sweater and a leather skirt with black hose and black shoes and the right accessories. It looks good and it's comfortable, too.

Q. Will women continue dressing more and more casually for business?
A. I really think so. I don't believe in this resurgence of almost couture influence in certain areas. I just can't see that as a modern way to dress. It's not comfortable, it looks uptight; and if it isn't well put together, it looks terrible.

Casual clothes can look okay even when they're a bit messy or have obviously been worked in. Casual clothes also make a woman look younger.

Q. Are women today as interested in fashion as they were ten years ago?
A. Yes they are. I don't think they want to make a complete change each season as European women are willing to. But they do want fashion—absolutely.

That's one way women differ from men. We change our minds more readily. We like role-playing. We like to look this way one day, another way the next. It's bred into us.

Q. You personally designed each piece of that off-white sportswear group you started with. Now, ten years later, you're no longer a designer, you're an executive. What's that like?
A. Lots of meetings—with the product managers, the division heads, the designers. But I come in less and less at the beginning of the process. Not living with a collection every single moment, I can look at it a bit more clearly.

I'm most active when there's a crisis, when a collection needs a fresh eye to pick it up and give it pizazz.

I'm still closer to the sportswear division than I am to the dress, men's, and children's divisions. I've had the most trouble in dresses and kids since the taste there is not quite the same as mine.

Q. Ten years ago you could design clothes right up until the first buyer walked into the showroom. Now, because of your huge production you start working on a collection more than a year before the clothes reach the stores.

How do you gauge trends that far ahead?
A. Our people are constantly traveling in various parts of the country. They keep us current on the mood of the customers.

We have computer analyses of sales. We also keep in touch with the market through the magazines *(Continued on page 377)*

Details, stores, last pages

Formula for success—good looks, good styling... and the price is right!

Sleek, streamlined, ready to go: pinstriped navy pants suit, black turtleneck sweater

Heightened sweater dressing: silver Lurex turtleneck, easy grey flannel trousers

Terrific hit-of-color jacket—gold-buttoned red blouson—to move over black, grey, navy, anything neutral

Roxanne Lowitt

Polished day looks,
by Cathy Hardwick . . .
easygoing style,
a long way from basic!

Suited for day, night:
fitted gabardine jacket,
narrow skirt

Perfect "uniform" for
work, travel: seasonless
gabardine jumpsuit,
trench coat

Roxanne Lowit,

The season's soft
dressing in the season's
bright red: coat,
cardigan, skirt

Rodger Duncan.

Alternative jacket: boldly patterned silk/cotton cardigan

Power dressing: high-impact red wool jersey

Jazzed-up jacket dressing: black leather jacket over grey flannels

Adrienne Vittadini's signature knitting—streamlined, feminine, designed for ease . . . for day/night versatility

"Base" for dressing, for accessories: cashmere long-sleeved T-top, wool flannel pants

From office to dinner: long, zippered wool tunic, short skirt

Jacket-dressing in knit: bold pattern, presence

Caramel: one of the season's colors. . . in the season's cashmere turtleneck dress

Two-piece cashmere dressing: a change!

Details, stores, last pages

Unexpected fabrics, bold colors, a direct, modern approach at Anne Klein II

Breaking tradition: summer's khaki twill for fall/winter!

Color clout: bright-orange melton coat, V-neck wool cardigan

Classic jacket, new look: "twin set"-style turtleneck, jacket

More khaki twill . . . the season's trench and trouser "suit"

Details, stores, see last pages

Roxanne Lowit

DRESSING AMERICA . . .

Tongue-in-cheek humor, offbeat proportions set Willi Smith's WilliWear style

Soft-jacket dressing: boxy bouclé wool jacket

Hardly one of the boys: "executive" navy layers—great coat, jacket—over grey flannel

New-style grey flannel: outsized jacket, fuller pants

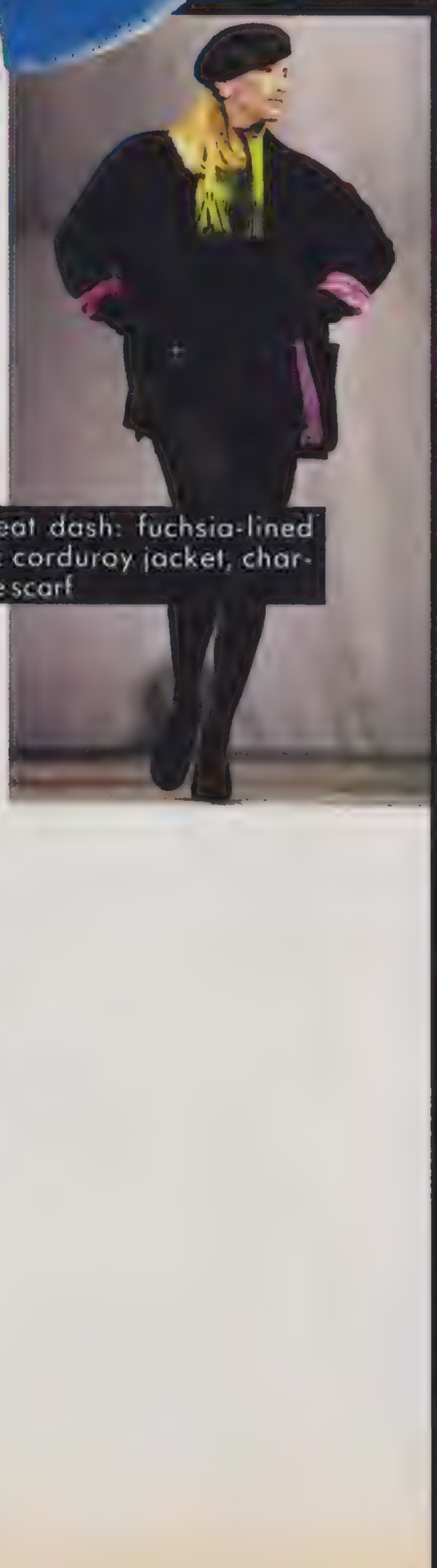
Re-proportioned suit: oversized blazer and mini skirt—same length—and cardigan—same emerald green!

Rodger Duncan

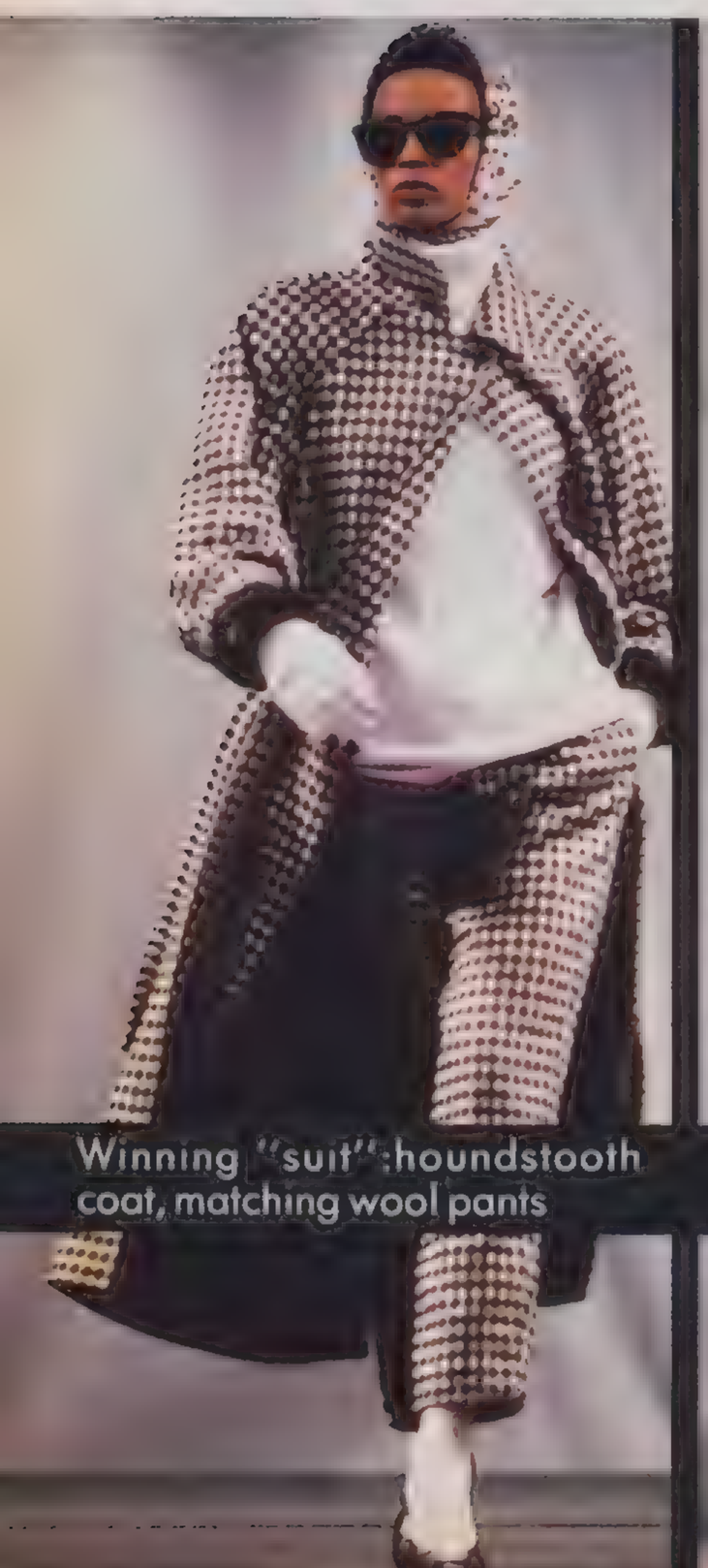
The spirited Esprit style and coloring . . . now turned to "day dressing"

Raincoat-plus: bright-orange nylon over black tunic, skirt

Fast-track denim: oversized bomber jacket lined in fuchsia, edged in red!



Offbeat dash: fuchsia-lined black corduroy jacket, chartreuse scarf



Winning "suit": houndstooth coat, matching wool pants

High-voltage suit dressing —shiny black with lime

Details, stores, last pages

Bankable looks at accessible prices from Calvin Klein

As "professional" as a suit: seasonless gabardine dress

Shapely jacket dressing: velvet-edged green plaid over black

The season's "new-shape" coat: fitted navy melton princess

Roxanne Lowit

Ralph Lauren's signature classics, signature style

Riding jacket goes "city" with all-black sweater and pants

Dress of the moment—belted charcoal-grey jersey

Updated classic: longer, roomier, lightweight poplin trench

Rodger Duncan

STARS OF THE SEASON . . .

COATS!

Here: the shapes, the lengths, the coats to watch . . . To go over every length: longer coats—with more! *Left*, in cozy charcoal wool/alpaca—a coat reminiscent of a "boy's" reefer—straight, dropped-shouldered, neat . . . . *Right*: Real swagger, real dash, real coat presence—a balmacaan in wool covert. Both, Anne Klein Coats. Reefer, about $650; balmacaan, about $520 . . . . A super shiny shot-of-color coat, *below right*, that works so well over black, it's almost an accessory—and it's a coat that keeps working, day and night. In water-resistant padded nylon. By Carol Cohen for Drizzle. Coat, here, about $260.

The new knee-length coat in one of the hottest "ideas" this season: fake fur, *above left*. A Trigère Coat—in black and white. About $400. . . . Another take on "fur"—as a warm lining in a longer, button-down wool gabardine coat, *near left*. By Searle. About $690. . . . Fake fur at it's richest, plushest—most inviting! —*above right*: a knockout of a "steamer" coat, roomier, single-breasted, lightweight. Steve by Searle. About $450. . . . A coat with wrap-and-tie dash, the knee-length that's perfect over short skirts, pants, *right*. Of navy alpaca/wool. By Perry Ellis. About $490. Details, stores, last pages.

Hair, Pascal Crucq for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Andrea Paoletti.

Mario Testino

Contemporary quality

SIGOURNEY WEAVER

On these four pages: Armani night-and-day—straightforward, understated—worn by a woman who best represents those qualities: actress Sigourney Weaver, now starring in the sci-fi saga *Aliens*, soon to appear opposite Michael Caine in the screen adaptation of Paul Theroux's novel, *Half Moon Street*, in which she plays a Harvard professor moonlighting as an Armani-clad "executive-style" call girl. "Most of the time in *Aliens* I wear a torn T-shirt, grenade harness, machine gun, flame thrower, and I'm covered with grease," she says. "I guess it was my costume punishment for having been in a movie wearing Armani." . . . . What Weaver likes about Armani evenings—"they're very droll." To wit, here she is, *opposite*, in his most "dressed": a long velvet dress with charming details—a little collar, tie. Giorgio Armani Couture. Late August at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Robinson's, California. . . . What Armani day dressing comes down to, *above*: the tailored finish of a jacket—over a little silk blouse; wool skirt. Giorgio Armani Couture. Jacket, about $935. Shirt, about $485. Skirt, about $425. Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco; Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Earrings, Marina B., NYC. These four pages: hair, Maury Hopson; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Details, see next to last pages.

Denis Piel

SIGOURNEY WEAVER

contemporary quality

What Weaver and Armani-dressing have in common: long, sleek lines, a thoroughly modern attitude, a certain lack of artifice . . . a timelessness that comes from being "classic" in an unclassic way. . . . Classic Weaver, *opposite*: warm, collected, just a little bit impish, a little vulnerable . . . just the type of woman to admit that she's "always drawn to scary movies [like *Aliens*]. They scare me terribly—I'm much too impressionable. I mean, it took me ten years to see *The Exorcist* all the way through!—yet I love being a pawn in the filmmakers' hands" . . . . Here, she wears nothing but a touch of Armani: his fur-topped bowler with felt brim. Giorgio Armani Couture. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. . . . Classic Armani, *above*, and the kind of uncomplicated easy evening—at-home/dinner—dressing he's known for: a soft navy printed jacquard silk skirt; simple navy wool tunic sweater. Giorgio Armani Couture. Top, about $700. Skirt, about $1500. Barneys New York; Hattie, Birmingham MI and Palm Beach; Neiman-Marcus. Details, more stores, see last pages.

90 minutes

Diane Sawyer tells Liz Smith a few things we never would have guessed about her life, the news, Nixon, men, ambition, and MTV. A candid conversation with one of the most impressive women on the air.

Remember the old movie cliché? A native runs breathlessly on screen, gasping, "They say there's a white goddess in the village!"

Well, there is. The TV village has at last its own superstar white goddess—smart, stylish, human, beautiful, deliciously non-controversial. The perfection of an idea made possible by the pioneering drive of Barbara Walters, she is a fully realized 'eighties woman, Diane Sawyer.

The Kentucky-born, Wellesley-educated beauty queen has shown us fast footwork in her time. She recovered from a career choice that might have sunk a lesser mortal—aide to Richard Nixon, loyal worker on his post-Watergate memoirs. Shaking off any unfavorable association. Diane made her mark on *CBS Morning News*, then graduated from that sinking ship to the top-rated *60 Minutes* in August 1984.

During the past two years, Sawyer has melded her inquisitiveness, efficiency, ambition, and power personality into a creamy perfection. *60 Minutes* producer Don Hewitt likes to say he'd have hired Diane even if her name had been Mike. Charlie. or Louie, even if she hadn't been—you know, a woman. But she is: *the* woman of today's television.

DIANE SAWYER PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM VARRIALE

Liz Smith: *When you turned forty last December, I marked my calendar: it seemed impossible. Did it mean anything to you?*
Diane Sawyer: It meant absolutely nothing. I tried very hard to spend at least fifteen minutes that day assessing my life, and I think the phone rang, and my life assessment was thwarted, probably never to take place.

LS: *So many people think of that as a real crisis time, particularly for a woman.*
DS: I'm on the front edge of the baby boom; I feel this great surge behind me. And at each stage it seems that the demographic changes are working for me. As that huge group of people starts to turn thirty and forty, it makes it all right for women to be on television when they're thirty and forty, because there are all those women out there who are buying things; they're the engine of the consumer economy.

LS: *How do you feel about being seen as a symbol of women's success?*
DS: It was a benchmark of some kind that a woman became a part of *60 Minutes*, but I'm not sure that it signified anything historic. I can almost date the moment when articles stopped referring to "the first woman on *60 Minutes*," and started talking about the work I was doing. The initial fuss was a very brief commemoration of the arrival of a woman, and I don't know that it had very much to do with me. It had to do with changing times, and it had to do with the pool of journalists at *60 Minutes*. What makes these questions more difficult to deal with is that our competition is institutionalized among CBS and NBC and ABC, among broadcasts; to some extent, in a very civilized and decorous way, among those of us who are on the show. And when you live in a world in which the competition is so structured and institutionalized, being female seems to have so little to do with it, because there is a story, and who gets it is the person who gets up earliest in the morning, who puts their marker on it first.

It seems about as clean a competition as you can have.

LS: *Is "60 Minutes" a better experience for you than, say, doing a show like "CBS Morning News"?*
DS: They each have their perils and their delights. I liked the sense of danger inherent in showing up there live every morning. And I like the fullness of personality that comes through in live broadcast. People who come up to me in airports still talk to me about the morning news, because I was there in the bedroom when they were brushing their teeth. People know you a lot better there, rather than in the more formal—sometimes even austere—pieces and work that I have to do on *60 Minutes*. You have to be fairly tough. *(Continued on page 320)*

LS

Do you have any influence at CBS?

(Continued) People are always surprised to see me in person; they say, "Oh, you're so vivacious. Because on *60 Minutes*, you know, you're really purposeful."

LS: *You can't distract from the interview.*
DS: That's what I want to say: do you want me to stop in the middle of a piece and tell how *I* spent my summer?

Now, apart from that, *60 Minutes* is not just a brief agitation of the air waves; the program matters. The pieces that you have control over make you feel you've accomplished something. On the morning news, we'd deal with so many things so superficially that occasionally I'd wonder at the end of it whether we had offered enough nutrients to get anybody through a day.

LS: *Diane, by all accounts, your looks can't be ignored. I read a story where Kim Basinger told about cutting all her hair off in a fit of hysteria: people stopped looking at her and telling her she was beautiful, and guys stopped hitting on her, and she went through this sort of momentary pause in being good-looking.*
DS: How wonderful to have to mutilate yourself in some way for men to stop looking at you! Unfortunately, it comes easier to me than to her. It sounds so coy and phony, but do you know the song in *La Cage aux folles* about putting on your mascara, and you feel maybe you'll get through one more day? That's rather the way I feel. I can also just get up and walk out of the house with my little blond eyelashes and my disappearing blond eyebrows: no one seems to notice me. And my two-inch thick glasses—it's really not a problem.

LS: *In other words, you feel you can be plain and passing?*
DS: I feel the imposter is the girl with the mascara on. Besides, if you're as nearsighted as I am, everything kind of blurs out beyond twenty feet. By the time I finish putting on my makeup, I think I'm a knockout.

LS: *When you're doing an interview, do you ever say, I can't wear this; it would make me look too great?*
DS: If you're saying, do I not wear things that distract—for sure. And things that make me look too calculated, yes.

LS: *Like a Chanel suit?*
DS: Yes.

LS: *Well, that's television. How about in person?*
DS: Oh, in person, I don't do anything at all.

LS: *There's no question that you've risen above being a sexy piece of work. But can you ever <u>not</u> be the woman on "60 Minutes"?*
DS: Well, you can't not be the one woman, but Mike Wallace also can't stop being the only Mike Wallace: he is always going to be perceived as the toughest and most unrelenting questioner. Ed Bradley is black. We all carry with us some distinction. I just see being female as an interesting one; I love being female. But if you're talking about its practical consequence for what I do, it doesn't have much of one.

LS: *Do you get along well with women? Barbara Walters says that men treated her so horribly during her anchoring period at ABC, that her greatest support came from women.*
DS: I do get along with women, and I feel a great solidarity with the women at CBS. I think it surprises people, because they all assume that there is this kind of dog-eat-dog—what's the female canine? Well, never mind.

Leslie Stahl, who works the White House, always went out of her way to watch out for me, and call, and console, and encourage. And Barbara Walters always did. I really like Barbara. Barbara can do anything. I'm not sure that the men in the business ever have to think about their work as much as we do, because in the eyes of society they are designed to do it from birth.

LS: *I think it would be awful to be a man; they have to respond to the most ridiculous behavior expectations.*
DS: It seems to me the worse thing would be having fewer basic options; a woman has so many different ways she can feel about herself, about what she does.

LS: *Not that I'm criticizing Phil Donahue, but Marlo Thomas would never have had that fight with the man in the airport. Still, Phil felt obliged, somehow, in his maleness, to stand up to the guy, instead of ignoring him and walking on by.*
DS: Am I wrong? I'm so glad he did.

LS: *You have a point: I always thought that the most admirable thing I ever heard about Nancy Kissinger was her defense of Henry when she grabbed the woman who said such a nasty thing about him.*
DS: It makes you admire that loyalty.

LS: *I just loved her for that. I could forgive her for almost anything.*
DS: A friend of mine was saying poignantly, rather sadly, that when he goes to a party these days, the women all want to talk to the women, and the men only want to talk to the women. He said, we men are so uninteresting . . .

LS: *Speaking of men, Diane . . . You have been friends with some very powerful men in your time—Richard Nixon, Ron Ziegler, William S. Paley. I'd put Warren Beatty in, but I don't know if that was true or not. Are more powerful men different?*
DS: Yes, they return your phone calls faster; they're in control of their time.

LS: *On the bus yesterday I started thinking about—was it T.S. Eliot who said most men lead lives of quiet desperation?*
DS: Henry David Thoreau.

LS: *I was thinking, it's true. These people all look so unhappy.*
DS: You know where I see that? On the Eastern Shuttle. It's always as if you have stepped into people's souls, their bare souls, because the faces collapse the minute they get on the Shuttle.

LS: *They feel unobserved, private. You know, you always hope on airplanes everybody will leave you alone. Well, <u>you</u> must hope that.*
DS: The nicest thing that ever happened on one of these business trips for me was that we were sitting in the cabin and they served halibut with these little red crabs on top. And here were all these exhausted people who didn't know each other, business people, with ties loosened, and someone got the idea that we would have a crab race, and we would tie these little crabs to strings, and just for a moment, at the end of the day, it was *Animal House*. And the stewardess was very upset, protesting. I did the prematch interview and the postmatch interview with the winner. So just for a moment, our business gains and losses of the day, and our failures and achievements—none of it mattered for a tiny little moment. I'm trying to turn that into a speech coming up. What I'm arguing is that if you had a group of women executives on the plane, I don't think they would have done that.

DS

Influence? You want a job?

LS: *Maybe women are not as playful as men.*
DS: I think that women, certainly businesswomen, don't feel they've got the time to horse around.

LS: *Do you have an anti-jet lag recipe?*
DS: I don't want to sound pompous, but I don't get jet lag very much. Marietta Tree told me that the secret is to drink an entire quart of water the minute you arrive, and then do exercises. And then take a nap. But I guess I *do* have a recipe. Spend three years of your life getting up at two-thirty in the morning, and at the end of it you have no body clock left to dislocate. I have trouble getting up, but in some fundamental, psychological way, nothing is ever early again.

LS: *Now, I wanted to ask you something. Did you and Richard Nixon ever go past the "Mr. President" stage?*
DS: No.

LS: *I don't mean intimately.*
DS: I should *think* you don't mean intimately!

LS: *No, but did you ever feel you became his friend? Can you be friends with him?*
DS: Well, he has friends; that's for sure. I'm not sure that when you work with him you can ever be a friend, in a simple sense. Now, let me think a minute. I talked to him once about friendship, and about that thing that changes once you get in public office and, in particular, once you've been President, and the inability of people ever to treat you quite naturally again. Sometimes it's just the infinitesimal click of calculation before they say something to you, so that even for the people who have no axe to grind, and no role in your professional life, it's tough to be a friend.

But in our case, we had a mission in San Clemente, and I spent hours with him a day. We all knew that writing history then, after Watergate, was not something he was keen to do. He wanted to get on with the next year of his life, and not sit around and brood over the past. And we all knew that we were there in the employ of an uncongenial task, as far as he was concerned, so that when it was over we had to face the fact that we were the people hired to make him do what he didn't want to do.

LS: *What was it like? How did you do it?*
DS: We did it several different ways. There were really three of us who saw it through from beginning to end, and several people who came in at varying stages. And sometimes, he would just sit and dictate, hours and hours' worth of dictation into a machine. And then other times, we would take a subject, and go in and try to talk to him about it, and make a few notes.

LS: *You'd go and study the background of the thing?*
DS: Well, my part was actually to cover Watergate and the final days.

LS: *Oh, terrific, you had the easy part.*
DS: There were three straws, and guess which one I drew.

What I did was make up massive books, binders, in which I cross-referenced everything that was known, said, alleged, thought; and he took that and sat down and dictated from that. And then I would take the dictation and go over it and say, well, what about this? And I would play Devil's Advocate, saying, I don't think this could have happened then, and what about that?

LS: *Have you ever thought that it would be nice to have a former President in your past who had not been a disgraced President? Did you ever say, why couldn't I have worked for—I don't know—John F. Kennedy?*
DS: If you wait long enough, anybody can be disgraced, right?

LS: *But I wondered if you ever said, good grief, I finally get to work for a President, and it turns sour.*
DS: I thought it ought to have been simpler somehow.

LS: *You know, I saw you the other day on the David Letterman show. Did all that sort of sophomoric razzing bother you?*
DS: I love it.

LS: *They behaved as if they had never seen a woman before.*
DS: I think they react that way to every female that comes out there. It's *Animal House;* it's Fraternity Row. I had a great time.

LS: *Do you see the men on "60 Minutes"?*
DS: We're like five flying Dutchmen.

LS: *Ships that pass in the night.*
DS: We come in and out of town, but you know our offices are in perfect alignment to the microinch, and so we walk up and down the hall. Morley and I have been to dinner. Ed and I have been to dinner quite a bit; we've spent some time together. And Harry and I are still struggling to . . .

LS: *Harry is more difficult? That's my guess because of how he acted with Barbara, sort of like a wounded bear.*
DS: He has been really nice, very considerate with me. And then Mike and I have been together at dinners, too. Given the fact that we all travel all the time, we see each other quite a bit.

LS: What is it we don't know about you?

DS: I dance to MTV. I think I'm terrific, too.

LS: *You know, Mike's one of my oldest friends. I worked for him at CBS radio in the 'fifties.*
DS: What was he like to work for?

LS: *Oh, he was wonderful to me. People are always saying what a mean bastard he is, and I'm saying, "You're so wrong." He gave me a raise out of his own pocket because he didn't think CBS paid me enough. That was unheard of. Is he as hard driving?*
DS: He is—yes. You know, I remember in his interview with Barbara Walters, he said something to the effect that he realizes he is out of phase with the times.

LS: *He still thinks that women should get married and stay at home and make him comfortable and all that. He's not going to change.*

(Continued on page 376)

ABILINE

JUDITH MILLER:

the years of living dangerously

Judith Miller, correspondent for *The New York Times*, confronted Qaddafi in his tent, covered bombings in Beirut and the hijacking of the *Achille Lauro*. Terrorism was her beat. Now in Paris, she makes news with what she writes—provocative, intelligent, it's journalism at its best. BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Winter in Paris. A dinner party at the apartment of the columnist Richard Reeves and his wife, Catherine O'Neill. The talk is about terrorism. Three different stores in Paris have been hit by sketchily identified Arab factions. The intermittent threat of terrorist acts, with no clear reason and no clear attribution, has contaminated the texture of daily life in Western Europe. As new factions claim new victims, the idea that the Arab-Israeli conflict is at the root of terrorism has become blurred.

A young woman arrives: tall, pretty, with very bright dark eyes and straight hair, the look of a schoolgirl in an August Sander photograph. She wears a long navy blue sweater and laughs a lot. "So," says the host, with evident respect, "how was Qaddafi?" She is Judith Miller of *The New York Times*, for three years Cairo Bureau chief, newly appointed as a *Times* correspondent in Paris. Her brilliant series on Libya ran in January and February, and the colonel was not amused. "I don't think I can go back to Libya after what I wrote," she says.

She described life in "what has become one of the most arid and listless of Mediterranean. . . societies." She wrote about shortages: "The only food commodities in ample supply last week were 110-pound bags of Cuban sugar, boxes of tea from China, tomato paste from Greece, canned tomatoes from Cyprus, salt, damaged cans of vegetable fat, and insect spray." She described the Peoples' Congresses, units through which the Libyans are supposed to govern themselves: "Increasingly seen here as a rubber stamp and a mere screen for Libya's real power bases." She wrote about Tripoli's "Green Square," paved over by Colonel Qaddafi with green cement, the green covers of Qaddafi's three volumes of thoughts, the endless chanting and sloganeering, and the military training of women and children. And she interviewed Colonel Qaddafi.

April in Paris. American planes have just bombed Tripoli and Benghazi. Rooted to a small study on a rooftop, I call *The New York Times* office to ask Judith Miller what all this is about. "She's gone to Tripoli," says the secretary. Miller was singled out at the airport, interrogated about what she had written, and put on the next plane out.

At the age of thirty-eight, Judith Miller occupies an uncommon position. She is one of the few American women to have experienced at firsthand terrorist actions all over the Middle East in the last three years. She covered the bombing of the Marine compound in Beirut, the hijacking of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro*, the bombing of the U.S. embassy in Kuwait, the storming of the hijacked Egypt Air plane in Malta. She first caught people's eyes with her 1984 interview of Jordan's King Hussein, followed by interviews with Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, Yasir Arafat of the PLO, Gaafar el Nimeri, former president of Sudan, and Shimon Peres of Israel. She was deeply involved for almost a year in following King Hussein's peace initiative: "All I did," she says, "was to help clarify the debate by getting the key players to define what they saw as opportunities. That's what journalism is all about. I wanted to find out what they meant by what they said." It was only after the initiative came to a stalemate that she was given the job of *Times* Paris correspondent.

Miller is widely regarded as one of the leading experts on the Middle East. She lectures occasionally at "*Science Po*" (Paris's school of political science) to advanced students of Arab politics. She is able to describe the geography of terrorism; if the targets for terrorist action shift, the centers remain the countries around the lower rim of the Mediterranean that appear on the State Department's list—Libya, Iran, South Yemen, and Syria. Syria was temporarily removed last year when it helped the U.S. over the TWA hijacking—"Whether or not they also helped plan the hijacking is a separate question," Miller says. Tunisia is the home of Yasir Arafat's PLO. Lebanon is dangerous because of its civil war. Saudi Arabia has tried to buy itself protection by funding "questionable" groups. The island of Malta provides terrorists with an operating haven, a place to buy weapons and forge passports, as long as they don't conduct their action on the island. "To the extent that a country permits itself to be used as a base of operations," she says, "it can buy itself a little bit of temporary immunity. But as the French and Italians learned in the 'seventies, there is no such thing as immunity from *(Continued on page 377)*

Miller's new assignment is the French political scene; her new home, a Left Bank neighborhood she describes as "bohemian"

Rene Burri-Magnum

One of the richest men in the country, Paul Mellon was to the museum born—his father helped found the National Gallery. Now a major new exhibition celebrates the gifts of the son —an old-fashioned philanthropist and true connoisseur. BY BARBARA ROSE

Immortality, it is commonly thought, belongs only to artists and heroes, whose works and acts will live long after them. Certainly it is not an idea one associates with art collectors, who are often victims of the fashions of their times rather than visionaries whose taste will be validated by history. There are exceptions of course: Lorenzo di Medici, Cardinal Scipione Borghese (the polished nephew of Pope Paul V), the art-loving Hapsburg dynasty, and Queen Christina of Sweden are some of the legendary collectors who spent enormous sums amassing great art. Only in modern times, one realizes, has the best art sold cheaply. Artists like Raphael, Michaelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, and even the bohemian Caravaggio demanded and received top dollar.

These days, too many who would call themselves collectors play a speculative game that demands vast quantities of art bought inexpensively for short-term profit.

In the context of such an unhealthy attitude toward art collecting, the National Gallery of Art's exhibition of masterpieces, *Gifts to the Nation: Selected Acquisitions from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon* (through October 19th)—held in the nine new sky-lighted galleries recently opened to house Mellon's donation of nineteenth-century French paintings—becomes especially significant.

Paul Mellon's father, Pittsburgh financier Andrew Mellon, helped establish the National Gallery (1941) with his own collection of Old Masters when, as Secretary of the Treasury, he realized that our capital had no national art museum. Exposed early on to the idea (*Continued on page 327*)

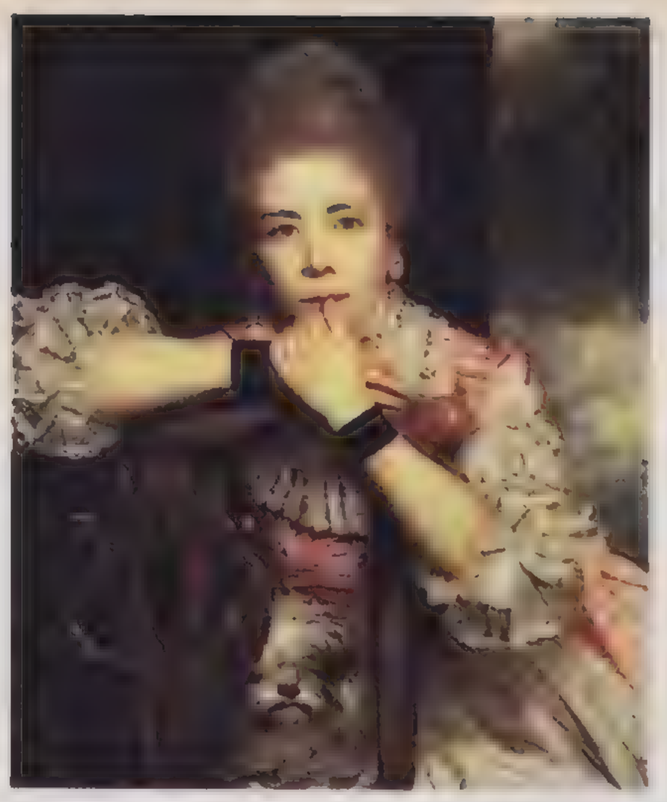
Paul Mellon and his wife "Bunny" (right), who have assembled one of the greatest collections of nineteenth-century French paintings in the world, with J. Carter Brown, Director of the National Gallery of Art; and (left) Vuillard's "Woman in a Striped Dress," 1895, which Mellon gave the museum in 1983.

PAUL MELLON

the cultivated eye, the generous spirit

Rubens, "Peace Embracing Plenty," 1633-4

Harpignies, "The Colas Road," 1885



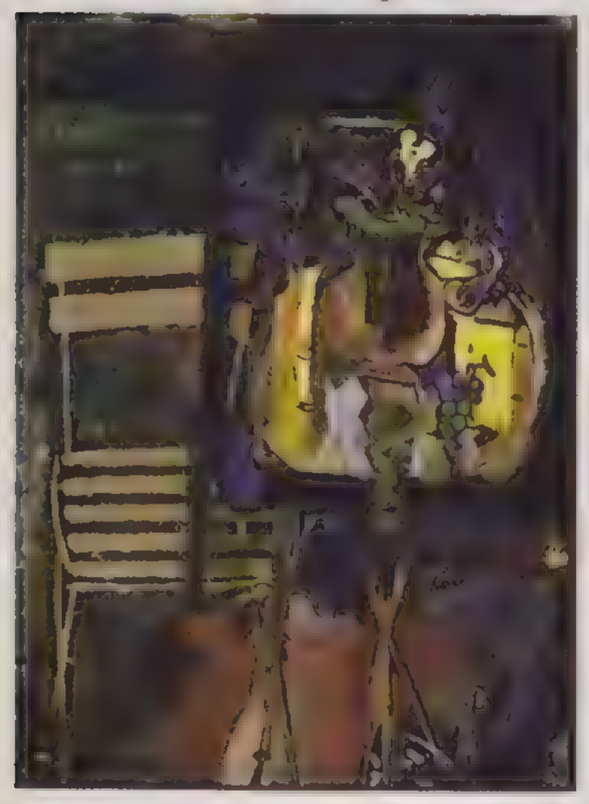
Reynolds, "Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue in Congreve's 'Love for Love,' " 1771

Landseer, "Portrait of Mr. Van Amburgh, as He Appeared with His Animals at the London Theater," 1847

Bellows, "Tennis Tournament," 1920

Cézanne, "Harlequin," 1888-90

Turner, "Staffa, Fingal's Cave," 1832



Braque, "The Garden Table," 1952

Monet, "Woman with a Parasol— Madame Monet & her Son," 1875

Constable, "Hadleigh Castle," 1829

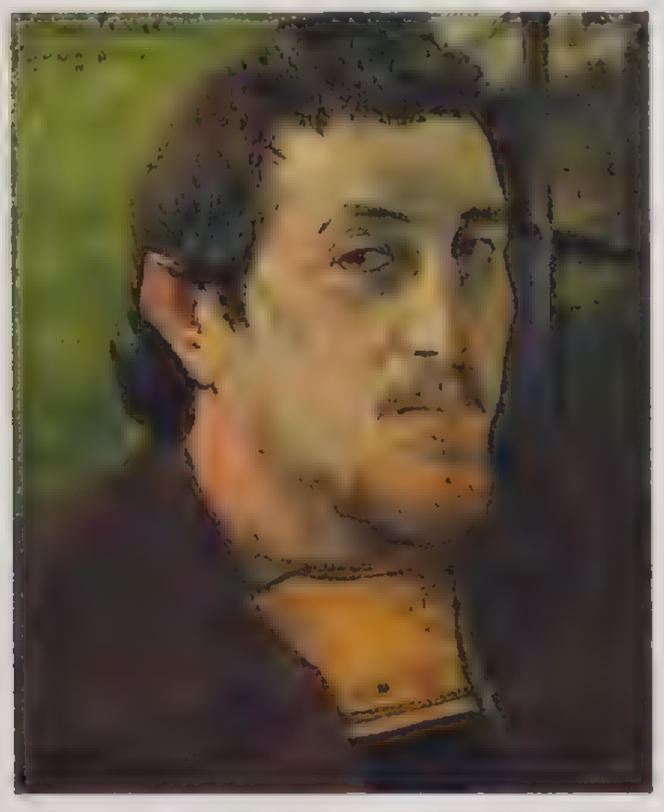
Van Dyck, "Mountjoy Blount, 1st Earl of Newport," c. 1637-38

Homer, "Dad's Coming," 1873

Constable, "Stratford Mill, 'The Young Waltonians', " c. 1820

West, "The Artist's Family," 1772

Mellon has made collecting a creative act. Here, a few of his masterpieces on view at the National Gallery



Gauguin, "Self Portrait," 1888-95

Fuseli, "Oedipus Cursing his Son, Polynices," 1777

Reynolds, "Charles Stanhope, 3rd Earl of Harrington," 1782

Manet, "La Rue Mosnier aux Drapeaux," 1878

Magritte, "The Blank Signature," 1956

Matisse, "Still Life with Sleeping Woman," 1940

(*Continued from page 325*) of collecting for posterity, Paul Mellon was, one might say, to the museum born. In any event, his life has been deeply intertwined with the history of the National Gallery, where he has had offices in both the old, neoclassical West Wing his father commissioned in 1937 from John Russell Pope, and the new East Building (1978) by I. M. Pei.

Mellon's patrician attitude is the opposite of today's speculative collecting of works purchased not to be kept or donated to public institutions, but used like junk bonds, as high-risk ventures. Warehoused until the proper moment, the art is dumped back on the market at the best time for taking profit. Other games present-day collectors play involve manipulating art prices at auctions, syndicating purchases to buoy the market and reduce individual exposure to risk, promoting artists whose works are being held for investment, setting up phony foundations intended to be liquidated at the point when the art has sufficiently appreciated.

The power of big collectors has become such that dealers virtually tremble when they see Herr X, Monsieur Y, Signore Z, not to mention Mr. and Mrs. Merger, walk into a gallery. These collectors buy in bulk, pay critics to validate their purchases in catalogues and articles, and seduce curators into showing the works by absorbing exhibition costs. They are becoming more powerful in determining taste and establishing careers than the dealers themselves. But this was not the case for Paul Mellon's involvement with art-giving.

Raised in a privileged atmosphere, Paul Mellon found art appreciation was a part of daily life. In one of the homes he maintains there is a drawing he did at age seven framed and hung next to a Van Gogh drawing. Interestingly, he did not go on to become a dilettante painter; he took the higher line and turned his creativity toward collecting. Because of his gift for connoisseurship, his ability to take good advice when needed, and his focus on creating coherent collections in the two areas he cared for most—English art and nineteenth-century French painting—Paul Mellon has made collecting a creative act. His original interest in art focused on English paintings, especially sporting pictures, which he began to buy in substantial numbers in 1959. As organizing head of the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts *Sport and the Horse* exhibition, he met British *(Continued on page 373)*

Paul Mellon hangs art everywhere—in his homes, his offices, his private jet. Overleaf, "Little Girl in a Blue Armchair," 1878, by Mary Cassatt, included in the tribute exhibition at the National Gallery of Art.

Mary Cassatt

ADDICTION: quitting

Addiction is the subject of the moment. The news is full of children on heroin and yuppies on crack, and the rest of us call ourselves exercise junkies, love junkies, soap-opera addicts, "workaholics" and "chocaholics". A woman jokes about her shopping habit. A columnist couches her teachings to the lovelorn in drug-culture language: "End Addictive Relationship Cold Turkey," she advises. "You and your man are not lovers, you are users."

Addiction, right now, is the metaphor for how we see ourselves—living at the whim of harmful and potentially overwhelming external forces, engaged in a struggle for control over ourselves and our lives.

The word "addiction" came up from the streets when people trying to wean themselves from their morning jolt of coffee began to identify with those shooting up. The connection seems self-dramatizing, but current thinking in the chemical dependency field approves. "If caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, and prescription and over-the-counter depressants and stimulants are included, few people in the United States would be found who take no psychoactive drugs," according to Robert B. Millman, M.D., of New York Hospital-Cornell.

Everybody must get stoned. Andrew Weil, M.D., a physician and medical researcher, believes that "the desire to alter consciousness periodically"—whether by magic mushroom or whirling to dizziness, as kids and dervishes do—is as universal and normal as "hunger or the sexual drive." In *The Natural Mind* he urges "all of us who use legal drugs—caffeine, nicotine, alcohol—to begin seeing these substances for the drugs they are and their habitual use for the addictions they are."

So we are all addicts, and it is only mildly hyperbolic to say that we are all trying to get clean. If we're not fighting a serious habit we are at least switching off red meat or butter, sugar or salt, hard liquor or tap water. We have never known so much about what can kill us. We have never had such power—and responsibility—to control our health. Eat fiber, exercise aerobically at least three times a week for at least twenty minutes (or is that thirty?), take calcium. Your life is in your hands.

Tempted by the totally unrealistic promises of perfect health, endless youth, and faultless, impervious leanness, and scared to death by carcinogens, fats, and calories, people are abruptly revising their lives.

The New York Times reported last December that "The patterns of social drinking in the New York metropolitan area are changing markedly. . . . 'We're probably witnessing a phenomenon of the greatest self-imposed prohibition in the history of the country,' " said the president of the New York State Restaurant Association, none too happily, one imagines.

Headlines still screech, on a daily basis, about the "epidemic" and shocking drug use among sports heroes, physicians, women, executives, Vietnam vets, movie stars, rock stars, college students, teenagers, young people, and just plain Joes you might meet on a date. (The *Los Angeles Times* ran a column on "Dating Hints to Spot a Future Alcoholic.") But for all the sensationalism, a countercurrent is pulling in the direction of purity, caution, and self-control.

> "We treat ourselves like test tubes, playing around to get the emotional balance we want—a little up, a little down"

The clearest sign that everybody is getting into this act is the rash of books on how to cut down on "social drinking," appealing to those who worry that they may be tossing back a bit too much white wine, or too eagerly anticipating the next frozen margarita. Both Alcoholics Anonymous and the British organization Accept observe more younger people joining the ranks, and more of all ages arriving, as Accept says, before "any serious physical, mental, or social damage has taken place."

The temple of getting straight, the Shangri-la of sobriety, is the Betty Ford Center, a cluster of small, one-story white buildings baking in the California desert sun. The reception area is carpeted, quiet; the receptionists are friendly. At one point, one afternoon, while I'm waiting to interview an administrator, a sixty-five-ish woman patient, wearing quite a lot of rouge, a flowered shift, and white pants, skitters to receive a phone call. Strolling in the opposite direction is a punky kid in blue jeans and cowboy boots, with a little devil's tail at the nape of his neck. Two people, an executive-type middle-aged man in madras and an attractive, thirty-five-ish woman, are making conversation as they wait for whatever they're waiting for. I think they're talking about what brought them here. The man is saying that his son was killed, accidentally, by a police car. "They were chasing *another* kid, and crashed into *my* son's car." That, he says, was the worst thing that ever happened to him.

The woman responds that *her* little boy burned his arm terribly with a potful of boiling water. The scars aren't too bad, but the experience was awful—the emergency room, doctors, plastic surgeons. . . . Between that and the separation from her husband, she's had a rough year, too. I expect the man to be annoyed at her comparison of a burn to the loss of a son, but he's not—he's sympathizing with her.

No celebrity is on the premises as far as I can see, but who knows? I'm kept out of

is the new high

Everyone is giving up something—from cocaine and chocolate to cigarettes and alcohol—in pursuit of physical, emotional, even spiritual health. BY AMY GROSS

sight of the patients except for this one inadvertent moment on the loose, and I am trying to make the most of it. I'm told that sixty people are in residence, thirty men and thirty women, each staying about a month. I'm introduced to counselors, given a tour of empty bedrooms and lounges, watch from a distance as a group of women work out in the pool, and grudgingly appreciate the respect shown for the patients' privacy. The place has a wonderful air—you sense calm and comfort, and at the same time you gather there's no fooling around. The success rate is believed to be 70 to 80 percent, says Medical Director James W. West, M.D., "in highly motivated patients who follow up with aftercare—structured supportive therapy—and regular attendance at Alcoholics Anonymous."

Which brings us to the amazing thing about this glamorous institution, at home in a posh resort community, able to transform mere celebrities into heroines: from its therapeutic structure to the life experience of three-fourths of its staff, it is deeply rooted in A.A., an organization once associated with the seedy and the broken, people not like us.

People like us are here, and at the countless and far less glamorous A.A. meetings conducted each week around the country—over a thousand in Los Angeles alone. In New York City, A.A. meetings are standing-room-only. One lunchtime, at a church on Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, about two hundred people found seats while another twenty or thirty perched on tables, leaned against walls—a crowd of the eminently successful, to judge from their costumes. That's just one meeting. All over the city, day and night, Wall Streeters and Upper East Siders, Lower East Side women artists, etc., are "working the program."

A visiting art critic from Los Angeles observes that in New York City, A.A. meetings have replaced singles bars as the hot places to meet people. A hip English magazine reports on stars' showing up at A.A. meetings in Los Angeles. The sincerest sign of success is imitation, and an enormous network of spin-offs has arisen for people wrestling with other compulsions: cocaine, narcotics, overeaters, gamblers, debtors, sex. There are also groups patterned on A.A., like Al-Anon (for wives, husbands, lovers of alcoholics— or, as Al-Anon says, those addicted to the alcoholic), Adult Children of Alcoholics, and Alateen.

You can spend your days and nights going to meetings. There are people who do.

The rush to both addiction and sobriety may be in part generational. Psychotherapist Betsy Robin Spiegel, M.S.W., notices that "an increasing group of people in the Anonymous programs are in their thirties and grew up in the 'fifties, a very permissive period in our history. Permissiveness means there's no experience of frustration, or stiff-upper-lip-ism, or working through something. They grew up with the idea that you should feel good all the time, and in order to sustain that, you've got to have something to numb your feelings." Alcohol, says Al-Anon, is an "anesthetic."

Valerie Foster, a psychotherapist at Gibbs Institute, a Darien, Connecticut, aftercare center that serves affluent women, sees the rise in addiction as a response "to the need to survive in a high-pressure society, and the need for power in that society. If I drink, I think I can do anything—make that deal, snag that man. And cocaine is a much more seductive drug than alcohol. Cocaine is the power-to-do, and it's the most prevalent drug among the people we see, especially for women attracted by the pace, the control cocaine seems to give.

"Control is the issue. The feeling I get is that these women start to feel ineffectual, as though they've disappeared. Their sense of self is not strong, and they don't get support from other people. Aloneness is the thing of the 'eighties: people are not able to glom onto a friend and say, 'I'm scared, help.' Addiction is a way of maintaining control. And cocaine is appealing because it's so *fast*."

Speed is of the essence. Time is short. Frustration, shyness, anger, fear, tension are like grit, interfering with the smooth, fast functioning we demand of ourselves. We treat ourselves like test tubes, playing around with mind-altering chemicals—coffee or cocaine, a cigarette or chocolate or Valium—to get the emotional balance we want; a little up, a little down.

This doctoring of ourselves is substance abuse. Using alcohol "to calm nerves, to sleep, to give courage or confidence, to relieve anxiety or depression, or for nightcaps," is not social drinking, according to LeClair Bissell, M.D. It is "a hallmark of alcoholism." And the definition underlies some of the guidelines for those trying to control their drinking, like "Never take a drink when you 'need' it."

Mary Fisher is a thirty-eight-year-old theater producer and artist who signed herself into the Betty Ford Center when she found herself drinking more and feeling it less.

Big-time drinkers might dismiss her wine for lunch, vodka in the afternoon, and more wine with dinner as amateur stuff. "But it's not how much you drink," she says, "it's how preoccupied with it you are. I began to look forward to a drink. I didn't like feeling shy, feeling anxiety. I believed people wanted me to be extroverted, vivacious. A drink, I thought, made me able to do that. Instead, it built up the layers of a mask. At the Center, I learned I could feel insecure, afraid; these feelings pass, if you allow them to come and go. You find that drinking doesn't make it better; the liquor just clouds the issue."

Fisher has the zealous enthusiasm of the Center graduate, the conviction that "this saved my life." Still, her eagerness to "come out" indicates the reverse status of making it through the ordeal of addiction—the *heroics* of *(Continued on page 374)*

ADDICTION:

THE NATURE OF C

Addiction is a medical, not a moral, problem. New findings locate the root of all evil in the brain's pleasure and pain centers. BY MARGARET HAMBURG, M.D.

What is addiction? Who is at risk? Why can some people smoke a cigarette or take a tranquilizer only now and then when others become addicted? Why do some people drink too much and others shoot heroin?

New discoveries about the biochemistry of addiction, particularly about the nature of craving, are giving us insight into the intricacies of addiction's destructive cycle. Not only are researchers penetrating the mysteries of the addicted brain, but their recent findings have important implications for treatment.

Six thousand years ago, long before anything was known about the patterns of addiction, the ancient Sumerians used opium and had a written symbol meaning "joy" to identify the opium poppy. Today, on the streets, we have a modern equivalent—a synthetic amphetamine-type compound called "ecstasy."

As fashions change, so do addictions. To some, cocaine connotes affluence and glamour, but heroin seems destructive and degrading. "Crack," a powerful, smokable form of cocaine that is the latest drug craze among young adults of all backgrounds, is made by adding baking soda and water to powdered cocaine; this mixture is then heated until the water has boiled off. What remains is chipped into small pellets or "freebase rocks." Generally sold in small quantities, crack is deceptively cheap: $10 buys about two rocks and two ten-minute highs. A full gram of powdered cocaine, which sells for between $75 and $100, would ordinarily keep two users high for an evening.

Contrary to popular belief, crack is not a purified form of cocaine: in fact, it is frequently laced with potentially harmful adulterants. When cocaine is smoked, high concentrations of it reach the brain in seconds—this is what makes crack so powerful. The intensely euphoric high peaks rapidly, followed by a crash to depression. To escape this depression, the user smokes more crack. The repeated ups and downs strengthen the craving and make smoking cocaine at least five times as addictive as snorting it. The risk of harmful physical consequences, such as psychosis, convulsions, stroke, and cardiac arrest, is at least as comparably magnified. Ironically, some drug abusers have turned to crack to avoid needles perhaps contaminated with AIDS virus.

Biological anthropologists have observed animals in the wild getting "high" by consuming natural intoxicating substances. Rhesus monkeys trained in a laboratory to press a lever for a reward were willing to press it as many as four thousand times for a single dose of cocaine. In related experiments with monkeys and rats, even hungry animals chose cocaine over food. When given free access to the drug, these animals went into a frenzy of drug-taking activity, repeatedly pushing the lever to the point of exhaustion, even death. When given opiates, the animals' drug-taking was slower and steadier but nonetheless compulsive. The animals gradually increased their dose, but rarely to the point of killing themselves. The researchers were surprised to learn that animals will not self-administer hallucinogens or anti-depressants.

These animal studies suggest that some machinery for addiction is built into our brains. Yet we know that people's biological susceptibility varies: here the most is known about alcoholism, which tends to run in families. In one study, children of alcoholics adopted at birth by non-alcoholic parents showed a fourfold higher risk of becoming alcoholics than natural children of non-alcoholic parents. In a recent issue of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Marc A. Schuckit, M.D., reported that physiological responses to alcohol clearly differ in children of alcoholics: the male offspring of alcoholics felt less intoxicated after downing three to five alcoholic drinks than men with non-alcoholic parents. Other addictive disorders probably also have biological underpinnings.

But biology does not provide the only answers to the puzzle of addiction; three tempermental traits identified by W.K. van Dijk, M.D., a psychiatrist from the Netherlands, may help in recognizing people at risk. First, a susceptible person readily feels discomfort, tension, and displeasure. Next, these unpleasant feelings are intense, even unbearable. Finally, the person finds it impossible to cope with the tension. Escape comes from substances that chemically produce a sense of well-being or from activities like eating, sex, or work which somehow reduce distress.

> "Cocaine produces such an intense euphoria that it overwhelms the desire for food, water, or sex"

Knowledge about the complex relationship of the brain and behavior has exploded over the past two decades. Much of the current excitement concerns discoveries about the brain's pleasure and pain systems. In early classic studies, James Olds established that when electrodes are placed deep into specific areas of the brain, animals quickly learn to stimulate themselves electrically for hours on end. Olds's work suggests that there are brain areas responsible for pleasure.

Researchers studying addiction were astounded to find that certain brain cells had receptors for heroin or morphine, and they couldn't figure out why this should be: the answer came in the discovery of naturally occurring opiate-like substances, called endorphins, in the body. This finding gave researchers

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Margaret Hamburg, M.D., *a doctor in New York City, has done neurochemical research on addiction.*

raving

new clues to how the brain actually experiences pleasure, regulates "natural highs," and relieves pain. During times of extreme physical and/or mental stress, the brain creates more endorphins, which act very much as morphine and heroin do to kill pain. Surgeons in China who have used acupuncture for anesthesia may be manipulating the body's natural opiate system to release more endorphins.

Under normal conditions, endorphins occupy many of the body's opiate receptors. If a narcotic is taken, an additional number of receptors are occupied. If the drug is taken repeatedly, however, the body begins to reduce the amount of endorphin it produces in an attempt to compensate for the outside opiate supply. Eventually, the brain's receptors become dependent on this outside supply. If it is decreased, some receptors sit unoccupied—leading to a compelling craving for more of the drug. Craving is an inherent aspect of "withdrawal," the body's reaction to the abrupt cessation of an addictive behavior.

These discoveries have implications that extend far beyond chemical addiction. For example, some researchers suspect that a runner's "high" is the result of endorphin production stimulated by strenuous exercise. Trained athletes may develop an opiate-like addiction to exercise, even demonstrating "tolerance" (the need for more and more of a substance—or activity—to maintain the same level of satisfaction) and withdrawal: benched runners often report symptoms of depression, irritability, and restlessness.

Recent animal and human studies suggest that withdrawal from narcotics is accompanied by increased activity of a cluster of nerve cells deep within the base of the brain called the locus coeruleus, or the LC. Decreasing this activity eases withdrawal. One theory has it that after an addict's brain has adjusted to an external supply of opiates, the LC comes to rely on that supply to keep its activity down. If the drug is removed, the LC's nerve cells start firing more quickly: this increased activity is what gives the addict withdrawal symptoms, including a craving for opiates. Researchers have found that the LC's activity is inhibited by noradrenaline (the chemical messenger produced and supplied throughout the brain by the LC), natural or administered opiates, or by certain drugs.

For instance, clonidine, a drug commonly used to treat hypertension, dampens the LC activity of opiate-addicted lab animals, dramatically easing their withdrawal. Reports from addicts are more subjective but equally convincing. Word of clonidine's effectiveness in reversing withdrawal symptoms got to the street shortly after this was initially reported in scientific journals, and some addicts began using it—not to withdraw from their habits but to tide themselves over till they could get their next fix.

Clonidine also holds promise for easing cigarette and alcohol withdrawal. Heavy smokers who volunteered to stop received clonidine, a Valium-like tranquilizer, or a placebo. Although both drugs alleviated the anx- *(Continued on page 375)*

the last cigarette

After years of medical scares, cigarettes are being stubbed out by peer pressure. Once glamorous, smoking is now simply gauche

Surveying the sweep of New York City's harbor from Chase Manhattan's executive dining room, I reached for a Camel. Of course I asked permission, and no one objected. But I was virtually alone. Among the dozens of sleek, Nautilus-toned executives in the room, only two or three were smoking.

Surely the scene would have been different a decade or more ago. Acceptance by Hollywood idols had helped make cigarettes a mass phenomenon: Humphrey Bogart, who died of cancer of the esophagus, made squinting over the fag end of a cigarette a symbol of his embittered manhood; Marlene Dietrich trailed a blue cloud of smoke like a veil.

Now Miss Manners, arbiter of taste, acerbically counsels her readers: "Smoking should be confined to certain parlors to which the smokers may retire from the sensible people and make their disgusting mess. . . . If you wish to smoke in the presence of clean people, you must ask their permission and be prepared to accept their refusal to grant it."

Public censure must be having some effect. Overall, cigarette sales are off about 7 percent since 1981, the peak year to date, when Americans smoked 640 billion cigarettes. Since 1965 the percentage of male smokers has dropped from 52 to 35 percent; the percentage of female smokers also dropped, from 34 to about 29 percent. In recent years, however, the rate of smoking has increased among women aged twenty to thirty-four—prime childbearing years—resulting in the feminization of smoking-related diseases. Smoking can affect fertility and damage fetuses; and lung cancer has passed breast cancer as the number-one cancer killer of women.

Hidden in these statistics is a subtler change; smoking is *(Continued on page 375)*

Lenny Glynn, *has written for "Institutional Investor," "Time" and "Newsweek."*

HOME in HAMPSHIRE

An hour from London, Felicity and Michael Wigan lead the good life in the grand English tradition of small children, large dogs, rolling hills, and acres of chintz

The Wigans and their [illegible] and Rollo enjoy the country air in a paddock alongside Bighton House.

Karen Radkai

BY RACHEL BILLINGTON

Hampshire, not much more than an hour's drive southwest from London, has always been a fashionable county. It is not a part of England that attracts people who plan a solitary communing with nature. The houses are grand, the inhabitants rich, and the parties well worth an invitation. It seems almost unfair to add that Hampshire is also an extremely beautiful county with rolling sweeps of farmland, made interesting by woodland and unspoiled village.

Over the prow of one particularly steep and secret hill lies Bighton House, both grand and homely, a reflection not only of its mixed Regency, Georgian, and Victorian styles but also of its owners, Felicity and Michael Wigan.

When Michael bought Bighton House, where his great grandfather had grown up, it was dark and overshadowed by laurels—that favorite Victorian screen against the outside world. For a year the Wigans lived in a trailer on the lawn while the house was torn apart and transformed into a place where the garden, the fields, and the hills roll right up to the front door.

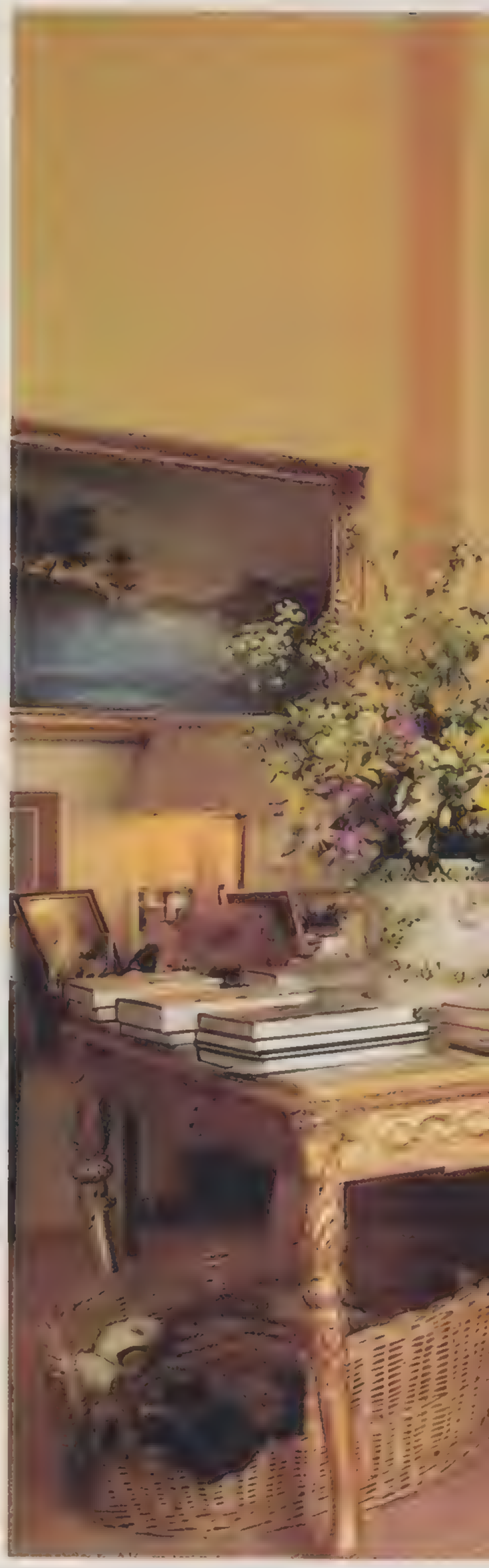
Felicity Wigan, who took on the decoration of the entire house, is an outdoor person, a country lover, an animal lover who doesn't move without a guard of large, some very large, dogs. She has the slim golden-girl look of someone just returned from the South of France. The eldest of five children and the only daughter of Peter Cadbury, heir to the great chocolate company, she grew up in the country with dogs and horses in a setting of English gracious living; but she also lived in a world of private airplanes, worldwide travel, and hectic energy. She was even (very briefly) kidnapped at the age of seven.

Felicity has always been attracted to design, possibly owing to being dragged round the antiques shops from an early age by her mother. In 1970 she started The Fabric Shop, which broke new ground by bringing fabrics out of the West End, their traditional home, into Chelsea where many of the young and fashionable actually lived. She also displayed the materials on large frames, then quite a revolutionary idea. In 1971, she married Michael Wigan, an extremely attractive Etonian who runs his family firm of hop-brokers, Wigan Rich- *(Continued on page 373)*

at home in hampshire

Flowers—on chintz-edged curtains, in a Gobelins tapestry, on Limoges china, and in the flesh— set the dominant theme in the dining room (above). "I love flowers at lunch— and candles at dinner," Felicity Wigan said. "I always have pink, white, cream, or blue flowers in the dining room. Flowers and dogs are my passions in life." The entire family and most of the dogs (right) get set for an outing, with Felicity driving a motorized buggy made by a local blacksmith. "We have it just for fun."

Karen Radkai



The earliest part of Bighton House was constructed in 1760, but the main section was built a half century later during the Regency period. Felicity Wigan mixed eighteenth-century and Victorian styles in the drawing room (right). She designed swagged-and-tailed curtains and crowned them with trompe-l'oeil urns that she painted herself. "I just decided to do it on a rainy day," she said. "I thought it would look pretty."

Chutney, the Great Dane whose photograph appears on the cover of Felicity's forthcoming book, "The English Dog at Home," curls up under an eighteenth-century gilded table with ram's-head legs. An eighteenth-century Italian marble statue of a "violinist" with bellows and cane (top), adds a note of droll humor between the windows. John Emms's paintings of a dog and horse (above) hang over an eighteenth-century chest.

at home in hampshire

Karen Radkai

Bighton House's bright, spacious, modern kitchen (above) also doubles as an aviary. In addition to the wooden parrot perched on a ring near the doorway, a real parrot, named Arthur, normally occupies the large cage on the table. "Birds like company, and the kitchen is the only place that has people all the time—and it's warm in winter," Felicity Wigan said. Felicity collects straw hats, hanging some in the kitchen alongside an old corn shovel. At left, Charlie, Patrick, and Rollo dig into their bowls in the breakfast room, where they sit on an antique oak settle.

Felicity chose a blue-and-cream color scheme for the master bedroom (right, above) because "my husband's favorite color—all Englishmen's favorite color—is blue." She installed a seventeenth-century oak coffer at the foot of the bed and deployed Victorian plates on the fireplace wall. French fabric, Colefax and Fowler wallpaper, and an Indian wool rug extend the range of blues. A flower-decorated double tub is the centerpiece of the master bathroom (right, below) "Mike and I sit and talk in there," Felicity said. "It's where we have our only conversations"

at home in hampshire

At Romeo Gigli—

a special approach

Romeo Gigli, thirty-one-year old, rising star Milanese designer, says, "I want my clothes to be modern, simple and scivolare via—which loosely translate as "to slip away," and in this context means "nothing screams for attention." And nothing does. Gigli's look is subtle, but compelling. And as different from the other soft, narrow clothes of the season, as apples from oranges. Perfect examples: the basic pieces have the same names as elsewhere—big coats, jackets, long skirts, narrow pants, sweater sets, cardigans. But the look is totally different. And the fabrics are the same—jersey, cashmere knit, handwoven wool for day; those plus chiffon, silk at night. But here there are no patterns, no prints. No beads or sequins. The deep colors are subtly combined. He hates color "that jumps out at you." Here, an almost Oriental purity, totally uncontrived, totally unconstructed. And—above all—a complete focus on ease. "After all," he says, "I'm not designing in a vacuum but for women who have things about their business."

What else sets his clothes apart: a feeling for nuance, imaginative detail, all of it soft focus—a rounded collar that reaches high on the neck, evening, graceful sleeves; Empire waistlines, wrapping based on Indian folk costumes. There's also an undercurrent of classicism: the result of years of looking at antique books (his family were book dealers). But the impact is completely contemporary.

Another reflection of his deep-rooted feeling for sim-

Denis Piel

a singular simplicity,

plicity. In a season of extravaganza showings, Gigli's models came down the runway with hair pulled back, almost no makeup, no accessories except flat shoes, opaque stockings. A class associate says "It would never have occurred to him to show any other way. This is the world of his clothes." However, he's happy, she says, to see his clothes worn with accessories, mixed with antiques, pieces from the wearer's wardrobe. Also simple but totally functional: his menswear. For the future, a boutique at Bergdorf Goodman targeted for this month. No plans for house furnishings, fragrance, cosmetics. Just more of the clothes fast creating a Romeo Gigli cult.

Here a sweater and skirt can be, opposite, the longest cashmere tunic, wrapped and buttoned at the back; merino wool shirt, flounced at the bottom. Sweater, about $750. Skirt, about $270. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Girbaud Nadi, Alan Efferson, Worcester & Boston (MA); Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus, Charles Gervay, Los Angeles. And

furs: the fast

starters

In a season distinguished by changes in proportion and length—the furs that follow suit: from the shortest short jackets and new longer long coats to new knee-length furs that are terrific with shorter skirts or pants. Another change: in the fur itself—now, flatter, neater, and often in shades of grey. *Opposite*, a symbol of smallness, Carolyne Roehm's grey Persian lamb jacket. For Alixandre. Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel; I. Magnin, San Francisco....Another side of the season, *this page*: Donna Karan's softer, fuller, belted coat in grey Russian squirrel. Donna Karan New York for Birger Christensen. Saks Jandel. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. These four pages: Hair, Garren, NYC; makeup, Margaret Avery, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, last pages.

King

furs: the fast starters

A coat to watch, *above*: a coat with the straight, square-shouldered, clean lines—the low-key charm—of a man's overcoat in a new top-of-the-knee length; one of the key new lengths this season, and the perfect proportion with a shorter skirt, pants. More appeal: the way a flat, neat fur lets the design stand out; the way the natural grey color lets the quality of the fur stand out. The coat, here, of grey Persian lamb, by Perry Ellis for Alixandre. Available at Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel.

The other direction in coats right now, *above:* very big, very beautiful. You get it with a longer length, a roomier enveloping scale, and a shape as effortless—with an attitude as easy—as a wrap robe. One of the best: Fendi's knockout new take on a duffel coat, in grey squirrel. The Carol and Irwin Ware Fur Collection at I. Magnin, Chicago. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Details, more stores, last pages of this issue.

King

easygoing expressions-

change of pace

easygoing expressions

Free-spirited elements
in dressing...
for the country, for free time,
for weather...
for a different mood

Another great model as a jacket, with a slightly sophisticated combination and, a quality that takes a one step further in terms of style: the galoshes, almost like [illegible] jacket, [illegible] in [illegible] asymmetrically our hero, held by a wide, brown buckled belt. [illegible] Grey by Flannel [illegible] Brown, about $248. Harvard, NYC; Elgin Branch, Northbrook MD; Copley, Boston and Stamford CT; Lo Knack, Winnetka IL; Terri B., Chicago; Aeropost, Woodland Hills and Newport Beach CA. And, Benetton's long, mustard-colored cotton raincoat this page, with the unexpected touch of a toyboy lining, has that same "chameleon" quality. Light weight, easy, with high, over the-knee suede boots, it slicks up as simple a look as a sweater and pants, goes anywhere. About $165. Late August at select Benetton stores. Fashion details, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

easygoing expressions...

Built-in: a non-stereotyped quality—these clothes lead many lives

The jacket, *opposite page*, is slightly roomier, slightly bigger, highly versatile, in loden green nubby silk, from Go Silk for L'Zinger —with four patch pockets, easy push-up sleeves. About $300. Henry Lehr, NYC; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Bacio, Minneapolis MN; International Paris Match, Phoenix AZ; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Mario's, Portland OR and Seattle WA....Another version of a shaped, easygoing jacket, military style, *this page*, from Guess? by Georges Marciano, in grey stonewashed cotton denim—the kind of jacket everyone lives in...at least part of the time. About $110. Bloomingdale's; M. G. A., Beverly Hills. Makeup, *opposite*, that's easygoing, natural, with a hint of lip color. Here, Avon's Peach Shimmer. Details, more stores, see last pages.

The best relaxed shapes this fall. From Barbour, opposite, left, a cotton-collared zip-front oilcloth jacket with cord-by collar, for instance—just made to layer over wool shirts, leggings. About $205. Junkeisei Drive, NYC.

Opposite, right. The rugged cotton-duck jacket you've a few pages back, roughened by Ralph L[illegible]

easygoing expressions...

The base for a more personal, unexpected way of dressing

Vogue Pattern #1770

VOGUE PATTERNS

On these four pages: a nonstop wardrobe—to sew—for a woman whose life is nonstop, designed by Geoffrey Beene (his signature looks are unmistakable) and executed in the fabrics/colors he selected to deliver clothes that work, day into evening, on the go, most anyplace in the world. More of the thinking behind the Geoffrey Beene Career Wardrobe: "Every one of these pieces is useful and they all work easily together. They're in black and red—the two basic colors to me." The elements start, *left*, with his body-conscious wrap jacket and narrow skirt—the perfect suit—in red wool jersey, the "fabric of the future," says Beene. "Nothing is as useful, as easy to pack." Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1770. (Jasco Fabrics.) . . . *Right*: The dress that moves day into night—small, simple, cuffed at the wrists, belted at the waist, in red silk crepe. Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1771. (Fabric, Horikoshi.) These four pages: Hair, John Sahag, John Sahag Salon, NYC; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Sewing tips, details; stores, last pages.

on the

Denis Piel

Vogue Pattern #1771

move

the wardrobe that works

on the move

to sew—that works for she goes, de- by Geof- jacket, ...ough to go over anything long ... short coat, dress-lined what could work more ways! Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1771. (Wool coating, Anglo Fabrics.) Paired ... ...ble: Black satiny wool gabardine trousers and a black silk chiffon blouse ...th, Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1772. (Wool, Anglo Fabrics; silk, Nil Fashion Fabrics.) Right: A terrific raincoat, "the most singularly ... coat a woman can own"—or sew—says Geoffrey Beene. What adds to the versatility: the good looks—the bright red slicker fabric, the black corduroy collar. Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1773. (Cotton back polyurethane, Waldon Textiles; cotton corduroy, Majestic Mills.) Sewing tips, details, stores, see next to last pages, this issue.

Vogue Pattern #1773

Denis Piel

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works? A padded coat, pastel separate pieces, a sportswear approach to evening, the new dress of the year. More news from the fall/winter season, more ways to dress for day or for dinner

What works? Part of the appeal of some of the best looks this season—part of their modern attitude—is that they are far from static ways to dress. The pieces on which they are based are, happily, not locked into one purpose. **Some of the best new elements of the fall season can work again and again. They simply require a broader approach to dressing.**

Case in point: new "puffed" or padded jackets (1) and coats (3). Both are derived from sports-dressing "gear." Clearly appropriate for rugged weekend dressing, they're obvious solutions for inclement days; they provide warmth, weather protection and, when they're in a bright color such as this issue's orange "satin" coat (3), a cheerful lift in grey weather. They can also be the basis for more pulled-together looks. In khaki or bright orange, each could complement dressing in charcoal or black. Their lengths—a 3/4 jacket or a to-the-ankle coat—work with the shortest or the longest of skirts or with trousers.

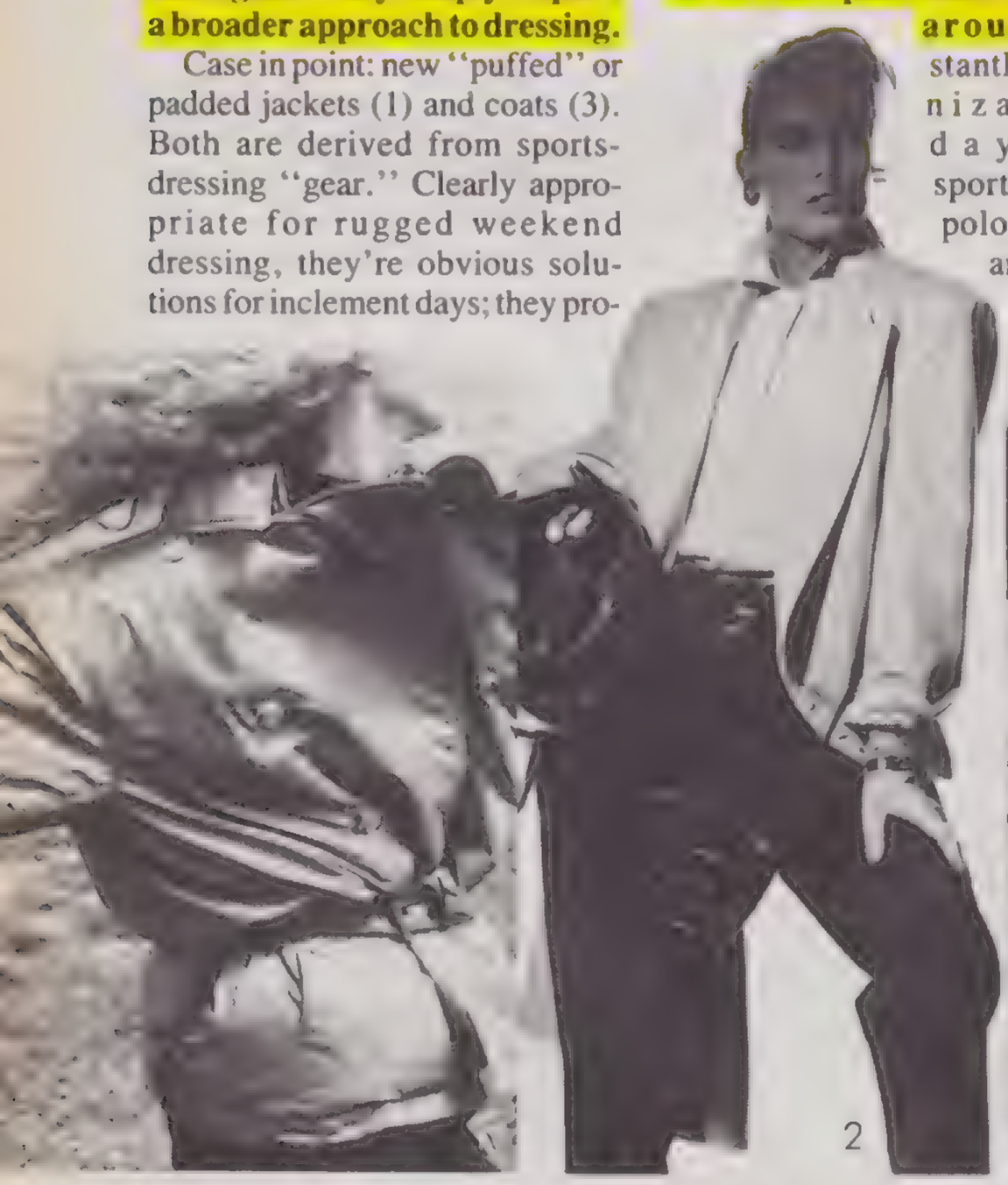
If you think of one of these weightless padded coats as an accessory—offbeat, relaxed, and full of charm—you can take it even further: the perfect outer layer for a nighttime turtleneck and trousers, for a black velvet skirt and white shirt. The coat provides style for a restaurant dinner.

What else can do more? Some of the new pale colors that are around. Instantly recognizable as daytime sportswear, a polo sweater and jacket such as Perry Ellis' (2) become something more in a soft, powdery blue. The color adds the charm that can move these pieces into easy evening wear. With dressier shoes—satin slippers or slightly higher-heeled pumps—and a switch to a chain belt, this look could easily go to a casual dinner out. Or, for even more versatility, treat the jacket as you would a "tuxedo" jacket: put it over a satin blouse and a trumpet skirt. In this guise, it can go just about anywhere for evening.

When it comes to evening dressing, you're going to find more variety this season than ever before. **One of the most modern of the new evening approaches is a way of dressing based on sportswear**—for a certain kind of woman, as "dressed" as her evening gets. Its elements can be as essentially low-key as a skirt and sweater: a look such as Giorgio Armani's long knit top and skirt made of yard after yard of luxurious silk jacquard (5). Dressing such as this can go more places than a more traditional "big evening" look: to a restaurant, an at-home dinner, anywhere a little cocktail dress would go—but with a much more tailored style. Added accessory pieces look best when they're similarly classic touches—velvet or satin low-heeled pumps, cuff bracelets, pared-down earrings that sit close to the ear—nothing inconsistent with a skirt and sweater.

Equally modern—and attractive—is a jersey dress that's longer and fuller in the skirt (4): a dress that's fast becoming a symbol of the season. For many women, this will be the perfect go-anywhere daytime dress. For some women, however, a dress this long will be strictly—comfortably—a dinner option. It can, in fact, work both ways. For day, you might put it with woolly stockings and flat moccasins. A more dressed look—day or night—calls for a change to higher heels and lighter-weight stockings. But there are limits. "Lighter" means semi-opaque; the "higher" heel that works best with this degree of length is a medium-high one.

What's clear, day or night (and it's a key to dressing this season), is that **with this long proportion, everything around it, too, will change.** To balance the length, you'll add a gutsier, wider belt and strong jewelry pieces; for warmth, either a very big—ankle-length—coat or a small short jacket. To solve the long or short problem, designers are showing big cloaks as outer layers. They're pieces with real versatility, a luxuriousness of scale and fabric—usually cashmere: all symbols of the season. ▽



Catalina

VOGUE'S

health style

Good habits: starting young...calcium timing ...reasons to volunteer...latest on the Pill

More and more studies now confirm that the impact of a woman's daily habits on her health begins early in life—and that, when it comes to preventive steps such as regular sunscreen use and aerobic exercise, "start young" is the best advice.

"The ultraviolet light that our skin absorbs today won't show up as visible skin damage until twenty years from now. The best way to have a smooth, healthy complexion at age forty is to use sunscreens from childhood on," said Robert Auerbach, M.D., associate clinical professor, dermatology, NYU School of Medicine. Research into the the most dangerous of skin cancers, malignant melanoma, has implicated a single severe sunburn in childhood as a predictor of melanoma risk later in life.

Developing regular exercise habits in adolescence can not only help to prevent body changes that, over time, increase a woman's risk of heart disease, adult-onset diabetes, and osteoporosis. "Studies also suggest that women who make a commitment to fitness when they're young are more likely to keep exercising regularly throughout their lives," noted William L. Haskell, Ph.D., director, Stanford University Center for Research in Disease Prevention. "Exercising from your young adult years on can also help to prevent so-called 'middle-age spread.' While the average American woman gains twenty-five pounds between her twenties and her forties, walking briskly for one-half hour three or four times a week burns off enough calories to keep a woman's weight stable throughout adulthood without changing her diet."

Sweet temptations

At the same time that Americans are trying to improve our eating habits, the sources of dietary excess multiply. It's no secret that freshly baked cookies, buttery croissants, and oversize ice cream cones are laden with calories and fat, but one NYC dietitian's analysis of a "gourmet" bran muffin took even experts by surprise. Christine Hart, R.D., who works with physicians at NYU Medical Center, discovered that the four-inch-wide bran muffins many of us believe make a healthful breakfast actually "weigh in" at eight ounces or more, 880 calories, lots of fat and salt. Similarly sized corn and blueberry muffins are equal offenders. Hart's low-cal, low-fat, sweet alternative: a toasted English muffin (140 calories)—both halves—spread with all-fruit "conserves" (Sorrell Ridge's have 14 calories per teaspoon).

HEALTHY HOTELS A sure sign of the success of non-smokers' requests for "clean" environments, at home and away, is the growing number of hotels that now offer "smoke-free" guest rooms. Among the first to offer these rooms at no additional charge: Hyatt Hotels in the U.S., Vista and Hilton International in twelve cities world-wide.

PREGNANCY PLANNERS

High technology has invaded the bedroom in devices that promise to help a woman "time" pregnancy by determining when ovulation—and her most fertile time—will occur. Many ovulation predictors will be available without prescription, others through doctors; ideally all should be used under a physician's supervision.

How do these devices work? Some are based on the principle of tracking body temperature and looking for the drop-and-rise that signals ovulation has occurred. Fertil-A-Chron, an FDA-approved thermometer-cum-computer now available through gynecologists, stores information on up to six menstrual cycles, signals fertile and infertile days with flashing colored lights. Reproduction Research Laboratories' Ovuguide calculator forecasts high-fertility days based on a woman's recent menstrual cycles.

However sophisticated these devices seem, "body temperature and menstrual-cycle length are not terribly accurate in determining ovulation," cautioned Luigi Mastroianni, Jr., M.D., professor and chairman, obstetrics and gynecology, University Hospital, University of Pennsylvania. Body temperature is a *delayed* reaction to ovulation, a confirmation after the fact; variations in menstrual cycles make cycle length a less-than-perfect fertility guide.

Methods that measure changes in luteinizing hormone (LH) are more precise in pinpointing peak fertility, said Dr. Mastroianni, because levels of this hormone peak in the urine about twenty-four hours *before* ovulation. Chemical test kits, such as Tambrands' First Response and Ortho Advanced Care Ovutime, detect LH in urine. Cue Ovulation Predictor, an electronic device produced by Zetek, Inc., measures changes in sodium, potassium, and chloride levels in saliva and vaginal mucus to predict when ovulation is likely to occur. Dr. Mastroianni warned that, because sperm can live up to six days in a woman's reproductive tract, even the most accurate fertility-monitoring devices are not reliable enough to predict when intercourse will *not* result in pregnancy. (For more news, booklets to order, see the Health Style Guide, page 372.)

Just when you think you've gotten it all together by getting in shape, the realization hits: You're going to have to keep working hard to stay in shape. So to make it a little easier, put the calcium in dairy foods to work for you.

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health style

MASSAGE: PUTTING YOURSELF IN GOOD HANDS

There's no arguing against a good massage to make you feel relaxed and pampered; but, in the wrong hands, it may cause more harm than good. Even though many massages can leave you feeling invigorated, experiencing discomfort or pain is not the idea.

The first step is to choose an expert masseur. If your state offers a license in massage, make sure your masseur has one; if not, ask if he or she is a member of the American Massage Therapy Association, which requires members to maintain ethical and professional standards. Ask the masseur where she was trained and then check into the reputation of that institution. Affiliation with a top-rate medical or sports center or health spa is a good clue of professionalism.

"A woman should also be wary of claims that massage can help you to lose weight, remove cellulite, or work wrinkles out of your face," said Samuel S. Sverdlik, M.D., director of rehabilitation medicine, St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center, NYC. "Massage also won't cure menstrual cramps, sprains, or strains." While a doctor often prescribes massage as part of a total physical-therapy program, no one suffering from a back problem should turn to a masseur for primary care.

The kind of massage you're looking for can also help to determine which masseur is right for your needs. In Swedish massage, large areas of the body are stroked, kneaded, and pressed gently to induce relaxation. In Shiatsu, the masseur applies his fingers, elbows, knees, or feet to "pressure points" for an invigorating, tension-relieving result.

Other methods of massage concentrate on small areas of the body. A fairly new and very questionable technique is "lymph drainage" massage, in which pressure is applied to lymph glands allegedly to "dissolve" fatty deposits and to send the small fatty particles circulating in the blood. Not only do many experts dispute these claims, but some feel that lymph drainage massage could be dangerous, "especially to anyone who's had surgery involving the lymph glands," said Willibald Nagler, M.D., head of rehabilitation medicine at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, NYC. "At the very least, people should be cautious about lymph drainage massage, and it's probably best to avoid it."

"There are some people who simply shouldn't have any kind of massage," said Dr. Sverdlik. "This includes anyone who has a skin infection or a condition such as psoriasis or inflammatory acne, a blood disorder such as anemia, a circulatory problem such as varicose veins; or anyone who has inflammatory arthritis or a bleeding disorder. Pregnant women should have only light, stroking (fingertip) massage."

To get the most out of a massage, you need to relax completely, a feat that will be more easily accomplished if you put yourself in the hands of someone you trust.

FILLING UP ON FIBER? REMEMBER TO INCREASE DIETARY FIBER GRADUALLY AND TO UP WATER INTAKE AS WELL TO EASE DIGESTION, PREVENT DISCOMFORT

Is taking a nap worthwhile? Only if you can do it at about the same time nearly every day. Otherwise, napping may not be refreshing and may cause problems in sleeping at night

PILL PROGRESS

At least a million more American women took oral contraceptives in 1985 than in 1984—further testimony to a resurgence in the Pill's popularity. The statistics reflect growing confidence in the safety of new low-dose Pills—some of which contain one-twenty-fifth the progestogen and one-fifth the estrogen of earlier versions—and mounting evidence of the Pill's non-contraceptive health benefits. A number of studies have suggested that women who take the Pill for at least five years are 60 percent less likely to develop cancer of the ovaries or lining of the uterus than women who never use oral contraceptives. The protection lasts at least ten years after a woman stops taking the Pill; some experts think it may last a lifetime. Some doctors believe that the Pill may help premenopausal women to build bone mass, possibly providing protection against osteoporosis—the age-related thinning of bone. "There are indications that the two types of estrogen in birth control pills have the same positive effect on calcium balance in the body as the estrogens sometimes used for replacement therapy after menopause," said Robert A. Hatcher, M.D., family planning specialist at Emory University, Atlanta. "If this protective ability exists —and it appears quite likely that it does —it could be among the most important non-contraceptive benefits of the Pill." There is extensive evidence that the Pill protects against gonorrhea-caused pelvic inflammatory disease, a major cause of infertility among women; but recent studies show that women taking the Pill face a much greater risk of chlamydia, the most common sexually transmitted disease. More difficult than gonorrhea to diagnose and to treat, chlamydia is also more likely to cause tubal scarring and permanent sterility. Experts suspect that oral contraceptives cause changes in cells on the surface of the cervix that may make them more hospitable to the chlamydia organism. Pill-users who have a number of sexual partners over several years seem to be at greatest risk and are advised to use a condom in addition to the Pill.
—PHYLLIS LEHMANN McINTOSH

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Q

When to take calcium . . . causes of A.M. dizziness . . . sneaker "addiction"?

Q I read that some foods can interfere with the absorption of calcium. Is this true?

A "There is evidence that certain foods such as fiber inhibit the absorption of calcium," said Richard Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine; chief, nutrition division at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and of nutrition service at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. The other possible culprits: diets high in protein, fat, caffeine, or sodium.

William Peck, M.D., professor and co-chairman of the department of medicine at Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis, and president of the Osteoporosis Foundation, believes it would take a large amount of fiber to compromise calcium absorption significantly. "And, unless you're a protein abuser, that probably won't inhibit calcium absorption greatly either. But data on the specific effects of certain foods on calcium still are incomplete," said Dr. Peck.

The evidence suggesting problems with calcium absorption prompted experts to recommend taking the supplement on an empty stomach. Recently, however, studies reported that, for some people who have low levels of stomach acid, taking a calcium supplement with a meal—when stomach acid is at its peak—is the only way to ensure its absorption. "These studies are still unsettled," said Dr. Rivlin. "In fact, another study found that just the opposite was true."

How to sort out this confusion? Drs. Rivlin and Peck agree that until further studies are completed, you'll probably get the most from a calcium supplement by taking it before going to sleep.

Q I often feel dizzy when I get out of bed in the morning. Is this cause for concern?

A "A sudden, brief episode of lightheadedness is most commonly caused by changes in blood pressure," said Raymond Coll, M.D., associate clinical professor of neurology, Cornell Medical College. "When we sleep, blood pressure drops; when we wake up, it quickly returns to normal in most people. However, for some, this change in blood pressure happens slowly and causes lightheadedness." One easy solution: whether you've been lying in bed or on an exercise mat, sit up slowly and wait a few minutes before you stand to allow blood pressure to normalize.

The second form of dizziness, vertigo, is usually more intense and is unrelated to blood pressure. "If you feel a spinning, rotating sensation in your head, you may be suffering from vertigo," said Dr. Coll. "In most cases, this is a manifestation of an inner ear dysfunction; but, it also may be caused by a more serious medical condition." Excessive alcohol or certain drugs, such as diuretics and blood pressure medications, can precipitate lightheadedness. People suffering from either problem should consult a physician if the episode lasts more than a few seconds, occurs frequently (daily or weekly), or is so extreme that you feel faint or incapacitated.

Q When I switch from sneakers to high-heeled shoes, my feet ache. Could I be "addicted" to sneakers? Is it unwise to wear shoes with different heel heights?

A "There's no evidence that wearing sneakers harms the foot or causes its muscles to weaken," said Michael Shereff, M.D., assistant chief of foot and ankle service at the Hospital for Joint Diseases Orthopedic Institute, NYC. "But many women experience some discomfort when they switch to shoes with higher heels and pointier toes. High heels push the foot into the narrower toebox, aggravating—or even causing—bunions or hammertoes," explained Dr. Shereff.

It may be more difficult to switch to running shoes if you usually wear high heels. The reason: wearing these shoes over time can shorten the Achilles tendon. When you put on flats, the tendon stretches, causes discomfort.

While Dr. Shereff feels that wearing high heels regularly is not a good idea for feet or posture, he concedes that a woman can wear them occasionally without harm. When she does, she should try to switch to flats for most of the day.

Your well-being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

The rewards of "wise" volunteering can be unexpectedly rich. Besides providing the exciting experience of being part of a motivated group working for a worthwhile cause, giving you the fulfillment of helping and enhancing your self-esteem through doing good and being needed, volunteering can meet specific individual needs and help in your personal and professional growth.

The idea of benefiting yourself by doing good for others makes some people uneasy, as though the benefit causes the good deed to lose its virtue. "This view suggests that a woman is confusing the value of her intent with the value of the consequence," says James H. Bryan, Ph.D., professor of psychology, Northwestern University, who has studied helping behaviors. But visits to the elderly, reading lessons you give youngsters, or your work in a thrift shop are no less precious because you volunteered out of loneliness, a wish to be with children, or curiosity about running a business.

Today's volunteer organizations are the first to recognize that voluntarism is work that happens to pay in something other than money, but the pay-off is vital to sustain you at your job. One result is a higher level of training available to volunteers (now almost 50 percent males) who want it. Another is the transferability of volunteer work toward academic credit or employment experience.

"Many businesses, as well as thirty-eight states, the federal government, and the New York Civil Service, will accept documented relevant volunteer experience exactly the same as paid employment experience," says Winifred Brown, executive director of the Mayor's Voluntary Action Center in New York—one in a national network of volunteer centers in almost four hundred cities. "In the past, women got the chevrons and pins and pats but not the documentation that helped them to transfer qualifications and skills they'd acquired to paying jobs or to career switches. Now, many companies will say, 'List your work experience, both paid and unpaid.' We have many women executives who say that the best experience they got was in the volunteer world, where they had opportunities to learn management skills, which they then applied to careers."

How do you choose wisely where to volunteer? First look inward. What do you care about? Helping battered women? Cleaning up the environment? What do you enjoy doing? Teaching? Telephoning? What kinds of people would you like to be with? What contacts do you want to make? What are your needs, strengths, talents, or dreams? Be honest and specific. Do you need approval, applause, recognition of your creativity? Organizations need your ability to draw, write, edit, design, or perform. Examine the fears you'd like to overcome and the skills you'd like to acquire, such as public speaking, fund-raising, budget planning, organizing, supervising: voluntarism provides a relatively safe arena in which to develop.

Some people don't volunteer because they already feel overcommitted. If you're giving of yourself to others on an informal basis, you *are* volunteering! Other people feel depleted, as though "If I give, there's not going to be anything left for me." But usually the opposite is true: in the process of giving, you get. Instead of being depleted, you find a sense of increment as you realize how much more you are, have, and can do than you thought, and as you realize that you are valued by others. Finally, some people avoid the neediness of others because it arouses their own feelings of neediness and vulnerability; but the right 'job' will enable you to build your sense of effectiveness and self-sufficiency, and to grow, without having to confront situations that make you too anxious. You can't imagine the scope of jobs available, so investigate voluntary organizations of all kinds. For instance, have you thought of being on call with a hospital to translate for patients who don't speak English?

If you're ambivalent about volunteering, try starting with a small, strictly limited commitment. The return you get is apt to be disproportionately large: "I think people need meaning in their lives. To pursue self-interest exclusively becomes undermining," says Dr. Bryan. "At a time when definitions of virtue are more ambiguous than ever before, almost everybody agrees that volunteering on behalf of a community is a virtuous act; and people may *need* to act virtuously some of the time if they are to live comfortable, fulfilled lives."

Volunteering: ways—and reasons—

to benefit yourself by helping others

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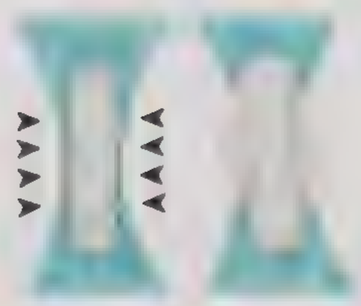

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health style

Your diet: nutrition frontiers

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Many women, by now, are clear on the basics of good nutrition, on the need to eat a variety of foods, less fat, more complex carbohydrates. What's changing—and confusing—are the details about the relationships among nutrition, weight loss, and exercise. Recent research in these areas may have considerable impact on our understanding of a woman's ability to lose weight and to maintain that loss. It may also improve our knowledge about eating to maintain energy and health.

There's a lot of nonsense being published about combining certain foods to stimulate weight loss. Now, there's one valid item of research on the subject. According to Misashige Suzuki, Ph.D., of the University of Tsukuba in Japan, combining fat and sugar in one meal encourages weight gain more than eating these two foods separately. Dr. Suzuki found that when rats ate sucrose (table sugar) and fat in one meal, they gained more weight than when rats ate the same amounts of sucrose and fat in separate meals.

Here's the biochemical explanation: Eating sugar increases blood insulin and the activity of an enzyme in fat cells called lipoprotein lipase (LPL). It's LPL's job to take fat from the blood and deposit it in fat cells. When you eat sugar and fat together, you introduce fat into the bloodstream and stimulate LPL to "grab" that fat and store it in fat cells. From his research, Dr. Suzuki speculated that one reason Americans are fatter than the Japanese may be that they tend to eat snacks that are high in both sugar and fat (ice cream, chocolate) while the Japanese are more likely to snack on foods high in sugar and low in fat (such as ices, jellies).

Why do some women maintain weight loss while others do not? In a study of over one-hundred women, Susan Kayman, R.D., at the University of California at Berkeley, found that one answer may lie in physical activity. Kayman discovered that 75 percent of women who regain lost weight did not exercise regularly. How strenuous must exercise be to help in maintaining stable body weight? While Kayman's study is far from conclusive, one woman who did successfully maintain her weight for over eight years noted that she performed calisthenics for as little as fifteen minutes every day.

There are several reasons why exercise is so effective at controlling weight. In Kayman's study, some women reported that exercise helped them to change their eating habits and attitudes toward food. In another study by F. Xavier Pi-Sunyer, M.D., associate professor of medicine at St. Luke's/Roosevelt Hospital Center and Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, NYC, when overweight women exercised, they did not increase their food intake, so their bodies were operating on a caloric deficit. In contrast, lean women who exercised increased their food intake, balancing energy (calories) taken in with energy spent. Exercise has also been shown to burn up calories long after activity ceases by raising the body's metabolic rate. Roger McDonald, Ph.D., at the University of California, Davis, found that when rats were fed a meal twenty-four hours after they exercised, they burned more calories than did sedentary rats who were fed the same meal.

Carefully choosing when to exercise can also make a difference in your ability to burn fat. Anthony R. Wilcox, Ph.D., a researcher at Kansas State University, found that men and women burned more fat if they exercised in the morning before breakfast than if they exercised later in the day, after they had eaten a meal. The suggestion of Dr. Wilcox's research is that if a woman wants to burn as much fat as possible from exercise, she may want to work out in the morning, before eating breakfast.

Being physically active, of course, affects more than a woman's caloric balance. For example, exercise may increase a woman's needs for the trace mineral chromium, especially if her diet includes more refined carbohydrates than whole grains. In one study, researchers found that exercise increased the loss of chromium in urine. Because chromium is essential for normal glucose metabolism, a woman who exercises regularly should try adding more chromium-rich foods such as whole grains, and corn oils to her diet.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California, Davis.*

All in our heads

If you inevitably develop a headache whenever you're under pressure, you're not alone; studies show that one in four women is prone to tension headaches, which characteristically begin with pressure at the base of the neck, then progress to a dull ache at both temples. While hormones, traditional sex roles, or the prevalence of stress in women's lives may contribute to women's experiencing more tension headaches than men, our *reactions* to stress are probably also at fault, suggests Kenneth A. Holroyd, Ph.D., professor of psychology, Ohio University. "If a woman changes the way she responds to stress, the frequency of her headaches may be cut in half," Dr. Holroyd noted. His advice:

Try to discern a pattern in your headaches—and to change it. **If you repeatedly develop a headache at the same time each week (e.g., at 4:00 P.M. on Thursdays, right before the weekly sales meeting), ask yourself why. Could being better prepared dispel your nervousness?**

Have confidence in your own abilities. **Constant worry that they will make a mistake and that others will notice is a frequent trait of tension-headache sufferers.**

Focus on the positive. **Don't feel responsible for everything that goes wrong—or magnify the impact of a minor slip-up.**

Confront problems and try to solve them. **Avoiding a stressful situation doesn't make it go away.**

Ask for support. **When you have a problem, don't be afraid to seek help and comfort from others.**

While some experts have found that muscle-relaxation and biofeedback can help to prevent tension headaches, getting at the *source* of tension may also be important.

As headaches can be a sign of more serious health problems, a severe or recurrent headache should be brought to a doctor's attention.

TAKE TEN Because underused joints and muscles can lose flexibility in as little as two days, spend ten minutes stretching daily. *Hold* each stretch (don't bounce) twenty seconds.

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LITERATURE

1 ☐ THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PLASTIC SURGERY: Information about the institute and Robert L. Cucin, M.D., Director

2 ☐ COOPERVISION: "Natural Eyes: Permanent Lash Line Enhancement" — brief introduction to this microsurgical procedure

3 ☐ TODAY CONTRACEPTIVE SPONGE: Brochure about product, from VLI Corp.

4 ☐ BURROUGHS WELLCOME CO.: "Herpes. The good news is that it can now be controlled." — general facts

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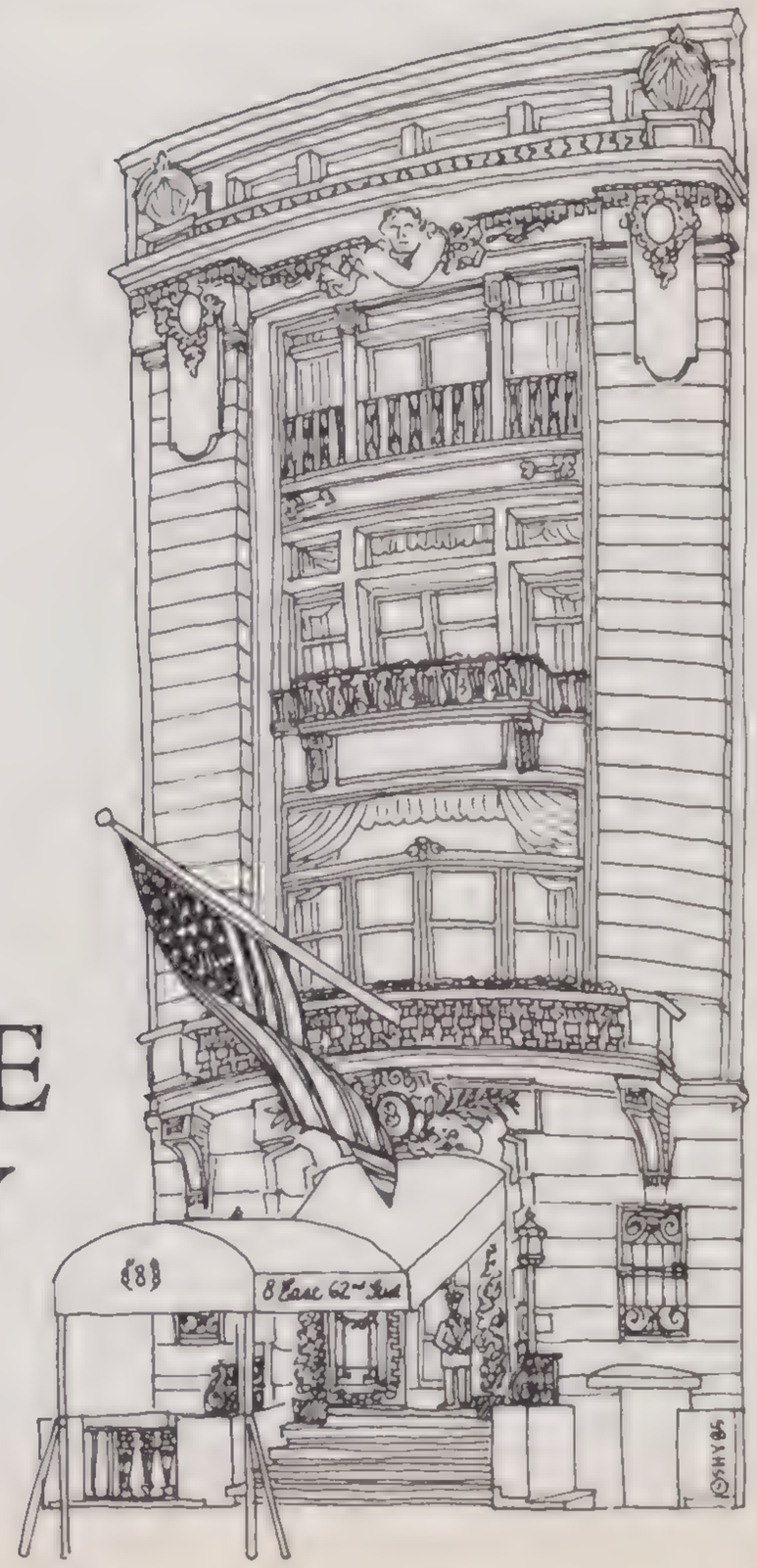

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AT HOME IN HAMPSHIRE

(Continued from page 336)

ardson International, and is also the chairman of the Hop Merchants Association.

Three children later, Felicity is no longer running The Fabric Shop, but she does sell pictures and small antiques from her house in London's Chelsea district—when her own walls become too cluttered. She also works sporadically as a decorator and has written a book, *The English Dog at Home*, about "well-known, colorful people who have both interesting houses and interesting dogs and love both," to be published by Chatto & Windus in London in November.

Felicity is not a theory-bound designer. Over and over again, she talks about objects bought not because they were valuable or "good" but because she liked them. Some of her pictures—for example, her two John Emms, one of a dog, "Testy," and the other a horse (unnamed), or her Maud Earl of a dog, "St. Hubert's Peter," in the drawing room—have turned out to be both. But she is, above all, someone who buys according to her personal taste. And that means animals—predominantly dogs and horses.

Peering over the edge of a sofa, I was presented with the faintly disturbing sight of a carved wooden horse lying comfortably on the cushions. In the hallway, two huge bronze dogs guard the entrance (one wearing a Panama hat, the other a bridle). Animals frolic across the walls, pose majestically, pull carriages, or prepare for the hunting field. One thing they have in common is a joyous sense of being alive. No dead carcasses are allowed here. "I'm not good at death," Felicity said.

Bighton House consistently reflects the kind of open-air life Felicity enjoys. Indeed, the house must be as light as a garden. She likes Victorian paintings but dislikes the weightiness of Victorian furniture. "You can put dark on light but never light on dark." Inside the main rooms there are not just huge bunches of flowers but flourishing small trees. "I always leave the French windows open," explained Felicity when I asked how the trees survived. "People freeze." Her success with plants is clearly enhanced by the ample light and cool air admitted by the exceptionally tall windows in the grand Regency part of the house. Where she felt the window space was inadequate—the house has later, Victorian additions—she had extra windows copied.

The furnishings and curtains share the same quality of country freshness, many of the fabrics coming from Colefax and Fowler, which Felicity described as offering "the cream of English prints." The curtains are usually of plain light material but often edged with chintzes. Felicity is a great believer in "swagging and tailing," that formal dressing of curtains that makes every window look as if a prima donna might step out through the middle.

In the dining room, she remarked regretfully that the large upholstered chairs are so wide that "we can only seat fourteen for dinner." This is where she entertains "the black-tie brigade." When the table is laid with heavy silver, white linen, and Limoges china, there is no doubt this is grandeur, even if *à la campagne*. There are a pair of enormous alabaster urns, an extremely beautiful Gobelins tapestry of Louis XIV arriving at Versailles, an enormous Dutch landscape, and a romantic oil painting of a lady with roses. "This summer I'm going to paint the walls crushed strawberry," said Felicity enthusiastically. Pink is obviously a favorite color, as is pale apricot, the color of the drawing-room walls.

The main bedroom, in contrast to the rest of the house, is entirely decorated in blue and cream. The four-poster is a modern one especially made "by a man in Norfolk," and the wall plates are "ordinary English breakfast." The color scheme continues into the bathroom, which has a 1729 oak tax-collector's chest at one end and an enormous double bath at the other. "It's the only place Mike and I get a chance to talk to each other," explained Felicity.

Considering the house is inhabited by three energetic boys, Charlie, Patrick, and Rollo, as well as four large dogs, Chutney, Walter, Bristow, and Merle, it is remarkably well-ordered. The boys eat in a breakfast room where they sit in a row on an antique settle. Next door, the kitchen is dominated by Arthur, the parrot, who shouts, "Hello, darling!" to everyone except Michael Wigan, whom he tries to bite. The cupboards are paneled with a print, for once by Laura Ashley, although mixed with a Colefax.

The real answer to continuing high spirits is the one hundred fifty acres of woodland, farmland, and garden that surround Bighton House. For riding around the grounds there are five ponies, two donkeys, a buggy hand-made by the local blacksmith, and a motorized tricycle. "Mike's gadget-mad," said Felicity.

Animals, children, flowers—at least two of Felicity's preoccupations are unusual for someone seriously interested in design. At Bighton House, the exception proves the rule: large dogs, little boys, large flowers, small trees, all come together in happy celebration. ▽

Rachel Billington *has just published her ninth novel, "The Garish Day" (Morrow).*

PAUL MELLON

(Continued from page 327)

art expert Basil Taylor, who inspired him to buy what he liked. Mellon soon developed a taste for the portraits of Gainsborough and Reynolds and for the artists who had worked at the English court, like Van Dyck and Rubens, who had inspired them. These paintings now hang in the Yale Center for British Art, which was founded with gifts made by Paul Mellon and documents the entire history of English painting. Its existence has raised the status of English art, which was once considered negligible even by the English themselves.

Paul Mellon's mother, an English gentlewoman, took her son away from Pittsburgh, which she hated, to introduce him to the pleasures of the English countryside. Recalling his early days in England, where he returned to study at Cambridge after taking a degree at Yale, Mellon has reminisced, "I suppose it was in those summers that I first developed a taste for the English countryside, for English houses, English parks, and English clouds." These are, of course, the subjects of the sublime landscapes of Turner, Constable, and other British painters Mellon ultimately collected.

Later, Mellon's two wives would exert a decisive influence that would augment the sensitivity to fine things his mother had initially evoked. His first wife, Mary Conover, initiated an intellectual adventure that changed his life. Two years after the couple married in 1935, they heard the lectures of the great Swiss psychoanalyst Carl Jung and became deeply involved with him. Paul Richard of the *Washington Post* has reported that Mary Mellon's first words to the doctor were, "We have too much money. What should we do with it?" John Walker, former director of the National Gallery, attributes Mellon's sanguine mood and personal contentment to the success of his contact with Jung.

Through Jung, the Mellons developed a sense of philanthropic mission. They established the Bollingen Foundation, named after Jung's lake retreat. Ultimately, the Foundation published over one hundred books, including the *I Ching*, Malraux's *Museum Without Walls*, and Kenneth Clark's *The Nude*. In addition, the Foundation awarded fellowships to distinguished artists and thinkers such as sculptor Isamu Noguchi and art historian Meyer Schapiro.

Paul Mellon continued to fund Bollingen projects after Mary Mellon's death in 1946. However, art collecting became the focus of his life in the 'sixties and still is today. He attributes this involvement to his second wife, Rachel "Bunny" Mellon, whom he married in 1948. Bunny Mellon's devotion to gardening and decorating is reflected in a love of French Impressionist paintings. The couple has assembled one of the greatest collections of nineteenth-century French paintings in the world. Bit by bit they have given these pictures away. Recently, for example, Paul Mellon has given the National Gallery many major French paintings, including those by Magritte, Gauguin, Matisse, and Braque, bringing the total number of works he has given to the National Gallery alone to 822.

The way Paul Mellon has interpreted art collecting as a private joy and a public responsibility is exemplary. He is not the richest man in America, but he has given away more than others with greater fortunes. His gifts offer to the many an experience of beauty that is often the privilege of the few. Mellon has that sense of *noblesse oblige* so lacking among the new rich of today. It is a sense inculcated by the elite schools in which he was educated and associated with the seemingly taboo concept of elite taste.

The irony is that money may buy you love, but it can't buy you taste: the cultivation of an "eye" is a life's work. Taste must be acquired over a long period of looking and comparing. One must travel to see original works, study, and have good advisors. Mellon has done all this. Buying with a knowledge of art history that has formed a cultivated eye, he has not followed the latest craze in art. Until this lesson is learned by those with the means to collect, no collection will rival that assembled by Paul Mellon. ▽

(Continued from page 331)

addiction, if you will, which anyone who's given up anything can appreciate without irony.

"The reason I felt I had to do what I did publicly," Betty Ford said in a telephone interview, "was that so many were hesitant to come forward. I thought, hey, this is no sin; it may be a sin not to do something about it." Recovery is redemption, washing away guilt, learning self-forgiveness, and bringing the message to the unenlightened.

"Nobody plans to become dependent. You just cross over the invisible line from social drinking to alcoholic drinking. That's what it is, an invisible line—you didn't see it. Nonalcoholic people will stop at that point because they see the danger. Alcoholics, because of some biochemical difference, require more to get the same effect. Eventually, they really don't feel normal unless they're in that place. They become dependent on alcohol to function in the way they want to.

"I was always a person who, if someone wanted a nightcap, I'd say, oh sure. Then I had a neck injury and had to take painkillers. Most people, when doctors give them prescriptions for such drugs, follow the instructions—they don't drive a car, operate heavy machinery, or use alcohol. Somehow, I thought that rule was for somebody else." She laughs.

"Alcohol and these drugs have a synergistic effect, and I passed over the invisible line. I was not the type who became noisy or violent—my role model was being a lady. I just got my concentration or ability to function so dulled, it was no pleasure to be with me. But in my own euphoric state, I thought everything was beautiful." Mrs. Ford counts herself as the one-in-ten who become addicted. "The point is to remove a little of the stigma, to say, yes, this is a disease—people have it or they don't."

The lifting of the stigma began in 1935 when Bill Wilson and Robert Smith, M.D., the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous, introduced the premise that alcoholism is a disease, not a sign of moral weakness, not a symptom of other problems. The disease concept, accepted officially by the American Medical Association in 1956, offers the alcoholic "dignity," as Stanley E. Gitlow, a professor at New York City's Mount Sinai School of Medicine says, and is useful as well as kind. "Numerous studies," Gitlow writes, "have revealed an inverse relationship between acceptance of the disease concept and recidivism."

"Once you believe alcoholism is a disease, the guilt is gone," says the Center's Dr. West. "When prominent people come out and say, 'I am an alcoholic,' other people think they're saying, 'Look, I admit my guilt'—but that's not what they are doing at all. They're saying, 'I was *sick*—I thought I was *bad*, but now I can look you in the eye and say I was sick and now I am well and now I am free.' The public still thinks it is bad, but there is a lot of difference between being sick and bad, and that has a heck of a lot to do with recovery."

All the leading treatment centers are now structured on the disease concept and other A.A. principles. They differ radically from the old dry-out retreats where, as Susan Stevens, a spokeswoman for the Center, says, "people used to send the family drunks. You'd go and detoxify from the acute effects of a chemical, or alcohol, and then you just sort of lingered in the institution, and then you left."

A counselor in her early thirties remembers the detox centers. "They used psychiatry or they used prescription drugs. That psychiatrist-patient probing is not what we do here. I got sober twelve years ago, and I kind of went that route. I had no idea what was wrong with me. I thought I was crazy and that alcohol was just a part of that. I didn't realize the alcohol was the problem. I also think it's useful to be with other women who are struggling through the same issue."

Though the Center is coed, group therapy is sex-segregated: women do better on their own. A lot of researchers now are trying to figure out what leads women to addiction, and who are most likely to succumb—the divorced or separated, or working mothers—but the subject is not considered very interesting at the Center. In line with A.A. thinking, causes are irrelevant. "An alcoholism counselor here would tell you that it doesn't really matter why they're drinking," says Susan Stevens. "The problem is that they are addicted to a chemical. We must eliminate that chemical so they can better address the issues in their lives that are causing them difficulty. Now, for that they may need a psychiatrist, a psychologist, or group therapy sessions, but *why* they started drinking isn't the issue while in treatment."

"Once you believe alcoholism is a disease, the guilt is gone"

The issue seems to be nothing less than the need for a reconstruction of personality. To stop drinking isn't enough. Jung's advice to a drunk named Rowland, described in *The Village Voice* supplement honoring A.A.'s fiftieth anniversary, was "that the only real help for an alcoholic . . . was a transforming experience of the spirit." The method at the Betty Ford Center is multi-dimensional: a combination of detoxification, family and group therapy, behavior modification, and, most important, A.A.'s twelve-step program.

It begins with abstinence. It offers, in place of one's heartbreakingly disappointing "willpower," nothing less than the will of God—"God as we understand Him," says the third step. To soothe nonbelievers, A.A. suggests that this "Power greater than ourselves" can be A.A. itself or your own healthy instincts. In any case, you feel secure, perhaps for the first time, that you are in good hands.

The burden of past sins is lifted by steps directing you to self-analysis (you make a "searching and fearless moral inventory"), and to making amends to those you have harmed. The last steps focus on spiritual development, "praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out."

"A.A. is the only organization I know of that has twelve steps that give us a simple recipe for *experiencing* God, not knowing about him," says a recovering alcoholic in *A Woman Like You*, by Rachel V.

A.A. and the other anonymous programs are swamped with people because, first, they work; they help people get off their drug(s). But the appeal of participation, I would guess, is more compelling than effectiveness. The programs are vast therapeutic communities and fraternities. They offer camaraderie, a safe house where people can strip themselves of their public personalities. Where the mainstream culture's priority is to have lots of money, powerful connections, and as many as possible artifacts of the good life, the programs' priority is on growth and improvement—physical, emotional, spiritual. This alone could be a big relief.

A.A. is also an enormous congregation, "probably the most successful church in this country," according to M. Scott Peck, M.D., author of *The Road Less Traveled*. It "cures" by conversion. The language of those in the program is the language of the convert, with all the drama of Before and After: "Every day is a new beginning . . . I've been able to change everything about myself."

Comparisons to a church can only go so far. The programs have no preachers, take no political positions. Their only stance is that if you are an alcoholic—or a drug addict, gambler, debtor, whatever—practicing abstinence, one day at a time, in a group of your peers, is your best bet. To some, the structure, the religious enthusiasm, smacks of cultishness or even brainwashing, but where there is no leader, no master plan, no financial profit or loss, and no enemy, it is hard to see either tyranny or danger.

In family therapy, the "sick" member of the family is understood to be the scapegoat, bearing and expressing the family's woes. It may be that the addicts among us are our scapegoats, suffering first and most acutely from the common ills of loneliness, the pressure to succeed, and the feeling of being out of control of one's life in the largest possible sense. The addict is like any other normal person—"except more so," says Dr. West. "There's a low frustration tolerance, extreme sensitivity, perfectionism, idealism, and the core of the illness, isolation. And that's compounded by a low sense of self-esteem. What we do, what we *try* to do, is to meet the alcoholic's needs for relief through psychotherapeutic measures that include great involvement with people and the development of a sense of one's own worth. Those are the keys to mental health, to meet a person's needs or appetites for, say, comfortable living without chemicals."

Those who do get such help consider themselves "weller than well." They discover their capacity to cope, to stick around and fix the problem rather than flee from themselves. It's a more stoical way. The idea of the 'sixties was, if it feels good, do it. Right now, drugs are no liberation, and lucidity is a triumph. ▽

ADDICTION

(Continued from page 333)

iety, tension, and irritability associated with quitting smoking, the participants preferred clonidine, which took the edge off their craving.

Cocaine, the nation's most recent addiction problem, exerts its destructive hold in a different way. The drug's addictive potential was originally discounted because withdrawal from it was accompanied not by full-blown physical symptoms like heroin addicts' "cold turkey" or alcoholics' "DTs," but only by an irresistible urge to return to the drug. Some people call this psychological dependence instead of true addiction, but for neurobiologists there is no distinction.

Many of cocaine's effects, such as increased heart rate, blood pressure, body temperature, and mobilization of adrenaline, are produced through stimulation of the "flight or fight" system that readies the body to cope with danger. But the euphoria cocaine produces engages other brain systems. According to Dr. Arnold Washton, one of the country's leading experts on cocaine use, cocaine floods the brain's pleasure centers, inspiring feelings so intensely pleasurable that they supercede even the most basic drives for food, water, or sex. Cocaine initially increases the activity of the neurotransmitter dopamine, but with chronic use, the brain's supply of dopamine is depleted. Researchers at Fair Oaks Hospital, in Summit, New Jersey, have theorized that low levels of dopamine produce craving for more cocaine. They have found that bromocriptine, a drug known to stimulate dopamine production, can ease the craving and withdrawal of heavy cocaine abusers. But it is not a long-term solution since it addresses only one aspect of the complex dynamics of addiction.

The physical and psychological components of addiction are inextricably linked. A drug's effect on someone can vary dramatically depending on the setting in which it is taken. Some animal and human studies indicate that a drug user's body in some fashion reacts to objects, activities, or locales it associates with the drug. These cues seem to prepare the body to absorb the drug; they also often trigger cravings. Although this process is not well understood, it has important implications for treatment of addiction. For detoxification to be effective, not only must the drug be withdrawn, but the addict must be weaned from the cues that prompt him to take it. Recovering addicts know this instinctively: a former smoker may feel a strong urge for a cigarette when talking on the phone; a reformed alcoholic may particularly miss the drink that used to accompany watching the evening news.

> "Addiction reflects not only one's biology but personal experience"

Clearly, a person's vulnerability to addiction reflects many things: personal experience is as critical as any biological predisposition in determining whether or not an addiction will appear. As seen in treatment studies of compulsive smoking, heroin addiction, and overeating, someone's expectations may be as significant as any other factor in determining the progress of his addiction: a person who believes that he is highly susceptible to addiction may be victim to a self-fulfilling prophecy; an expectation of success in overcoming an addiction has a demonstratively huge, positive impact on the outcome.

The complexities of addiction demand that we cast aside conventional prejudices. Notions of addicts as skid-row alcoholics or uneducated street junkies are not helpful in figuring out when, how, or why a person becomes hooked. Addiction is not an indication of depravity; nor is it the product of an immutable personality defect. New understandings about basic neurophysiologic mechanisms of addiction are exciting, but it would be dangerous to conclude from them that an addict has no control over his disease.

Successful management of addiction calls for approaches that combine knowledge of biological, psychological, and sociocultural factors. The addiction cycle can be broken, but long-lasting success occurs only when an individual really believes that his addictive behavior is damaging, that he can find rewards in a life without addiction, and finally, that he is *able* to change his life. ▽

THE LAST CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 333)

becoming a blue-collar habit. In December, 1985, the Surgeon General released a report on the risks of smoking in the workplace. This survey shows that of the men, 55 percent of construction workers, painters, and janitors smoke, but only 22 percent of lawyers; of the women, the majority of waitresses smoke, but only about a quarter of high-school teachers and bank tellers. Women managers are exceptional in this regard; their high rate of smoking—38 percent—is perhaps an indication of the stress they have to cope with.

Other studies show that white-collar workers have had better success in quitting than their blue-collar counterparts. Jeffrey Harris, an economist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who has studied the habit, said in a *Wall Street Journal* article that "Men in professional groups and corporate boardrooms are hardly smoking at all. It's clear that people who have a higher status in society have much lower rates [of cigarette use]."

Why haven't all the butts been stubbed out already? The answer is addiction. Nicotine is a potent drug and a deadly poison—a pure drop on the tongue can kill a person. The microscopic droplets of nicotine in cigarette smoke reach the brain within seven seconds. Nicotine either sedates or stimulates, depending on a smoker's mood and temperament. It seems to improve concentration and relieve stress almost instantly. About half an hour after the first cigarette, a smoker begins to crave more of the drug, growing irritable if denied.

Yet the cigarette companies insist that smoking is not addictive. Last December, the tobacco company R.J. Reynolds won a product-liability suit brought by the family of John Galbraith, a heavy smoker who allegedly had died of lung cancer. R.J. Reynolds proclaimed itself "gratified that the jury has . . . agreed with our position that smoking is a question of individual responsibility and clearly not addictive." The jury may have agreed, but smokers' experience of almost overwhelming craving is buttressed by scientific studies of the difficulty of nicotine withdrawal. More than one survey suggests that some forty-four million smokers in the United States want to quit but are unable to do so; 80 percent who do quit relapse within a year. Most try quitting at least three times before doing it for good. A 1971 study comparing relapses among people treated for heroin addiction, alcoholism, and smoking showed almost no variance in the recidivism rate of smokers and junkies, with alcoholics doing only slightly better.

Maybe that's why cigarette smoking is becoming, well, pathetic. The romance has long gone out of hard drugs. If smoking is really more similar to shooting up than most people acknowledge, then maybe smokers need all the pressure, from outright bans to "I'd rather you didn't"s, that they can get. Peer pressure may help more than institutionalized warnings to persuade smokers that their habit isn't just risky but also terribly gauche. ▽

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DIANE SAWYER

(Continued from page 321)

Are you aware that Henry Kissinger supposedly has said that you are the most ambitious person he's ever met?
DS: Most ambitious? Really? I've heard he said I was the most difficult—next to Le Duc Tho.

LS: *I've never thought of you as difficult.*
DS: Well, difficult in the sense that I can never seem to return his phone calls fast enough to satisfy him. Most ambitious? That's very interesting—coming from a man who who has known Madame Nhu and Imelda Marcos!

LS: *He's the sine qua non on ambition.*
DS: Ambition is not a word I'm particularly comfortable with, because ambition always seems to me to have a goal: you say, well, I showed them, or take a look at me, Mom. I don't feel that way; I never have. If anything, I've always thought I was a little ship bobbing on the great waves of life: I've been carried in one direction or another without steering very much.

LS: *You feel ambition precludes the work from being the important thing?*
DS: Ambition is the old cliché they use at graduation time: it's about being somebody and not about doing something. And I really care about the things I do day-to-day, but I'm very shortsighted if we are talking about ambition that drives you toward a goal.

LS: *You haven't planned your career?*
DS: Look at what I've done: the only thing I planned was to leave home. This sounds like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, but I got to the airport in Washington, and called a friend of my father's, who said, why don't you talk to someone at the White House? So I went to the White House, and I thought, oh, this is more fun than Capitol Hill. That's why I worked there.

LS: *What kind of education had you had?*
DS: Bachelor of Arts from Wellesley College. That was it. Lots of poetry and identity crisis.

LS: *Diane, did you have to overcome having been a beauty queen, a Junior Miss?*
DS: Looking back, I think it really changed my college life—not that I wouldn't have been as introverted and unhappy anyway.

LS: *You were introverted and unhappy?*
DS: I was very self-conscious. I read an Elizabeth Taylor line once, where she said the main reason all these people come to see her is so they can say, ah, she ain't so hot. And I guess, in my self-conscious egocentrism, I thought the reason everybody went to college was so they could look at me and say, ah, she ain't so hot. In fact, I overheard somebody at a dance saying so, and it pulverized me. Consequently, I think I had about four dates in my first three years of college.

LS: *Well, how about now? Do you ever feel people might say, oh, she ain't so hot?*
DS: Yes. And you know something? She ain't.

LS: *I wanted to ask you about being a Southern girl from a large devoted family. Were they supportive of you? Or did they think you were nuts?*
DS: No, no. They were supportive. At a time when no one was worrying about having it all, my mother was out there slogging to clean the house and cook dinner and work and take care of us and be with my father, so that it never occurred to me that it was a choice I had to make, or that I was going to break with Southern tradition. I never felt that I wouldn't have a career. So, in that sense, my mother was completely supportive. When I go home, she still gets up in the middle of the night to see if the covers have come off.

LS: *Do you have regrets about not marrying?*
DS: Yes and no. I always thought I would work, but I would also be perfect wife, and probably get up at 4:30 to get the yeast rising, and the apples would always be polished, and my manicure would be immaculate. I have often regretted not marrying even if it meant making a mistake at an early age. That way one might have children, and then even if one got out of it, you could go on, rather than trying to order up something so perfect that it can never be.

LS: *Are you waiting for a grand passion?*
DS: I've had grand passions.

LS: *Well, good. But you still remain pretty much an enigma to a lot of people.*
DS: I'm not aware of anybody spending a whole lot of time on me. I hope that's true. But in another sense, I think that a forty-year-old unmarried working woman is an invitation to grim phrases like workaholic, driven, etc.

LS: *Or they think you have some psychological problems that they might cure by getting you in the sack. I'm sure you get a lot of that, subconsciously, subliminally, from men.*
DS: Yes. But I hope that part of that ambiguity is that while my work matters to me, it's not what motivates me. I guess I'm not a very comfortable public person.

LS: *Maybe that's it. Diane, do you have any influence at CBS?*
DS: Influence? You want a job?

LS: *Are you important outside of "60 Minutes"? Do you feel part of the whole scheme?*
DS: No, I'm not sure. I think, if you're talking about do we sit together sometimes and think about the course of television and broadcasting—well, mainly, we gossip.

LS: *I'm thinking about you in a larger sense, like what more do you want, Diane? Is something missing from your life?*
DS: Well, Barbara Walters and I were talking on the phone the other day about how to arrange life, and we concluded that *this* is life, *this is it.*

LS: *This is not a dress rehearsal.*
DS: That's right. And am I unhappy? Do I throb with yearning for anything in specific? No, I have a wonderful life, and I really do have—completeness. Would I like children? Yeah, sure. Will it happen? I don't know. I can't make that happen.

LS: *You mean, you wouldn't say, hey, I'll just rush out and get pregnant—*
DS: And go ahead and do it? No, I'm really trapped by the romance of marriage and children.

LS: *I think most women are.*
DS: I admire the women who want a child and who will, without marriage, have one. I admire that kind of linear thinking, that cause-and-effect thinking. For me it's all wrapped up with romance, with yeast bread rising in the morning.

LS: *Well, now, let's see. I know that you play squash and tennis, you like to cook, you read prodigiously, you don't need much sleep, and you love to go to movies. What is it we don't know about you? Do you eat crackers in bed?*
DS: I dance to MTV at home.

LS: *That's the answer I wanted.*
DS: I think I'm terrific, too.

LS: *I think there's a hidden you inside, an exhibitionist that is very frustrated by the confines of "60 Minutes."*
DS: I expect there is. We're hams, and the older we get, the more we realize, what are we waiting for? Let's do it. Let's sing and dance.

LS: *Exactly, we might as well make fools of ourselves. Well, you're not afraid to take a chance.*
DS: No, certainly I'm not afraid to take a chance, but I mean, why didn't we live a little? Do it all a little more broadly?

LS: *I used to keep my mouth shut, not take sides. I thought you had to please men if you wanted to get along. Even today Beverly Sills says that New York is run by hookers who married well.*
DS: And who bring a certain vital energy to the money.

LS: *Those women deserve everything they can get, because I think the worst thing in the world is sleeping with somebody for an ulterior reason.*
DS: I don't think there's a one of us who doesn't say to herself, could I pay that price? For that ultimate security, could I pay that price?

LS: *Okay, winding down—is your work number one with you?*
DS: No.

LS: *What? Your inner . . .*
DS: Yes, the search.

LS: *See, I ask the questions and I give you the answers in case you don't have them.*
DS: Is this my cue? Now, let's see—no, it's the search for a great conversation with a good friend. You see, the reason I'm sort of stumped here is because everyone who knows me is going to say that's a complete lie about the work. I don't want to be dishonest, but if you're talking about a real sense of priorities, if you're talking about what I would give up, I would never give up, ever, a good conversation with a friend.

LS: *And you like your weekends and your time off, your relaxing, your refueling, and all that.*
DS: I love it. And when I'm there, I don't think about work, and I don't feel driven back toward it. I really could have been a wonderful cherry pie maker, and I could have probably been quite happy. That's always been a bit of a dilemma: it would have been so exciting to be able to plan my day around altruism, and not work as hard.

Still, I feel I have to do it well. Etched above my mantelpiece are my mother's words: "Anything worth doing is worth doing well."

Liz Smith *is a syndicated columnist for "The New York Daily News" and a reporter for NBC's flagship station in New York City.*

LIZ CLAIBORNE

(Continued from page 305)

and the services we subscribe to.

But I still don't always gauge things correctly. I had the feeling women were ready to get back into short skirts. I didn't see how long skirts could continue on and on. But long skirts are still going strong.

Q. You've had one failure with a venture outside the realm of fashion—sheets. But now you are preparing to launch a fragrance.
A. This time we have complete control over the company producing the product, which we didn't have with the sheets.

Friends and business associates talked me into it—in the same way I was talked into doing jeans. At the height of the designer-jeans business when it was suggested that we do jeans as well, I thought: "Who needs another pair of designer jeans?"

But they countered: "Yes, your customers do. They want to be able to buy yours because they trust your fit and your quality. They go to your department to buy the rest of their wardrobes, why not give them a pair of jeans."

The jeans were successful and that's why I decided to go ahead with the perfume.

Q. Do you hope this will lead to Liz Claiborne cosmetics?
A. Yes, but that's down the road. Cosmetics are very complicated and it's quite an investment.

Q. Your signature look is distinctive—short hair and glasses. Did you have that look ten years ago?
A. I've always worn my hair short, though maybe not this short. And since I had to wear glasses, I decided that they might as well be big.

Q. It makes you instantly recognizable. Does that help in the business?
A. When I just want to shop in a store without being recognized, it's a detriment. But it's a help when I'm visiting one of our stores. Customers come up to me, and all the people know I'm there.

Q. What's been the biggest change in your personal life in these ten years? Time must be very precious to you.
A. It is. Even though my husband and I don't work fourteen-hour days as we used to, we are so pressured during the week that we no longer work on weekends. That helps us to keep our sanity.

We're also taking more vacations. We would never have taken two weeks at a time before.

Another really big change in our life since we went into our own business is not seeing personal friends in the city. In town all our friends are business associates. We continue the day's business by having dinner with people from the company. That's when the key people get together to discuss long-range strategy or special problems.

Q. Before starting your own business you had children to look after as well as a husband and a home—plus career. Now you head an enormous corporation. Did you have more free time then or now?
A. I didn't have free time then. I felt I was on a treadmill, trying to keep ahead.

I do have more free time now because we structure it. I do, however, get in a lot earlier, and work more frantically during the day.

The weekends have become very important to us. Then I like to play house—cooking and doing things I never get around to doing in the city.

Q. How do you structure your day—in set time blocks?
A. I tried that. I was very impressed reading how Halston structured his day in half-hours. But I really can't work that way. Certain things—like fitting and production—are very important to me so I give a whole morning to them.

People call and say: "Does Liz have fifteen minutes to look at something?" That's baloney, I can't look at something in fifteen minutes.

Suppose I don't like it? I need time to look at it and figure out what is wrong.

Q. Why did you decide to take the company public in 1981?
A. For two reasons. Even though we were doing very well, the investors' capital was locked in. It was to make those pieces of paper the stockholders held tradeable.

We also felt it would give us exposure, which it certainly did. The company really took off after we went public. People began to realize we were a business, not just a fashion house; and that gave us a different kind of confidence.

It gave us the courage—and the push—to forge ahead. When you go public you are responsible to your stockholders.

Q. When you started the company you had a handful of backers, with relatively small investments. Now you're a public company with thousands of stockholders. Does the responsibility weigh heavily on you? Do you sometimes want to walk away from it all?
A. Sure, we all have that kind of feeling sometimes. But it's not just the stockholders, we now have two thousand people working for us and we feel a particular responsibility to our key people. Many of them joined the company at the beginning, taking a chance with us when all we had were hopes and ambition. It was a real gamble for them.

I think the company is in very good hands. We have such a great group of people that they could carry on very well without me. And, in fact, that's what our 1986 plan is all about—making sure that we build a very good team.

Q. You want Liz Claiborne to go on forever?
A. Exactly. That's my husband Art's ambition—to perpetuate this company into the next millennium. But it's going to be very difficult for me, when the time comes, to have a product with my name on it, and not be that involved. ▽

YEARS OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

(Continued from page 323)

terrorism." It's clear that what happened in Rome and Vienna last Christmas, and in Paris last winter, has made Western Europe unattractive to millions of Americans this summer. Continental Europeans live with a new awareness of strange parcels in public places. "Europe," says Judith Miller, "is a very easy place for terrorists to operate. They have mobility here. On the one hand, Europeans don't want to subject themselves to the same kind of security checks that used to happen. And on the other hand, you have this huge Arab population in France and you can't actively discriminate and single them out, but it's a sea in which terrorists can recruit. It is a lot harder for terrorists to operate in the U.S. It's a tough country to get into if you're a Frenchman, not to mention a Syrian or a Lebanese. Even Europeans need visas to go there."

For all her experience, Judith Miller's one brush with real danger came when the cable in her Cairo apartment elevator broke one morning as she was dashing to the airport to get to Kuwait where our embassy had just been attacked. And the only time that she has felt real fear, she says, is when she was given a front row seat at a Claude Montana fashion show in Paris. "I saw there was no security, I saw that the tent was jammed full and my seat was at the opposite end from the only exit, and I thought that if anything happened I'd be trapped. So I stood in the back."

Judith Miller's career is marked by a series of love affairs with places. She was born in New York City, the daughter of a hotel and nightclub owner. She grew up in Las Vegas, Miami Beach, and Los Angeles, where she studied ballet and wanted to be a Mouseketeer. She attended Catholic high school and then Hollywood High. "I would get the Sunday *New York Times* a few days late and I realized that life was in the East." She didn't yet have any idea how far east. She studied political science and economics at Ohio State, working her way east to Barnard. She was in an advanced economics program in Brussels and went on to the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs at Princeton. She first saw Washington in 1969 and told herself that one day she would live there. In 1971, instead of going to study the urban economics of Saigon—"The idea of going to Vietnam to look at an 'urban problem' when I thought they had a few others was something I couldn't face"—she went to Jerusalem to study a housing project. Her first sight of the old city was at dawn—"these biblical scenes, women walking with donkeys, the sun beginning to rise: I had never seen anything so beautiful." Cairo was the third place to strike her in that way, and now Paris. And she has been passionately committed to each city in turn.

"In Jerusalem, I got interested in the idea of a city so together, yet so divided. There were all these things that didn't fit into my paper—the differences between Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews, the Palestinians who lived in the eastern side of the city who barely existed in the American press. I was struck by how alike Palestinians and Israelis are in their regard for history. I wanted to see the other side, so I took some time off and went to Cyprus and Egypt, Jordan and Lebanon. Something in Lebanon really troubled me—it was the hatred all the religions and sects felt for each other." The first word of Arabic that she learned was *ma'alesh*, which loosely means, she says, "I'm very sorry about this, but we can't really do anything about it anyway.

"As a student, I thought, what's all this three thousand years of fighting about? *(Continued)*

(Continued from page 377)

This is easy to solve. Israel gives back the land and then it is accepted in the Middle East and all of this stops. What one thinks as an American, with nice American values, doesn't apply as you learn more."

Back in America, Miller got her master's degree and became a journalist. She returned to the Middle East, freelancing for National Public Radio and *The Progressive;* in 1976, she went to Saudi Arabia and Iraq and Libya. Back in Washington, she joined *The New York Times*, reporting on the Securities and Exchange Commission, and she went to Atlanta to cover the Alabama story of the man who set himself on fire to protest unemployment. "The local TV people had watched him do it, sat there and watched him fumble with his matches, watched him try to set fire to his leg. Do we journalists passively view a situation, and only when someone's actually on fire rush over with our notebooks and try to put out the flames? Journalists are observers, but that doesn't mean that we watch human suffering without trying to do anything about it."

Miller was offered the *Times* Cairo office, as bureau chief. She hadn't been in the Middle East since 1978, and it was now 1983. "I went through my Rolodex, and half the people I knew were dead, killed in Lebanon, killed in Jordan, killed in Israel." She questioned whether the *Times* should have a woman in Cairo, thought about it for ten minutes, and accepted.

When she arrived in Cairo she was given a Pharaonic key chain, for luck, by the office manager. She quickly became aware of the dependence that must exist between foreign correspondents, and soon invented a husband George and two children back in Washington to deflect the kindly but tiresome concern over her unmarried state. And she learned not to be afraid. "I'd had my home broken into in Washington, been mugged twice in the street. In Cairo you could go out in the middle of the night, alone, and no one would hurt you. Egypt was very civilized."

In October 1983, the Lebanese compound for the U.S. marines who were part of the peacekeeping force was bombed. "I heard on the BBC that there had been a mass of explosions, and if that were true, our bureau chief, Tom Friedman, would need help. I took a plane to Tel Aviv, slept in a small hotel at the border, and in the early morning crossed over and into Lebanon in a taxi." She doesn't drive. "Lebanon's a rough place: you go through a series of border guards; each sectarian group has its own security and its own colors. I arrived and met Tom at the Commodore Hotel, and we went to the bombing site.

"It was a huge compound and it was just flattened. There was an enormous crater where the bomb had been. I was dumbstruck. I'd never seen anything like that in my life and hope I never do again. They were still cleaning out bodies, trying to figure out what happened. At that point we knew that over a hundred people had been killed. The Marines who were left were completely disoriented and in a state of shock. These were my people, boys who were eighteen or nineteen who'd been sent as part of a peacekeeping force. We were the enemy. Part of the tragedy is that these people hadn't thought of themselves as the enemy, hadn't taken the precautions they should have.

"Then I went to the Commodore Hotel and they greeted me, with typical Lebanese humor—'Hello, Mrs. Miller, what side would you like? The sniper side or the bomb side?' Their idea of a joke. There is a parrot in the hotel who does imitations of incoming missiles—it goes 'Phiiiiiiiii!!!'—and whoever's not initiated dives under the bar. Big laugh."

A photographer named Inga Lippman suggested to Miller that the real story was not in Beirut but in the Fundamentalist villages in the south. "I went out with a Shiite group who had a kindergarten class, and they took these six-year-olds out in the fields to play Martyr. They gave them little sticks that were supposed to be rifles, and they ran around 'killing Israelis.' That week I began to understand what the U.S. was in for. I wrote a series of articles on the Shiite terrorist threat and decided this was not a place I wanted to go back to; it was going to be too dangerous. The kidnappings had started, and I saw journalists as being natural targets, the symbols of the West. I urged the paper to take some precautions. They closed the Beirut bureau in 1985, but not before the office manager's wife and children were blown up in the *Times* apartment there."

"Qaddafi offered me a cup of tea and we chatted"

Two weeks later she awoke to the news on the BBC that the American embassy in Kuwait had been attacked by a Shiite Muslim in a truck. "The people killed were mostly local staff. What you tend to forget outside the Middle East is that most of the victims are not Westerners, but the local people—Kuwaitis who have the misfortune to be sitting in the wrong café at the wrong time, or moderate Palestinians. Those who want a solution in the Middle East are systematically bumped off if they go too far, killed by Palestinian militants such as Abu Nidal who left the PLO because he considered Arafat too moderate."

Terrorism constitutes one of the main obstacles to King Hussein's peace proposal. The object of the proposal was to get Israel to have peace talks with the Palestine Liberation Organization. "Israel has always officially refused to do it, because no Israeli government can survive if they are willing to sit down and talk to Yasir Arafat," explains Miller. "What Jordan had to do was find a formula whereby the PLO could participate as part of a Jordanian delegation. But the Israelis insisted that in order to be acceptable as members of a delegation, these people, whoever they were, should not be prominent members of the PLO, and that they had to renounce terror. The PLO had condemned terror at the emergency Arab summit in Casablanca, but of course the PLO had been involved in the *Achille Lauro* and the murder of Israelis on a yacht in Cyprus. What happened was that a year after agreeing to negotiate with Jordan, Arafat welshed on that deal, just as he has on every deal, because it is his perception that he will be killed if he agrees to talks."

Much as Judith Miller loved Egypt, she realized there are few heroes and that President Hosni Mubarak, whom she had admired, was not what she hoped he might become. Disillusionment with Mubarak set in when he lied about the whereabouts of the hijackers of the *Achille Lauro*, and was compounded by his handling of the botched rescue mission of the Egypt Air plane in Malta, where, if the hijackers had killed seven people, the Egyptian rescuers had killed fifty-seven. That was supposed to be Miller's last assignment in the Middle East.

She moved to Paris last fall, and last winter, after the Vienna and Rome massacres, went to Libya "because at that point we figured that the Americans were likely to do something." Her first meeting with Qaddafi followed a press conference he gave in a barley field, speaking from the top of a tractor. She broke the heel of her shoe, gave up running around after him, and found him later in a tent on the side of the road all by himself, having a cup of tea. "I went up to him and said, 'Hello, Colonel'—it's always a problem, what do you call them?—'I'm Judy Miller from *The New York Times*, and I really want an interview alone with you.' He asked if there were any other women here, and I said I knew of some who were coming, and he said he could arrange something, and what did I want to talk about? I said a lot of things, like who you are, and Islam, and how you relate Islam to the revolution. 'Ah!' he said, 'Okay,' and he offered me an orange and a cup of tea and we chatted a little bit.

"He has his own kind of bizarre ideology, a vision of an Islamic Utopia that he's creating in Libya. He's sincere about that. He can be charming when he wants to be, and then there are abrupt shifts in his physique, his face—his eyes become slits—and when you see that you know there's something odd about him. His revolution has totally stood Arab values on their head: In Arab society, everybody is nice to the elderly, who run the society. In Libya, it's run by eighteen-year-olds with kalashnikovs who call themselves revolutionary guards.

"Qaddafi comes across in many ways as uneducated and so incredibly naïve that it's hard to believe this guy is a killer, which he is. He says he cries a lot when he's alone. At times he can even appear benign, and I've also seen him when he's truly menacing and nasty. He turned nasty on me. During the meeting with the women journalists, I was very curious to see what he would say, who he really is, what does he really believe in. At one point, he said, 'Can you explain why Americans are so pro-Israeli? Of course,' he said, in an offhand way, 'none of you is Jewish.' Now this is very unusual. In the Arab world I was almost never asked what my religion was. And so, partly to provoke him and partly to see who this guy was, I said, 'One of my parents is Jewish.' And there was a stunned silence around the room. He said, 'Which one?' demonstrating a knowledge of rabbinical and Islamic law. I said, 'My father.' 'Ah,' he said with great relief, 'and what is your mother?' I said, 'She's a Catholic.' 'Ah! And to which one do you belong?' I said,

'Well, I belong to both, and to my country.' He kept coming back to this. 'But your father, he is not a Zionist?' And I said, 'Oh yes, he's a very ardent Zionist.' Long pause. 'But how can he not feel the plight of the Palestinian people?' And I said, 'Lots of Americans have gotten less sympathetic than they used to be, in part because of terrorism, Colonel Qaddafi.' And that was the end of the discussion on that topic.

"I think," Miller says, "that part of the reason I feel so strongly about terrorism is that I've now covered enough of it to last me a lifetime. You look at the odds—your chances of being mugged in New York are a hundred times greater, but there is something so dramatic about it that it touches everyone. And that's exactly what the terrorists play on. In a sense that's the dilemma of journalism: How do journalists ensure that they don't encourage it by covering it?

"Terrorists are not all that clever. Some are well-organized, but I think in lots of instances they've been as effective as they have because governments have acted stupidly. I think it's taken a long time for Europeans to get their act together, but that's easy for Americans to say because we are not threatened at home in the same way. And thanks to the U.S. Congress we still don't have a treaty between England and the U.S. for the extradition of people that Britain wants, the IRA; and this is something we could do for the government that's helped us the most in the fight against terrorism. If we're consistent about terrorism, we've got to stop it in all its incarnations, be it Irish or Middle-Eastern or Basque nationalist. The civilized world simply has to draw the line and say it's not true that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter, because terrorism has a distinct and a specific meaning, and it is the wanton killing and deliberate murders of noncombatants, civilians, innocent people not involved in your conflict, to inspire fear for political goals.

"I guess that if I carry a belief or a prejudice, it's that nobody's right all the time. Nobody has an absolute monopoly on truth or moral righteousness, and there is a tendency in that part of the world, with all its historical and religious overlay, for each person to think he is right, and anyone who doesn't agree with that to be a traitor. We're entering a grim stage in Middle-Eastern history, and the great test for the Middle East is whether moderation will survive, along with rationality and sensibility and pragmatism."

Now Judith Miller is in Paris—in diplomatic and journalistic terms, a plum posting. She writes about foreign policy, French politics, and the problems of Arab immigration in France. But instead of following trauma and disaster in the news, she makes news by what she writes. During the Cannes Film Festival, she interviewed Yves Montand and asked him, quite simply, "President Montand?" Everyone in Paris knew that Montand has vaguely defined presidential aspirations. He answered her with two gnomic words, "Why not?" But because the "Why not?" appeared in *The New York Times*, the following week, French press burst into front-page speculation on President Montand. Such is the power Miller wields. And at the same time, she has available to her the finest products of European civilization—the best music, clothes, meals, and wines.

"None of these are available in the Middle East. You're thinking about life and death issues all the time, and here you realize what else is part of life. An Israeli friend helped me when I first came to Paris. He said, 'If I were you, I wouldn't worry for five minutes about the Middle East, I'd worry about all the wonderful things, the real life, the beauty.' And I realized he was right. I'd forgotten about all this." ▽

EATING ON THE RUN

(Continued from page 290)

woman's weight. "The majority of overweight women seldom eat breakfast, often skip lunch, are ravenous by dinner, and snack continuously at night," said Dr. Connor. What if you have trouble eating right after you wake up? Try not to snack at night. Our bodies are geared to a ten-to-twelve hour fast after the last evening meal or snack; if you eat dinner at 9:00 P.M., 9:00 A.M. is your best breakfast time. Keep this in mind, too, when you travel across time zones.

• **Don't skip eating protein in the mistaken notion that it will help you to lose weight.** Low-fat protein foods provide slow-release energy. Eliminate protein from a meal altogether and you'll be hungry in an hour. . .

• **If you must eat lunch at your desk, try not to work while you eat.** Some of the body's satiety cues come from the brain as well as the stomach, Dr. Cross explained. "If you eat mindlessly—if you don't take a few seconds to look at your food, then relax and really taste what you're eating—you won't feel satisfied, and you'll reach for a sugary snack in an hour or two," said Dr. Connor. Ideal high-energy lunch: a half-hour walk, followed by relaxing over a bowl of pasta primavera sprinkled with low-fat cheese (dairy plus carbohydrate will keep your concentration going all afternoon).

• **For a mid-afternoon energy reviver, reach for complex carbohydrates, not sugar.** Having chocolate or a doughnut may *seem* to boost energy, but the effect is short-lived. Wiser choices: vitamin- and complex carbohydrate-rich bananas, apricots, oranges, even a baked potato (no butter, of course).

• **Stock up on healthful convenience foods.** When there's no time or energy to cook, advises Sonja Connor, "ice cream shouldn't be the only food in the freezer." When you shop for packaged or frozen foods, read labels; just because it says "diet," it may not be as healthful as you think. Avoid foods in which the first (most concentrated) ingredient is oil or shortening; stay away from foods prepared in highly saturated palm, coconut, or beef oil. In a main dish, you want no more than 10 grams of fat per serving; in a side dish, 5 grams or fewer.

• **If you stop to pick up dinner on the way home, make it a "healthy" fast food.** Instead of burgers or fried chicken, get your "takeout" from a salad bar (no high-calorie chick-peas or high-fat salad dressings), an Italian (vegetarian lasagna, pizza with vegetables once in a while), or Chinese (non-fried main dish, rice) restaurant.

• **If you eat out often, don't let down your guard just because you're in a restaurant.** "For many women, eating out is a habit, not a special occasion, so it shouldn't be a time to indulge in high-fat sauces or desserts," said Dr. Cross. Her strategy: whenever possible, opt for restaurants in which the cuisine is likely to be low-fat—Japanese, Chinese, a seafood restaurant; try to decide what to order beforehand, so you're not tempted by the menu. As for dessert, "if you have the willpower to have only one or two forkfuls of cake, order it; otherwise stick to fruit." And while a glass of wine with (*not* before, when it boosts appetite) a meal is fine every now and then, the empty calories provided by alcohol could be "traded" for a couple of pieces of fruit (fiber- and vitamin-rich) later on; drinking at lunch is especially unwise, as it saps energy, may make you less alert later in the day.

• **"Eat ahead" when you're going to a banquet or dinner party.** Learn the trick that keeps many politicians (and nutritionists) thin: When food choices will be out of your control, put your appetite in "low gear" by eating fresh fruit, a whole-grain cracker, and a half-ounce of low-fat cheese beforehand. Taking the edge off your hunger makes it much easier to keep your fat and calorie intake under control.

• **Don't nibble at the main course, then have the dessert.** The trade-off: A single slice of chocolate fudge cake can add up to five hundred calories. For that same caloric total, you could have a green salad with lemon-juice dressing, four to five ounces of broiled fish, one-half baked potato, and a small apple. The choice is yours. . . .

• **When you travel, don't forget to exercise.** Experts acknowledge it's difficult to lose weight during a business trip or vacation, but it's relatively easy to gain. If you love desserts, treat yourself to two during a one-week trip, not five. Schedule exercise time every day; it's the lack of activity that often adds up to weight gain during travel.

• **If you must eat in an airport, or on a plane, choose wisely.** Dr. Cross packs yogurt, an apple, and whole-wheat crackers in her carry-on bag, to eat while waiting for her plane or after she's in the air. When mealtime is also travel time, order a fresh fruit and cottage cheese platter when you make plane reservations.

• **Don't try to "fast" away the effects of overeating.** Your energy will plummet—and your body will react by holding even more zealously onto the small amount of food you eat, which means you won't lose weight and may gain faster later on. If you overeat one day, compensate by cutting back on fat—but not complex carbohydrate—intake the next day.

• **Allow yourself "comfort foods" when stress is high.** "It takes about eight to nine months to adapt to a new way of eating," said Sonja Connor. "During stress, you may feel as if you have a craving for a high-fat or sugary food that you've recently eliminated from your diet. If that happens, allow yourself a *small* amount of that food combined with a small amount of a more healthful choice—a sliver of the cheesecake you crave, for example, with a handful of grapes. After a while, you can wean yourself away from the cheesecake and learn to be 'comforted' by snacking on grapes." ▽

MAKEUP LESSONS

(Continued from page 292)

of instruction and follow-up is also critical; the best experts apply makeup step-by-step to one side of the face, then let you make up the other. A "face chart," diagramming what product goes where, is always included. Best lessons also encourage (or include) a follow-up visit.

One reminder: each makeup artist's style is as individual as a thumbprint; for that reason, one artist's "don't" may be another's "trick"—so the ideal way to learn may actually be from several different experts. Note, too, that you may not like all of an artist's "tricks," but will undoubtedly like at least one new idea.

Here, where to find the best makeup lessons.

NEW YORK

Ling at Barneys NY (212) 929-9000. One of the best, well-explained lessons from Davis Garvin, who specializes in the kind of natural looks that even a woman who does not like makeup will appreciate. $75; from $150 at home. . . . **Trish McEvoy** (212) 758-7790. One of the top three lessons around; instructive half they do/half you do workout, face-chart for home. Look: natural, "polished." Excellent for post surgery, problem skin, older women. $60-$175, redeemable in cosmetics. . . **Bumble & Bumble/Makeup Studio** (212) 371-7353, also **Che Sguardo/ Makeup Studio,** Chicago (312) 440-1616. Established by Italian makeup artist Diego Dalla Palma, who does makeup at collections for Missoni. $125 for three lessons: consultation/application; artist does half, you do half; return for spot-check/color "update." . . . **Annette Alessi** (212) 799-5165. A personal approach in a one-person salon. Cosmetics under $10; $75 per lesson; $150 with haircut. . . **Make Up Center** (212) 977-9494. An inexpensive $25 route to a quality lesson. Refills by mail-order.

LOS ANGELES

Cloutier Studio (213) 467-1923. Top-flight "editorial" makeup artists; natural looks. $50-$200. House calls. . . . **Armando Hair & Makeup Studio** (213) 657-5160. The man Hollywood women trust for "uncomplicated" makeup—natural or dramatic. $100/hour; house calls. . . . **Marja at Ole Henricksen Salon** (213) 854-7700. Thorough makeup lesson, face diagram. $50/hour. . . **Victoria Jackson** (213) 650-6687. Lessons from a real "how-to" teacher who lectures at UCLA. $50/hour. . .

STORE CONSULTATIONS

Beauty Checkers at Henri Bendel. A no-nonsense, inexpensive ($25) approach; uses makeup you've brought with you. . . . **Elizabeth Arden**. By-appointment instruction in a private room with expert Glenn Roberts (or team). Specialty: evening, party looks. $10-$50, redeemable in products. Store ads list his arrival. . . . **Estée Lauder**. Clinics introduce new colors, techniques across the country. Free or for a minimal fee, often redeemable in merchandise. See store ads to find out when they visit your city.

VIDEOS

Newest approach to makeup lessons. On camera, you can follow an expert's makeup—again. . . and again. **Benjamin** (NYC) (212) 752-6900. Easy-to-follow, with or without your own makeup, tools. A real "makeover"—with haircut. $125-$275. . . . **Chanel**: a private in-store hour videotaped with traveling artist Guy Lento. $50, redeemable in cosmetics, fragrance. (212) 688-5055, x303. . . . **Christian Dior Portrait Cinematique**. Videotaped instruction with a minimum purchase of $25. Store ads tell you when the Dior team is in town. . .

FREELANCERS

These are the experts—most of whom work for magazines, photographers—whose availability has revolutionized makeup lessons. Their advice: superior, objective. Only drawbacks: some get carried away with "artistry." Also, many freelancers will—for a fee—travel with you. . . In NYC: **Margaret Avery** (212) 355-1410 (also travels to **Barbara Jean Limited**, Little Rock, Arkansas 501-227-0054) is a top editorial makeup artist, gives a woman a natural "look". $150 and up. . . . **Linda Cantello** (212) 245-0200. Beautiful, modern looks, "teaches you how to pick best features, minimize flaws." $350. . . . **Sophie Levy** (212) 245-0200. Feature-enhancing minimalism; great "tricks." $300. . . . **Rex** (212) 355-1410. One of the most articulate artists with a *light* hand. Specialty: over forty. $200. . . . **Elisabeth Drabinski** (212) 757-5637. Terrific no-color effects. $150. . . . **Marybeth** (212) 764-3348; offbeat—but tasteful—makeup. $100. . . . **Joey Mills** at **Pipino-Buccheri** (212) 759-2959—or in Dallas (214) 638-2414. Fresh, classic makeup. Prices vary. . . . **Rumiko** (212) 925-8333. Attractive, exotic makeup. $250. . . . **Camelia** (516) 781-8286. $45 for 1½ hours with Deborah Kaplan. House calls in tri-state area. —Reporting in Los Angeles by LISA NORRIS EISNER

MARY FARR

(Continued from page 291)

Farr cuts hair for about twelve clients a day, some she also perms and styles. . . when she doesn't, she oversees everything a client has done, acting as a consultant to every hair treatment, even to manicures. In the words of one client, "she's a one-man band."

What—according to Farr—separates a great cut from a mediocre one? "While nearly every woman's hair can look attractive when she leaves a salon, the real test comes a few weeks later as hair grows. A woman should be able to get her hair into shape quickly *every morning*. And, if a woman can't get to a hairstylist for three months, her hair should still look good."

Farr puts high priority on client independence. To that end, she teaches women how to wield a blow-dryer, hot rollers, styling lotions, as well as brushes, combs. While she still makes house calls (both to office and home), Farr's emphasis on self-care has cut down on client requests that Farr travel with them on long trips.

Anyone would assume that this level of expertise has its cost; but at $42 a cut, Mary Farr's expertise is an astonishing bargain. ▽

MODERN BEAUTY

(Continued from page 291)

What it boils down to: an easy plan that works, with a minimum of change; the only "time" requirement is maintenance. For the cosmetics industry, it's a moment that requires a little more thought, a little more "working out."

Skin Care No euphemisms for the '80s woman: a wrinkle is a wrinkle is a wrinkle. Today, a smart woman is enlightened, with a healthy amount of skepticism. *Performance, delivery* and *results* are crucial, as are products that fight age, sun, environmental damage; that protect, nourish, renew—honestly.

Result: The mid-decade beauty news is that advanced technology will bring *information* to the consumer. Computers, products, videos, regimens, experts will all provide *personal* solutions.

Fitness Included in her thinking, more emphasis on *inner* goals of feeling good, relaxing. One focus: on skin fitness, on repair and prevention with sun protection in everything.

What is clear: today's choices represent a new ideal of the American woman. No one understands better than she that the business of beauty is serious business. Never before has her—or the industry's—ingenuity been so challenged; yet never before has the American woman presented herself so well to the world. ▽

LIFE ON THE DOUBLE

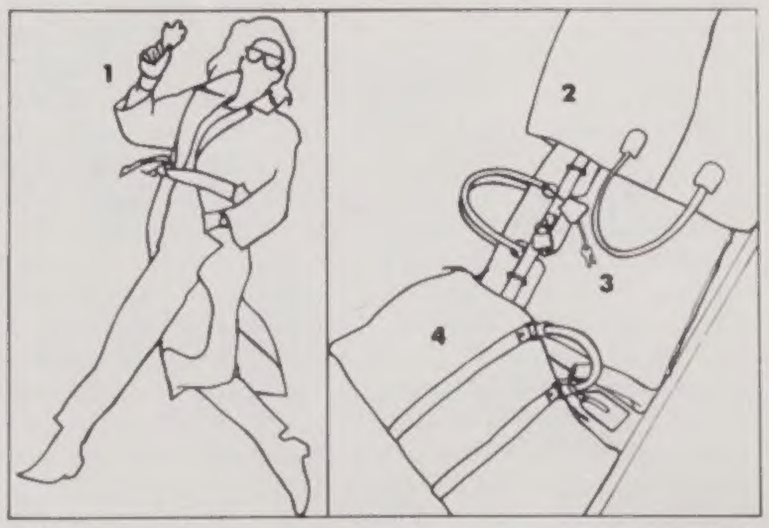
(Continued from page 291)

Shannon Jones, who moves from the humidity of Houston to life in a controlled environment on Alaska's north slope (where outside *spring* temperatures are twenty degrees below zero) and then out to an oil rig in the Bering Sea, the right haircut isn't a luxury, it's a necessity. "Nothing is more irritating than hair in need of a cut, especially when you have to wear a hard hat." With a lack of mobility in Alaska and on the oil rig at sea, other necessities are "my Walkman and tapes. I use them to discipline myself to do a half hour of aerobics and on-the-spot dance in my eight-by-ten compartment." Also, "mascara, moisturizer. . . but nothing else to distinguish myself from the rest of the gang."

Regularly sprinting between Redken Laboratories Research Center and the main corporate offices across the street is Redken's founder chairman, Paula Kent Meehan. "Running shoes help; and I love the multicolored styles available in California now. Another asset—my address book with experts, like my dentist, whose first appointment is 7:30 A.M."

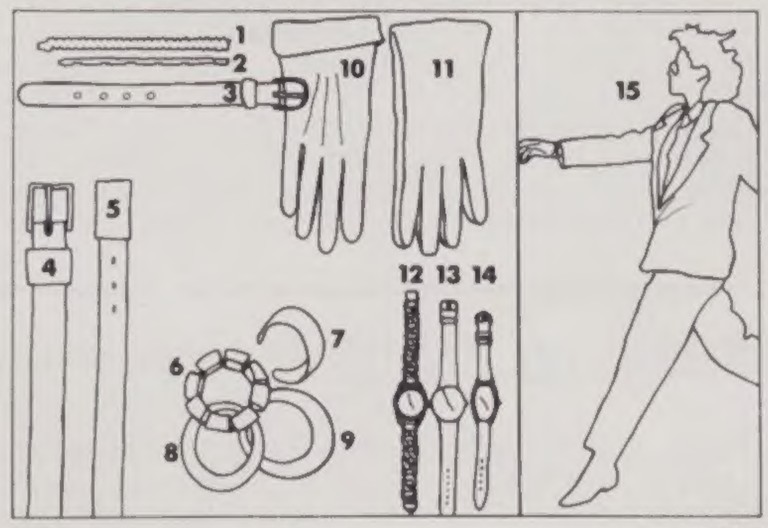
Another "early bird" is interior decorator Mica Ertegun (co-founder of the Mac II Company). Hair appointments at 7:00 A.M., twice a week with Imo at the Regency Hotel, New York City, are the rule, not the exception, for her. Essentials in office drawer and suitcase—a variety of *small* hairpieces, designed by Imo, easily clipped on at the nape, braids, bows, chignons. Other "musts": very dark and light lipsticks, one to outline, the other for mouth's center; a dark blusher, used all over the face.

Page 124: Polo/Ralph Lauren Eyewear for Optique du Monde. **144:** *Top photo:* Clairmont-Nichols, NYC; Eyelab, Paramus NJ; Fort Lauderdale FL; Chicago. *Middle photo:* Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Maxfield, Los Angeles. *Lower photo:* Red glasses at Morgenthal-Frederics Optician, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. "Tortoise" glasses, at Gruen Optika, NYC; Optical Shop of Aspen CO; Scottsdale AR; Newport Beach CA. **146:** *Photo left:* Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan New York. **176:** *Photo above:* Earrings, Isabel Canovas. Clip earrings by John Iversen. **178:** Calvin Klein Eyewear. **216:** *Above,* Steve Brady, *Houston, A Self-Portrait,* Herring Press, Houston. *Right,* Dan Dry/Woodfin Camp & Assoc. **218:** *Clockwise from left:* Tom Evans; Doug Tomlinson, *Dallas Architecture 1936-1986, Texas Monthly Press; Marc Riboud;* Doug Tomlinson, *Dallas Architecture, 1936-1986,* Texas Monthly Press, Jaime Ardiles-Arce. **220:** *Top, left to right,* Ikko Narahara/Courtesy of Houston Foto Fest, *left,* David Burnett/Contact/Woodfin Camp & Assoc.; *below,* Sandra Hataley. **246:** *Center:* Earrings, Fabrice. *Below left:* Bracelet, Philippe Ben. **250:** *Top,* Slip, OMO Norma Kamali. Earrings, Kate Hines. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland NYC. Shoes, Maud Frizon. *Bottom,* Slip, Lynn LaCava. **254:** Cap, Andrew Wilkie for Workers for Freedom. **270-271:** Sweater, Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. Glasses, Robert La Roche of America. Joel Name, NYC; St. Charles Vision, New Orleans; Eleganté Eyewear, St. Petersburg FL; Optical Fashion Center, Los Angeles. Hadley-Kalbé watchstrap. Watch repair dept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Pen, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Phone at Ad Hoc Housewares, NYC. **272:** Jacket also at Ultimo, Chicago; Aversa, Joliet IL and Milwaukee WI; Perkins Shearer, Denver. Donna Karan New York Merino wool body suit, skirt, scarf, each $200. For stores, see page 272. Glasses, Shady Character. Charivari, NYC; In Wear/Matinique, Dallas. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan New York. Neiman-Marcus. Scarf, Moschino. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Carlos Falchi, Dallas. To order at Bloomingdale's. Belt and gloves, Donna Karan New York. Belt at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston; Caché, Miami; Neiman-Marcus. **273:** Calvin Klein Collection wool pants, $240; cashmere sweater, $310. Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves, Calvin Klein. Pen, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Agenda, Bottega Veneta. Calvin Klein Belts. Bergdorf Goodman. Bag, Coach Leatherware. Macy's, Herald Square. **274:** Krizia also at, Krizia at Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Honeybee, NYC. Shawl and gloves, Hermès, NYC; Beverly Hills; San Francisco. Briefcase, Louis Vuitton, NYC; Boston; Bal Harbour; Chicago; Houston. **275:** Ralph Lauren lambswool skirt. $218. See stores listed on page 275. Glasses, Robert La Roche of America. The Eye Man, NYC. Ralph Lauren Scarves. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Bag, Prada. For stores see info. page 280. Agenda, D.F. Sanders. Watch at Fossner Time Pieces, NYC. **276:** Cashmere turtleneck and wool skirt, Perry Ellis. Turtleneck, $360. Skirt, $230. Late Aug. Bergdorf Goodman. Clutch, La Bagagerie. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Stockings, Hanes Silk Reflections. **277:** Cashmere turtleneck and cavalry twill pants, Calvin Klein. Turtleneck, $330. Pants, $230. Mid-August at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel; Gidding-Jenny Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY; Tootsies, Houston. Glasses, Robert La Roche of America. Earrings and bracelets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Watch, Patek Philippe. Watch chain, Chaumet. Bag, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; I. Magnin, San Francisco. **278:** Aaron Faber at Aaron Faber Gallery, NYC. Calvin Klein, $325. Macy's, New York; L.S. Ayres, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN. Watch strap, Hadley-Kalbè. Watch repair dept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. Audemars Piguet at Fred Joaillier, NYC. Watch strap, Hadley-Kalbé. Watch repair dept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field's. Rolex at Fred Leighton Trump Tower, NYC. Tourneau at Tourneau, NYC and Bal Harbour. Cartier at Cartier. Strap, Hadley-Kalbé. Watch repair dept. at Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. Baume & Mercier, $1450. Tourneau, NYC and Bal Harbour; Bailey Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia and Atlanta; Stowell's Boston; Corrigan's, Dallas and Houston; Granat Bros., San Francisco. **279:** Perry Ellis coat, $720. Shirt, $150. Trousers, $245. All in wool. Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings, Zagal. Belt, Johnny Farah. If, Soho, NYC. Watch strap, Kleinberg-Sherrill, Atlanta. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Altman's. Shoulder bag, Carlos Falchi. Bloomingdale's (to order); Carlos Falchi, Dallas. Tote bag, Maud Frizon, NYC. **280:** Barry Kieselstein-Cord bracelet, $850. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Movado watch, $195. Saks Fifth Avenue. Hadley-Kalbé watch strap. For stores see info. page 278. Donna Karan, $120. Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Prada bag, late August at Prada, NYC; Mr. Jay, Millburn NJ; Hattie, Birmingham MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Hermès key ring. Hermes, NYC; Dallas; Beverly Hills. Calvin Klein belt, $265. Bergdorf Goodman. Donna Karan glove, $195. Bergdorf Goodman. Joan Helpern shoes, $295. Joan & David, Madison Avenue, NYC; Nordstrom, Salt Lake City UT. Calvin Klein pump, $425. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Robinson's, California. **281:** Fendi wool skirt, $225. See stores on page 281. Earrings, Ugo Correani. Rumors, New Orleans LA; Purple Peacock, Canton OH. Necklace, Laura Vogel. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Patristel, Winter Park FL; I. Magnin. Cuff, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bag, Maud Frizon, NYC; Bal Harbour; Beverly Hills; San Francisco. Glasses, Ray-Ban Caravan by Bausch & Lomb. Macy's, Herald Square; Sunglass Hut, Miami. **282-283:** Connie Chung, Susan Waterfall photographs by Dominique Nabokov. Sissy Spacek by Jean Pagliuso. Inès de la Fressange, courtesy of Chanel, Inc. Julia Brown Turrell by Brian Leatart. Marian Wright Edelman by Richard Greenhouse. **284-285:** Nancy Brinker, Linda Janklow, Faye Wattleton, Ponchitta Pierce by Dominique Nabokov. Susie Tomkins by Paul Cruz. Meg Tilly by Maria Robledo/Outline. Adria Aronow by Dawn Reis. Debby Fields by Busath Photography. Grethe Holby by Arthur Elgort. Adrienne Vittadini by Frank Schramm. Jacalyn Barnett by Joel Landau. **286:** Acetate sweater, Calvin Klein. $386. Altman's. **287:** Sweater, Calvin Klein. **288-289:** *Large photo left:* Calvin Klein wool jackets, $550. Late Aug. at Bergdorf Goodman. Earrings and bracelets, Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. Gruen Curvex watch. Telephone, Sointu, NYC, *Inset:* Hand *above:* Bracelet, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt. Cufflinks, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Below: Watch, Sentimento at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet and cufflinks, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Rolodex, D.F. Sanders,



294 295

NYC. Phone, Sony. **290-291:** Lunch at Georgette Klinger, NYC. *Bottom Left:* Clinique mascara; stopwatch, Gerry Cosby Athletic Outfitters, NYC; Elizabeth Arden lipgloss; Clinique eye pencil; Prescriptives loose powder. *Bottom middle:* Clinique lipstick; Estée Lauder cream concealer. *Bottom right:* Clinique face powder; Revlon eye color; Prescriptives liquid foundation. **292:** *Top left,* clockwise from top: Revlon tweezers; makeup brush, Barneys New York; Revlon eyelash curler; nail clipper, D.F. Sanders, NYC; Prescriptives brow/lash brush; hand mirror, D.F. Sanders, NYC. *Top right:* Hair brush, Boyds, NYC. **294:** 1. Raincoat, $525. Late Aug. at Jaeger, NYC; Boston; San Francisco; Seattle; Canada. Body suit and pants, Giorgio Armani. Glasses, Shady Character. Bloomingdale's. Calvin Klein Watches. Bracelets, Daphne. Shoes, Pupi D'Angieri. Bergdorf Goodman. **295:** 2. $565. Bottega Veneta, NYC; Stamford CT; Beverly Hills. 3. Hermès, NYC; Palm Beach;



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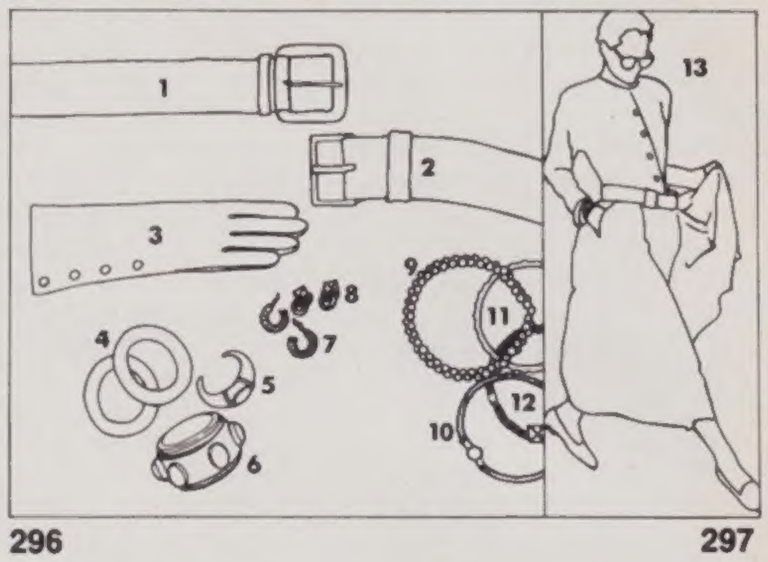
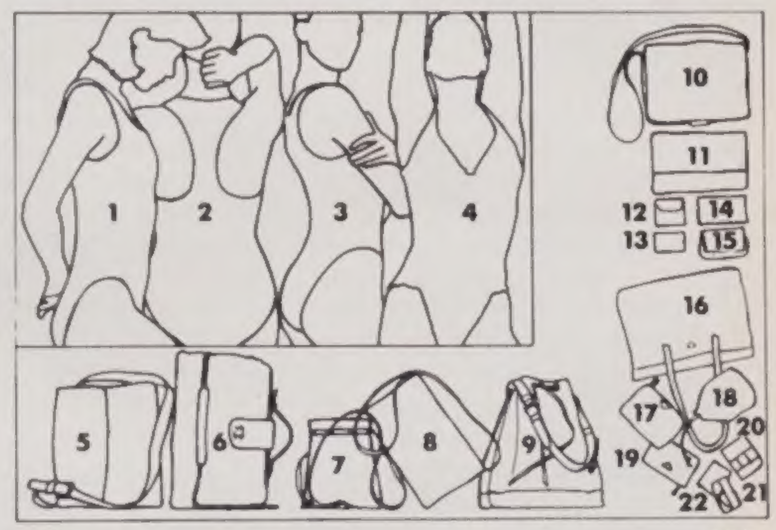
Chicago; Dallas; Beverly Hills. 4. $515. Louis Vuitton, NYC; Bal Harbour; Chicago; Houston; Beverly Hills. **296-297:** 1. Poiray Joailliers, NYC. 2. Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. 3. $72. If, Soho, NYC: Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. 4. $85. Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. 5. Belt and buckle, $490. F.G. Bodner, North Miami Beach FL; Jamie, Nashville TN; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Jim-Elle, San Francisco and San Anselmo CA. 6. $1000. 7. $400. 8. $260. 9. $280. All at Robert Lee Morris, NYC. 10. $275. Hermès, NYC; Dallas; Beverly Hills. 11. $395. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester MA. 12. $340. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Robinson's, Southern CA; Macy's, San Francisco. 13. $175. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's. 14. Cartier watch. For crocodile watch straps, see stores on info. page 278. 15. Silk faille blouse; wool/rayon/chenille blazer; wool/rayon pants. Jacket, $290; blouse, $140; pants, $140.



296 297

Farmer's Daughter and Son, NYC; Galloping Boutique, West Hartford CT; Schwabe-May, Charleston West VA; Colby's, Georgetown, Washington DC; Weinsteins, New Orleans LA; Bullocks Wilshire; Macy's, San Francisco; Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Shoes, Bally of Switzerland. **298-299:** 1. $65. Barneys New York; Complete Accessories, Winnetka IL. 2. $325. If, Soho, NYC; Hirshleifer's Etc., Manhasset NY; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. 3. $58. Sept. at Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; I. Magnin. 4. $595 each. Tiffany & Co. 5. Poiray Joailliers, NYC. 6. $1600. Isabel Canovas, NYC. 7. $1400. Poiray Joailliers, NYC. 8. $750. Barneys New York; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. To order at Neiman-Marcus. 9. Poiray Joailliers, NYC. 10. and 11. Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. 12. $1425. Bloomingdale's, Culde-Sac; Woodward & Lothrop; The Twenty-Four Col-



298 299

lection, Miami; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. To order at Neiman-Marcus. 13. Dress, $850. Krizia, New York; Palm Beach; Dallas; Beverly Hills; Krizia at Garfinckel's, Washington DC: Krizia at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Krizia at Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles. Glasses, Polo by Ralph Lauren. A. R. Trapp Opticians, NYC; Eye + Tech, Houston and Los Angeles. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Golo Footwear. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. **300-301:** 1. Lycra suit. $100. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC. 2. Nylon/spandex suit. $26. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Bullock's; I. Magnin. 3. Silk suit. $89. Macy's Herald Square; Bullock's; I. Magnin. 4. Nylon/spandex suit. $32. Lord & Taylor; McAlphin's Cincinnati OH; Madigans, Chicago; Blocks, Indianapolis IN; Swansons on the Plaza; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA; The Bon, Seattle WA. 5. $1,785. Late August. Prada, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. 6. $830. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field's; Frost Bros.; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. 7. $1550. Hermès, NYC; Palm Beach; Chicago; Dallas; Beverly Hills; San Francisco. 8. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Bob Ellis, Charleston SC; Twigs, Birmingham MI; Sakowitz. 9. $490. Louis Vuitton, NYC: Washington DC; Bal Harbour; Chicago; Houston; Beverly Hills. 10. $650. Bloomingdale's; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. 11-14. Available at Bergdorf Goodman. 11. $295. 12. $165. 13. $100. 14. $220. 15. and 16. available at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. 15. $195. 16. $275. 17. $40. Bergdorf Goodman. 18-22. Available late August at Prada, NYC. 18. $45. 19. $30. 20. Book, $50. Black book wrap, Prada. 21. $14. 22. $75. **302-303:** Makeup, Margaret Avery. **304:** Lambswool cardigan, $85 and skirt, $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; Rich's; Burdines; Montaldo's; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Dayton's; Hudson's; Robinson's Southern CA. **305:** LIZ CLAIBORNE Rayon blend turtleneck, $60. Wool/polyester pants, $75. Lord & Taylor; Parisian, Birmingham AL; Dayton's; Hudson's; Goldwaters,

FASHION INFORMATION

(Continued from page 381)

Phoenix; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco....Worsted wool jacket, $150 and pants, $85; rayon/wool top, $52. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Macy's, San Francisco. Jacket and pants at Nordstrom, Bellevue WA. ...Lambswool/acrylic cardigan $90 and turtleneck $40. Worsted wool pants, $82. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Frost Bros. Bullock's; Nordstrom, Orange County CA. **306-307:** CATHY HARDWICK Red lambswool coat, $150; cardigan, $130; skirt, $58; shirt, $58. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Dayton's...Black wool gabardine jacket, $135 and skirt, $90; rayon twill blouse, $72. Turnout at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Sakowitz, Bullock's; Weinstock's, Sacramento CA. Gloves, Anne Klein by Aris Isotoner...Wool gabardine jumpsuit, $200 and trenchcoat $196. Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's...Zig-zag cardigan, $150 black lambswool turtleneck $58. leggings, $68. Turnout at Bonwit Teller, NYC; John Wanamaker; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus...Red wool jersey dress, $160. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus...Leather jacket; rayon velvet shirt and wool pants. Jacket, $490, T-shirt, $90 (both pieces, late Aug.); pants, $110. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Pant and T-shirt at The Broadway, Southwest; Emporium-Capwell, San Francisco. ADRIENNE VITTADINI. Cashmere sweater $180, and wool pants $150 (mid Oct.). Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Pants at Robinson's, California...Black wool tunic, $128. and skirt, $95. Turnout at Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Bullock's; Nordstrom, Southern CA & WA...Print wool cardigan $295; turtleneck $65 and skirt $95. Turnout late Sept. at Bergdorf Goodman...Cashmere caramel dress, $290. Charivari, NYC; Hudson's; Dayton's; Mario's, Portland OR & Seattle WA. ... Cashmere caramel tunic $275 and skirt, $165. Lord & Taylor. **308:** ANNE KLEIN II Wool flannel top, $149. Cotton twill skirt, $115. Turnout mid-Aug. Altman's; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. Top at Filene's. Skirt at Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY....Orange wool coat, $344. Cardigan, $144. Available mid-Aug. Coat at L.H. Rogers, Salem MA; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lois Geans, Magnolia AR. Cardigan at Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros....Blue jacket, $210. Top, $85. Pants, $160. All wool. Turnout mid Aug. at Bonwit Teller; Balliet's; Bullock's. Jacket at Jordan Marsh, Boston....Cotton twill coat $287 and pants $95. Wool turtleneck, $85. Coat, sweater, pants, mid-Aug. at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Frost Bros. Coat and sweater at Marshall Field's; Bullock's. Coat at Rich's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY. **309:** WILLIWEAR Navy wool viscose cardigan jacket, $152 and pants, $92. Late Aug. at Bloomingdale's; French Postcards, Washington DC; Luv Boutique, Chicago; Ma Jolie, Milwaukee WI; The Golden Bear, Vail CO....Green wool/polyester coat, $200; skirt, $60. Wool/nylon cardigan $90. Rayon/cotton shirt $60. Late August at Barneys New York; John Wanamaker....Navy viscose blazer and coat. Rayon/cotton shirt, $65. Wool/polyester pants, $85. Coat, $250. Blazer, $140. Late August at Barneys New York; Ultimo, Chicago....Grey wool turtleneck. Wool/polyester blazer and pants. Blazer, $140. Top, $80. Pants, $75. Late Aug. at Barneys New York; John Wanamaker. **310:** ESPRIT SPORT cotton denim bomber. $84. Macy's New York; Florida; Filene's; Ivey's, Charlotte NC; Esprit, New Orleans; Los Angeles. Esprit wool/nylon/mohair houndstooth coat, $238. and pants, $78. Both available late Sept. Lambswool/nylon turtleneck, $80. Turnout at Macy's, Herald Square; Roosevelt Field NY. Coat and pants at Dayton's. ESPRIT black rayon/wool jacket and skirt. Available mid-Aug. Green silk shirt available mid Sept. Jacket, $125. Skirt, $47. Shirt, $58. Turnout at Macy's, Herald Square; Roosevelt Field NY. Jacket and skirt at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Burdines, Miami. ESPRIT SPORT orange nylon coat, $72. Black cotton top, $46. and skirt, $24. Turnout at Meier & Frank, Portland OR. Top and skirt at May Co., Los Angeles. Coat at Lord & Taylor, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. ESPRIT SPORT black cotton jacket, $86. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Meier & Frank, Portland OR. **311:** CALVIN KLEIN CLASSIFICATIONS wool dress, $220. Altman's; Swansons on the Plaza; Balliet's...CALVIN KLEIN CLASSIFICATIONS wool plaid jacket, $224. Wool jersey top, $96. and pants, $96. Altman's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH; Indianapolis IN. CALVIN KLEIN COATS. Wool coat, $570. Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene's; Raleighs Stores, Washington DC; Mark Shale, Oakbrook; Chicago IL; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. RALPH LAUREN CLASSICS blue wool jacket, $238. Wool jersey turtleneck, $120; pants, $120. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. RALPH LAUREN grey wool jersey dress, $240. Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckels, Washington, DC; Marshall Field's; Harold's Ladies Apparel, Dallas. RALPH LAUREN cotton poplin coat, $196. Saks Fifth Avenue; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palm Beach; Macy's, San Francisco. **312:** *Left:* Anne Klein at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; B. Forman, Rochester NY; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis IN. Earrings and bracelet, Robert Lee Morris for Donna Karan New York. Earrings to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelet at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Scarf, Malo Tricot. Linda Dresner, NYC and Troy MI; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY. Stockings, Trimfit. Calvin Klein Footwear. *Above:* Anne Klein at Lord & Taylor; Ivey's Carolinas; Dayton's. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. *Below:* Drizzle at Bergdorf Goodman; Charles Sumner, Boston; Rich's; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **313:** *Above left:* Trigère acrylic/cotton coat. Lord & Taylor; John Baldwin; Marshall Field's; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Echo Scarfs. *Below left:* Searle at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Joseph The Furrier, Scranton PA; Helen's of Course, Beaverton OR and Seattle WA; Julian Gold, Midland and San Antonio TX; I. Magnin. Glasses, Persol for Private Eyes. Henri Bendel; Filene's. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Necklace, Johnny Farah. Boots, Fendi by Diego Della Valle. Barneys New York. *Above right:* Searle acrylic/cotton "fur". Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Filene's; Goldsmith's, Memphis TN; Boyd's, St. Louis MO; Neiman-Marcus. Pants, Calvin Klein. Earrings, Wally Gilbert. Artwear, NYC. Shoes, Joan & David Couture. Joan & David, Madison Avenue, NYC. *Below right:* Perry Ellis at Lord & Taylor; John Wanamaker; Marshall Field's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. Bracelets, Reiko Ishiyama. Artwear, NYC. **314:** Ring, Michelle Savitt for M&J Savitt. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; M&J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Bracelet, Janis Savitt for M&J Savitt. Barneys New York; Neiman-Marcus. **316:** Both bracelets, R.J. Graziano. Left arm at Lord & Taylor. Right arm at Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Giorgio Armani Couture. **318-319:** Turtleneck, Calvin Klein. Hair & makeup, Rick Gillette. **324:** National Gallery of Art, Washingon; Collection of Mr.and Mrs. Paul Mellon, 1983. **325:** Rex Stucky, National Gallery of Art, Washington. **326:** Rubens, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Harpignies, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. Reynolds, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Cézanne, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. Landseer, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Bellows, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. Turner, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Braque, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, 1985. Constable, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Monet, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. Van Dyck, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Homer, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon (Loan). Constable, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Fund. **327:** West, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Gauguin, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, 1985. Fuseli, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Paul Mellon Collection. Reynolds, Yale Center for British Art, Paul Mellon Collection. Manet, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, Upperville, Virginia. Magritte, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, 1985. Matisse, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. **328-29:** National Gallery of Art, Washington, Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon, 1983. **342:** Sept. delivery. Turnout also at Pompian, Chicago; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Shoes, Capezio by Ballet Makers. **343:** Wool jersey dress. Sept. delivery. Shoes, Fratelli Rossetti. **344:** Jacket also at N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago. Dress, Claude Montana. Bag, Johnny Farah. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Mishon Mishon, NYC. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. Boots, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. **345:** Fur also to order at I. Magnin, San Francisco. Hat in hand Jean-Charles Brosseau. Henri Bendel. Belt, Donna Karan New York. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. Shoes, Maraolo, NYC. **346:** Fur available in Sept. Also at N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Ruth Meyers, Oklahoma City OK. Lamb suede shirt, Vakko Leather Fashions. Cotton denim skirt, "Calvin" A Division of Calvin Klein Jeans $38. Bloomingdale's. Glasses, Issey Miyake. Dianne B., NYC. Citizen watch at Fortunoff, NYC; Westbury NY; Wayne and Paramus NJ. Belt and gloves Donna Karan New York. Gloves at Neiman-Marcus. Hue Hosiery. September at Hudson's; Dayton's. Shoes, Armando Pollini. **347:** Fur around neck by Alixandre. Gloves, Donna Karan New York. Fogal Legwear of Switzerland, NYC. Boots, Carlos Falchi. Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. To order at Bloomingdale's. **348:** Jacket also at I. Magnin. WilliWear WilliSmith dress. Belt, Robert Lee Morris. **349:** Coat also to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Roughwear by Ralph Lauren wool sweater. $85. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver. Hue Hosiery. Macy's, Herald Square. Boots Charles Jourdan. Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **350:** Jacket also at Bonnie White, Atlanta; Nordstrom, Los Angeles & San Diego. Turtleneck, The Gap. Suede skirt, Roughwear by Ralph Lauren. $360. Bloomingdale's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Denver and Palm Desert CA. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Boots, Esprit. **351:** Turtleneck, Benetton. $55. Select Benetton stores. Suede pants, $150. Charles Chevignon, NYC. Woven leather belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC. Pull-thru belt, Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC. Gloves, Donna Karan New York. Neiman-Marcus. Boots, Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. **352:** Jacket also at Lulu's Back, Oakland CA. Tie around neck, Clio Blue. Billy Martin's, NYC. Gloves, Mark Paulson Designs for Patti Horn. Billy Martin's, NYC; asta de blue, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom. Belt, Robert Lee Morris, NYC. **353:** Jacket also at Macy's, San Francisco. Cotton mini skirt, Guess? by Georges Marciano. $50. Also at stores listed on page 353. Scarf, Jean-Charles Brosseau. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. **354:** Jacket also at Orvis, Manchester VT; Houston; San Francisco. Vest, Banana Republic, NYC. Cotton paisley shirt, Roughwear by Ralph Lauren. $49. Lord & Taylor. Gloves, Jean-Charles Brosseau. Henri Bendel. Cross belt, Robert Lee Morris. **355:** Silk shirt, Go Silk for L'Zinger. $150. Charivari, NYC. Pants, Mira K. $80. Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Tucan, Houston; Moda Sport, Beverly Hills. Tie, H. Kauffman & Sons. Gloves, Fownes. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren leathergoods. Scarf in hand, Go Cashmere for L'Zinger by Sofia and Anne. **356:** Fabric at Scrivener's, San Antonio TX; Designers' Fabrics, Bellevue WA. Coat, Geoffrey Beene. Briefcase, Bally of Switzerland. Crouch & Fitzgerald, NYC; Peller and Mure, Buffalo NY; Cedrics, Edina MN; Andrew Stevens, St. Louis MO; Classco, Corte Madera CA. Stockings, Danskin. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's; Hudson's; Macy's, San Francisco. Shoes, Carlos Falchi. **357:** Fabric at Hire's Fabrics, Houston; Josephine's Dry Goods, Portland OR. Bracelets, Eric Beamon. Briefcase, Bally of Switzerland. For stores, see info page 356. Belt, Omega. Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Louisville KY; Higbee's, Beachwood OH; Balliet's; Macy's, San Francisco. Bags, Donna Karan New York. Stockings, Danskin. For stores, see info page 356. Shoes, David Evins. **358:** Pant and jacket fabric at G. Street Fabrics, Rockville MD; Stewart Fabrics, Birmingham MI; Richard Brooks, Dallas TX; Baron's Fabrics, Woodland Hills CA. Belt, Omega. Parisian, Birmingham AL; McClure's, Nashville TN. Tote bag, Maud Frizon, NYC; Bal Harbour; Beverly Hills and San Francisco CA. Bag on car, Prada, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Ultimo, Chicago. Gloves, Naomi Misle. Boots, Mario Valentino. **359:** Tote bag, Prada, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Ultimo, Chicago. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS *Back views, yardages, details, pages 356-359*

Pages 356-357. **Suit:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1770. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 3¼ yards 58" fabric. **Dress:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1771. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2¼ yards 60" fabric. Pages 358-359. **Jacket:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1771. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2½ yards 60" fabric. **Pants:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1773. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2½ yards 60" fabric. **Tank:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1773. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 1⅞ yards 45" fabric. **Raincoat:** Geoffrey Beene for Vogue Patterns #1773. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 3¾ yards 60" fabric. **Sewing tips:** For jacket, eliminate neck and sleeve bands and facings. Cut pattern twice for jacket and reversible lining (allow ¾ yards extra.) Finish pockets sew jacket, lining together. Turn. Finish by hand. For raincoat, cut collar, upper and under, in ⅜ yard corduroy. All patterns $11.00. Canada, $13.50.

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